# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Weekly
Found enj. Franklin

Volume 202, Number 1

JULY 6, 1929

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10c. in Canada

*Beginning* **LONE TREE—By Harry Leon Wilson**

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Independence Square, Philadelphia

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A^o D^i 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

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Entered as Second-Class Matter, November 15, 1879, at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Under Act of March 3, 1879. Additional Entry at Columbus, O., St. Louis, Mo., Chicago, Ill., Indianapolis, Ind., Saginaw, Mich., Des Moines, Ia., Portland, Ore., Milwaukee, Wis., St. Paul, Minn., San Francisco, Cal., Kansas City, Mo., Savannah, Ga., Denver, Colo., Louisville, Ky., Houston, Tex., Omaha, Neb., Ogden, Utah, Jacksonville, Fla., New Orleans, La., Portland, Me., and Los Angeles, Cal.

Volume 202 — 5c. THE COPY — PHILADELPHIA, PA., JULY 6, 1929 — $2.00 By Subscription (52 issues) — Number 1

# LONE TREE

## By HARRY LEON WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

BACK in the earlies Ben Carcross began to have trouble with his eyes. Not out-of-doors—he still had the far-reaching look; could catch a brand with the best of them—but with small print by lamplight. There were spots and headaches. So he journeyed to the city, bought him a pair of spectacles—chosen with some care from a tray on a counter—and his troubles were over. He was then a tall, spare-framed man of erect carriage, a bit north of forty, swarthy of skin and black-haired; large-featured, with a boldly jutting nose, a rugged chin and a wide but gentle mouth.

Twenty years later the glasses had begun to grow dim from wear and tear. He had been careful with them, putting them in their case up on the clock shelf after each night's reading, but the glasses unquestionably were no longer what they had been. Again, there were curiously floating spots before the eyes, and ensuing headaches. But what could you expect for a dollar and a half, with a leather case thrown in? Probably even costly gold-framed spectacles wouldn't have lasted much longer; glass would go off like any other material.

*"Oh, Myra, Isn't He Lovely!" The Nurse Sniffed. "You Can Have Him"*

Ben would have journeyed again to the city and bought him a fresh pair of glasses chosen from a tray on a counter, but lately a lot of money had suddenly happened to him; also, in the meantime, odd notions about the human eye had sifted beyond the city confines, and his wife, Mrs. Adelaide Pettigrew Carcross—she that was Addie Carcross before the money happened and the calling cards were engraved—had by turns nagged and cajoled him into forgoing the simple privilege of a spectacle counter and made him promise to consult an eye specialist as became a man of wealth. So much Ben had promised: He would consult.

On a day, then, a score of years after his first purchase, still rugged, still wirily spare of frame, still with the far-reaching look in his out-of-door eyes, but with a bleached mane, as he might have put it, he made his first contact with the subtleties of modern diagnosis—that is, his sole contact outside a more or less informal chat at wide intervals with Doc Snell when Doc made the Lone Tree ranch for a meal. But Doc Snell, hotly maintaining that all a medical practitioner needed in any of God's cow country was a good knife and plenty of calomel, was hardly modern and assuredly not a specialist.

Ben found the man he had promised to consult and instantly appraised him as one of those city slickers; young and smooth-shaven; no reassuring whiskers like good old Doc Snell. And what did this man do, after testing Ben's eyes and pretending to listen like an owl to his story of the spots and headaches, but begin to chatter about teeth. Ben weightily assured the young squirt that he did not read the Butcher's Gazette or the Branlock Advertiser with his teeth. But the fool willfully stuck to teeth; seemed crazy about teeth. He wouldn't come right out and tell you things straight, but, in a knowing and secretive way, seemed to be keeping a lot to himself; and this manner, not less than the shining and sinister mechanisms of the man's lair, at length had the patient, as he later shamefully confessed to Doc Snell, "buffaloed."

He let the specialist talk and work his do-funnies; no use telling him the eyes were as good as ever; that he could read a brand, catch a swallow fork in the left ear of a heifer as far as the next man; no use pointing out more than three or four times that the whole trouble was, these glasses had wore dim with twenty years' handling. No use.

Teeth! He must have an X ray taken—by another smarty likely—even after he'd proved he could read Q R X T or something that didn't make sense at an estimated distance of twelve feet. He listened to the X-ray command, staring meanwhile at a highly colored wall chart purporting to show the human eye vastly enlarged; a monstrous and really obscene image, painfully precise, with details perhaps accurate, but far better left under cover. He must submit to the foolish X ray and come back at that hour tomorrow. Nice business; all for a pair of glasses to read at night with while

*"I Ain't Bedfast," He Assured the Woman; "Just Lying Here All Lively and Thoughtful"*

this young smarty himself and the stern-looking girl that handed him things apparently both had to wear glasses all day and every day.

For a moment Ben was prey to a panic impulse. He could run—"high tail it out," was how he worded the thought. But they had his address; they might make trouble for him. All right, he'd humor them; see just how far they'd carry their bluff about teeth. There was no neighborly parting. They didn't ask him about the rainfall or whether there was a good winter stand of grass or how the stock was doing. He slunk out through a crowded waiting room whose occupants either ignored or glanced at him with a sort of uninterested hostility.

At Ben's second call the slicker condescended to show him the X-ray plates—dark fields lightening to pale gray in spots that might or might not be teeth. Not nice-looking; nothing he'd care to send around. The slicker pointed severely with a gold pencil to certain of the lighter spots and uttered his first and only human speech during his entire acquaintance with Ben Carcross.

"Just as I thought," he said.

Ben was never to know what he had thought or why those spots on the plate were just that. While the specialist wrote at the shiny desk, the contemptibly bespectacled girl who handed him things peered at Ben with some manifestly unflattering but secret conviction. He flinched and diverted his own gaze to the painful wall chart indecently exposing a human eye. He regarded this with mounting disgust until the specialist crisply spoke.

"Here's a prescription for your glasses. Leave it at that number and come back with the glasses when they're done. Then go to this dentist. Make an appointment first."

"All right, colonel," muttered the victim, knowing it was all wrong. Then he paid—insistently. They would have put him off till next day, but Ben had a reason. Out in the friendly street, away from that pretension to secret and disquieting knowledge about him, away from that monstrous naked eye and the glittering mechanisms, he withdrew the two slips from the pocket where, under surveillance, he had felt obliged to bestow them with apparent carefulness—the prescription and a dentist's address. He tore these into minute shreds and at the mouth of a windy alley made a little snow flurry of them. Never but by an unhappy chance would the specialist again meet this patient. Prescription for glasses! That was sure a good one. You had a prescription for medicine. You had a dentist for toothache.

Ben forthwith sauntered into an understandable emporium he had noticed the day before. Among other desirable merchandise it purveyed goods to meet his present need. Spectacles were handily shown on a counter between the small hardware and the jewelry. With a newspaper for the test he found his fit in no time. As simple as that! And the price amazingly cheap when one recalled the specialist's. Now he was safe and that slicker was fooled. True, the stern-looking girl had taken his address, but if they ever got suspicious and looked him up, he'd bluff it out. Give them the laugh. They couldn't do a thing to him, really, for running off that way. Sure they couldn't. He'd paid them on the nail. On his journey back to the ranch he stopped long enough in Branlock to have a laugh with good old Doc Snell over this clever outwitting of the slicker. Doc was one that could always see the funny side of things.

This was the first count in the Carcross indictment against an honored profession, although Ben placed the real blame on his money. His serious trouble began later in far-off New York and he was never able to view that hospital Calvary save as a calculated part and consequence of his sudden riches. Tactful inquiry would bring, "Yeah, I was going fine till I got big rich. They found I needed handling about one day after the oil gush on South Ranch; took all that time for the assassins to get their knives whetted."

This was not only grossly inaccurate but unfair to a number of skilled and ethical gentlemen. Six months was nearer the time and the so-called handling had been imperative.

New York was too far from Doc Snell to profit by his wisdom—spots in front of you, dizzy spells, a lot of headaches and one sort of fierce, sharp pain in a place where he'd never had one before. Anyone could have these symptoms, but alone in a big city, still more alone in a big and very polite, but uninterested hotel, Ben was mildly alarmed. His own diagnosis was that he suffered from a change in the drinking water. Communication with Doc Snell by wire brought the suggestion in a chatty night letter that he must have been eating too many rich store meals and that a man had better be careful in a strange city after having had his tubes rusted by so many years of baking-powder biscuits. Doc's wire concluded, "If you are not coming back soon, maybe you better see some doctor there. I hear they got good ones."

Ben decided not to see some doctor there. Why take a chance? But he couldn't get back to Doc Snell right away, because he was in New York under orders to meet Addie and the family when they came home from their grand trip to Europe and other foreign parts. That was when a man needed to be on his own feet—know where he was at.

Anyway, sometimes that big pain didn't last very long. He'd tough it out. Just one pain couldn't panic him. Of course if he could happen to meet up with some good doctor over a meal or a drink—one of the right kind that wore whiskers and had some good medicine handy—he might mention this pain and get a prescription for it; but he wanted no truck with these young ones that would likely begin to chatter about teeth. Down in the hotel office there was a doctor's name on a brass plate, but Ben had never been able to get a look at the man himself and he wasn't taking chances in a strange town.

At that, he didn't feel too bad; he wouldn't make a mountain out of nothing much. He'd be careful, of course. Pay attention to his diet. Like the morning after he'd squirmed through a lot of those big pains without any sleep, when he ordered bacon and eggs for his breakfast ininstead of the conventional beefsteak. He was rather ashamed of this weakness, but he had somewhere heard a rumor that bacon was given to invalids. Probably it was this shame that gave him a distaste for the food when it came to his room. He couldn't eat even the eggs; town eggs, he decided. He consumed only the ice water from the breakfast tray. Then he had a lot more ice water, being thirsty and curiously hot, although he could see from his high windows that the day was raw.

He became peevish when he found he didn't feel like dressing. It was irritating because there must be some simple remedy he could take—like that time Curly Hatton at the ranch had a rash and sent in for a bottle of medicine. That was a good one—a peach. Curly claimed he was breaking out on his hide and told one of the boys going to town to fetch him a bottle of somebody's sarsaparilla compound. But when the bottle was brought that night there

was Curly at the bunk-house door, draped in a blanket, dancing joyously and pointing to his work clothes spread out over a big ant hill. Yes, sir, Curly had nearly sloshed his insides with a bottle of medicine when all he needed was to use sense. He'd ought to of remembered about all those extra hands that had slept in the bunk house at haying time—hands picked up here and there, not too clean or careful.

That's all you had to do—use common sense; not fly off the handle because of just one pain that made you want to drink all the water in the world, and not feel like getting up to go look at Grant's Tomb or Central Park. Especially when, aside from that one big pain, you'd never felt so well in your whole life; your mind never so active, thinking about a million good things you hadn't remembered for years.

A maid, looking like a fond mother, came to do his room and found him brightly talkative. "I ain't bedfast," he assured the woman; "just lying here all lively and thoughtful."

He told her about a number of things: About Curly Hatton's funny mistake; then about the time he was stirrup-dragged over on Barn-Top Mountain and lay out in the brush all night with a cracked shin; about the time he was on a cattle-buying trip and was held up in a little canyon the other side of Sheep Creek by one of the Grady boys. He knew Slim Grady even if he did have a bandanna over his face, and he begged for one of the twenty-dollar gold pieces back as a loan while Slim held the gun on him. Afterward he repaid this Grady boy in front of the Branlock post office, not saying a thing except, "Here's that twenty I owe you, son," and they'd gone into the Merchant's Exchange bar and had a friendly drink out of the twenty. He told her about the time old Snooper, the dog, brought in some of the school-teacher's most important clothes when she'd gone for a swim under a bunch of willows along the B. and J. ditch. And about Curly Hatton, who was dumb, thinking he had skin trouble one summer just after haying ——

It was at this point that the wise maid rested a motherly hand on Ben's overheated brow and advised him to quiet down and be after getting some sleep or he'd be that close to a fever you couldn't tell the difference. Ben hotly retorted that he couldn't ever have a fever because his teeth were as sound as hers, and that there were too many covers on the bed, and that he would tell her a good one about the time Curly Hatton ——

The maid went swiftly away. But Ben kept on talking. He was a little hurt by her desertion. Yet she might be out in the hall, where she could still listen, and his mind was rarely alive with good things to relate. He couldn't remember that he had ever felt so well.

He was delighted when the maid came back. He puzzled only a moment because the good soul had changed from her light blue uniform and cap into a man's dark suit. That was all right with Ben; she was such good company. He still had a thousand things to tell her; sure, she could wear what she pleased.

He told her now about the time something funny happened to Curly Hatton; and about the time old Snooper brought in some needful garments of the school-teacher's and the very next day found the three Bayliss children when they got lost in the brush overnight, trying to find their mother that wasn't above ground any longer; and about a comical incident in Curly Hatton's life; and about his teeth being better than a lot of people's if it came to a show-down; and about Bert Wingo, that his father tried to make a cow hand of him, but he wasn't any good and run off with a circus to turn flip-flops. Even when Bert was small and you'd be talking to him, he was liable any minute to burst into handsprings. Made good money with the circus, too; still, it wasn't any kind of a life to lead and his folks didn't like it talked about. And he remembered a kind of a laughable thing about Curly Hatton that had come from Texas. Funny about Texans; give 'em a good hat and a good pair of boots and they never care what's in between. Anyway, this lump of a buckaroo had shed his rigging and spread it out over that big ant hill ——

The maid had been acting queer, prodding him with a finger that was like a red-hot poker. He swung on her once, but she ducked; and anyway his arm was too heavy to swing right. But it was certainly funny how the whole family taught that mail-order catalogue to take a joke right after the oil gushed over on Sheep Creek, which run through that otherwise worthless South Ranch. They cut loose and ordered everything in the book that the picture of it looked good.

And this reminded him ——

The maid got plumb rough now and was taking him somewhere without his new suit that had a fancy handkerchief coyly peeping out of the breast pocket. Addie had made him pack two handkerchiefs—a shower and a blower—and the maid was still rough. Now she was going to ride the cockeyed roan that had killed better maids than she was, and he couldn't tighten the cinch because some fool had put in a rubber latigo that stretched and stretched. He warned her fair. "He's got a hump in his back. Better let me ride him a few saddles first, sister; just to take the rough off. You'll sure feel the breeze in your face on that outlaw, even if he don't stack you." But she was one of those you couldn't tell anything to. And there was a crowd at this rodeo and a funny high bell in a fancy delivery wagon that rang and rang and rang. Curly Hatton was laughing his fool head off, but Ben couldn't hear what it was all about because of that clanging bell. Never had a toothache in his life.

Which is, approximately, how Ben Carcross came to the high house of pain where was a herd of so-called doctors, but not one reassuring set of whiskers in the bunch. That was how they got him bayed up in one mean little canyon;

(Continued on Page 84)

*He Passed an Arm About the Pliant Waist and, Instantly Tensed, They Danced, Their Feet Making Only a Faint Whispering on the Polished Floor*

# HAPPY ENDING

## By Thomas McMorrow

ILLUSTRATED BY H. R. BALLINGER

THE Arabian Four took a last swooping and graceful bow and skipped into the wings; on the pillars on either side of the stage appeared the announcement of the next act, in letters of yellow fire: THE SHOOTING STARS. The audience was amiably murmurous, watching the wings; some young chap in the back of the theater whistled with fingers in mouth, and here and there was curt and husky laughter.

The orchestra started and two young women emerged on the stage, awkward, frightened, and trying to carry it off; they gestured without grace or unison and began to sing, in untrained voices, Let Me Call You Sweetheart. They faced the audience and held out their hands in an appeal that didn't get across. They were absurd, ludicrous; the laughter rose again, loud and hostile.

My morbid curiosity was satisfied; I rose and started up the aisle. People were rising and leaving, not quietly and apologetically.

"Disgraceful!" said one of the parting patrons, her leisured and precise voice coming down on the wavering song like a whip. It was disgraceful; the two women were being exhibited because they had shot and crippled an elderly and wealthy free liver and had been acquitted after a trial that had had much notoriety.

I walked out into upper Broadway, strolled on that brilliant and crowded boulevard, and turned into the F. & D. Snack Shop for a bite of supper—a place that had been a delicatessen and that had become a semirestaurant as the patrons, in a city that was fast abolishing private dining rooms, had insisted on consuming their purchases on the premises.

"Oo-hoo, Burnsey!"

It was Mrs. Slivek. I accepted her caroled invitation and sat beside her where, with our backs to the wall, we would be free of the tide of guests and waitresses in the pleasant but overpopular Snack Shop. "Oo-hoo!" chanted Mrs. Slivek again, waving her fork at the plump and comely proprietress behind the cigar counter. "Know her, Burnsey? There's a lucky woman. A fine business she does here. . . . Burnsey will have an F. & D. Special on rye, Katie. It is a whole meal in that sandwich, Burnsey, and what do you care for a dollar? Maybe you are blowing me, too, are you, Burnsey? Ah, you are a rogue with the women!"

Her wide mouth became incredibly wider and she winked seductively at me with both her small eyes. Mrs. Slivek is plain, to put it charitably, though one could be explicit and go into the harrowing details without offending her. She is a successful interior decorator and knows much more about periods than did most of the people who lived in them, is slovenly and artistic, and is a slave to beauty, especially in women; her own surpassing plainness she considers a good joke. She has a complete philosophy and it has given her contentment; though, I suspect, some of its tenets would not bear pronouncing. My name is Burns, by the way, and not Burnsey, and I am a diffident person, taking refuge in stiffness, but with Mrs. Slivek I am somehow rakish and jolly.

"I put her in here," said Mrs. Slivek, without excess of pride, with the simplicity of a woman who puts everybody in his place. "For two thousand dollars cash, and notes. This place belonged to my cousin Morris—that loafer. There's lots of work here, Burnsey, but good money; if she banks a thousand dollars, that ain't a big month. If only some loafer don't marry her now. . . . Where was you just now, Burnsey? See a show? Give me a good one."

"I was at the Variety—saw The Shooting Stars."

"Nice girls?"

"A shameful bit of business! They're the girls that shot old Larry Grane."

"They give that old loafer what was coming to him, didn't they?"

"That's not the idea. The point is that they broke the law."

"And did they break out of jail?" queried Mrs. Slivek, questing shortsightedly amid her large plate of hors d'œuvres.

"It's no use talking to you, I know," I said, abandoning the subject. One cannot be gallant with Mrs. Slivek, and hardly polite; she resents it. We ate in silence, finding companionship in our interest in the food before us.

She leaned back, sighing frankly in repletion, and accepted a cigarette. "Speaking about The Shooting Stars, Burnsey, what do you say about Mrs. Boker?"

"Who's Mrs. Boker?"

"Who's —— That's right; you don't know her. And you didn't read about her in the newspapers three years ago? Oh, you wasn't in the city. No, she got nothing to do with The Shooting Stars, only it's another case. It's a case I know all about, and you're getting it right from headquarters, because I wasn't doing so good myself those days and I was living right in the house with her. Maybe you could write a piece about it, Burnsey; telling it in your own words."

Mrs. Slivek is an egotist, inevitably the chief figure in her reminiscences; she is also pleased to regard herself as heartless and mercenary. Having checked her account, I have relegated her to her proper minor part and ascribed to her a sensibility that she would repudiate as insulting. Ordering her distorted narrative, she was in her apartment across the court from Mrs. Fay Boker's on a morning three years before, when there came a knock on the door of Mrs. Boker's flat.

"Yes?" cried Mrs. Boker from the kitchen, where she was spooning his breakfast porridge into the docilely gaping mouth of her son John. She had been caressing the child, coaxing him to eat with speed, adoring him behind her maternal frown, but now the light went from her small and oval face and her large black eyes showed rims of fright. "Who's there?" she called, going toward the door; and her gesture enjoined silence on the querulous infant.

"District attorney's office."

"What is it, please?"

"A paper for you."

"Push it under the door."

"I got to give it to you in person, Mrs. Boker."

"How do you know my name?"

"It's on the paper, ain't it? Open up the door."

"Just a minute, please." Mrs. Boker hurried back into her kitchen, threw up a window and called, "Mrs. Slivek! Oo-hoo, Mrs. Slivek!"

"Good morning, Mrs. Boker!" cried Mrs. Slivek from her window across the court.

"Stay there a bit, Mrs. Slivek, please," requested Mrs. Boker. "Somebody's at my door." She said to her boy John, standing him at her window, "If mamma screams, you scream, too, flower. Loud as you can!"

"Now, mamma?"

"When mamma screams, flower." She returned to the door, murmured a prayer, and opened it. Her early morning caller was a process server from the district attorney's office; he handed her a paper and walked off.

"Never mind, Mrs. Slivek; thank you!" screamed Mrs. Boker.

"Yow-w!" screamed little John.

*There Came a Knock on the Door of Mrs. Boker's Flat. "Who's There?" She Called*

"No, no, never mind it!" cried Mrs. Boker, darting to the window. "Thank you so much, Mrs. Slivek. It wasn't anybody. . . . Sit down, you villain, and finish your breakfast. You were just looking for an excuse."

She sat beside him, watching him, glancing at the paper. How pale he was—what child wouldn't be pale, cooped up all day long? He had his father's shoulders, though; and what a fine chest for a boy of five! But he was so frightfully thin; but he was tall for his age, and all children of that age look frightfully thin. His appetite was perfectly wonderful, though. What was that awfully cute thing he had said? She had been baking a cake, and its fragrance filled the flat, and the baby, as he was then, had said to her and Jack, "Mamma can cook it, but who can eat it?"

How Jack had laughed! She could see him yet, with his blue eyes running tears of laughter; he was still laughing when he kissed her and the baby good-by. How tall he was, and how strong; he had lifted her and the baby like nothing. And then he had given her the baby and had gone out the door still chuckling, on his way to work. She and the baby had run to the window.

What did Mr. Carr, down in the district attorney's office, want to see her about? The case was all over; she had no more to do with it.

They had been at the window, craning to see Jack come out below, to see him the instant he came out, when they would be able to watch him going down the street, looking back, waving. The baby would be able to see him last because she would hold him out.

"Wave your hand to daddy, John. Wave your hand, flower!"

They had waited and waited. Jack couldn't have got out so fast and away, but it seemed that he had. The baby would be so disappointed; it would depress her too. Not much, but a little, and all day; she liked to catch that last glimpse of Jack. Well, Jack was gone and it couldn't be helped; and she turned to her work, and then she heard the knocking on the door. Not like a person knocking, but like something loose that the wind was blowing against the door. And she went to the door, and there was Jack, on his hands and knees. How he had ever got up those stairs again, nobody knew. The doctor didn't know how any man shot twice through the chest could ever get up those stairs, unless he was an awful strong man. Because those bullets had gone right through Jack. He was dead in less than an hour, but he had got up all those stairs. He probably didn't know what he was doing, poor kid.

She took the little boy on her lap and resumed feeding him, bumping him in the nose and forehead with the spoon; she was looking fixedly over his curly head.

"There. Be a good boy now until mamma comes home, and don't open the door. Remember now, flower, don't open the door. Look at the funnies and play with your automobile, and when the big hand and the little hand come together up there eat the crackers and milk mamma's leaving on the table. . . . No, Mrs. Slivek can't take you today; she's going out too. Will you promise mamma to be a good boy? Good-by, flower."

John couldn't look out the window of this flat to watch his mother on her way to work; the apartment was a two-room rear on the ground floor. Mrs. Boker paid thirty-eight dollars a month for it, and it was well worth the money, though it came high in her budget.

She merged with the crowd that was converging on the Subway kiosk on West One Hundred and Eighty-first Street. She was in her early thirties, but was of petite figure, and dressed and carried herself with American smartness; to the casual glance, she was not to be told from any of the hundreds of young women who were swinging breezily toward another day's work. Her small size got her into the next train to thunder into the station; a powerful guard thrust a larger candidate aside and put both hands flat on Mrs. Boker's slender back and forced her into a crevice in the tightly packed car.

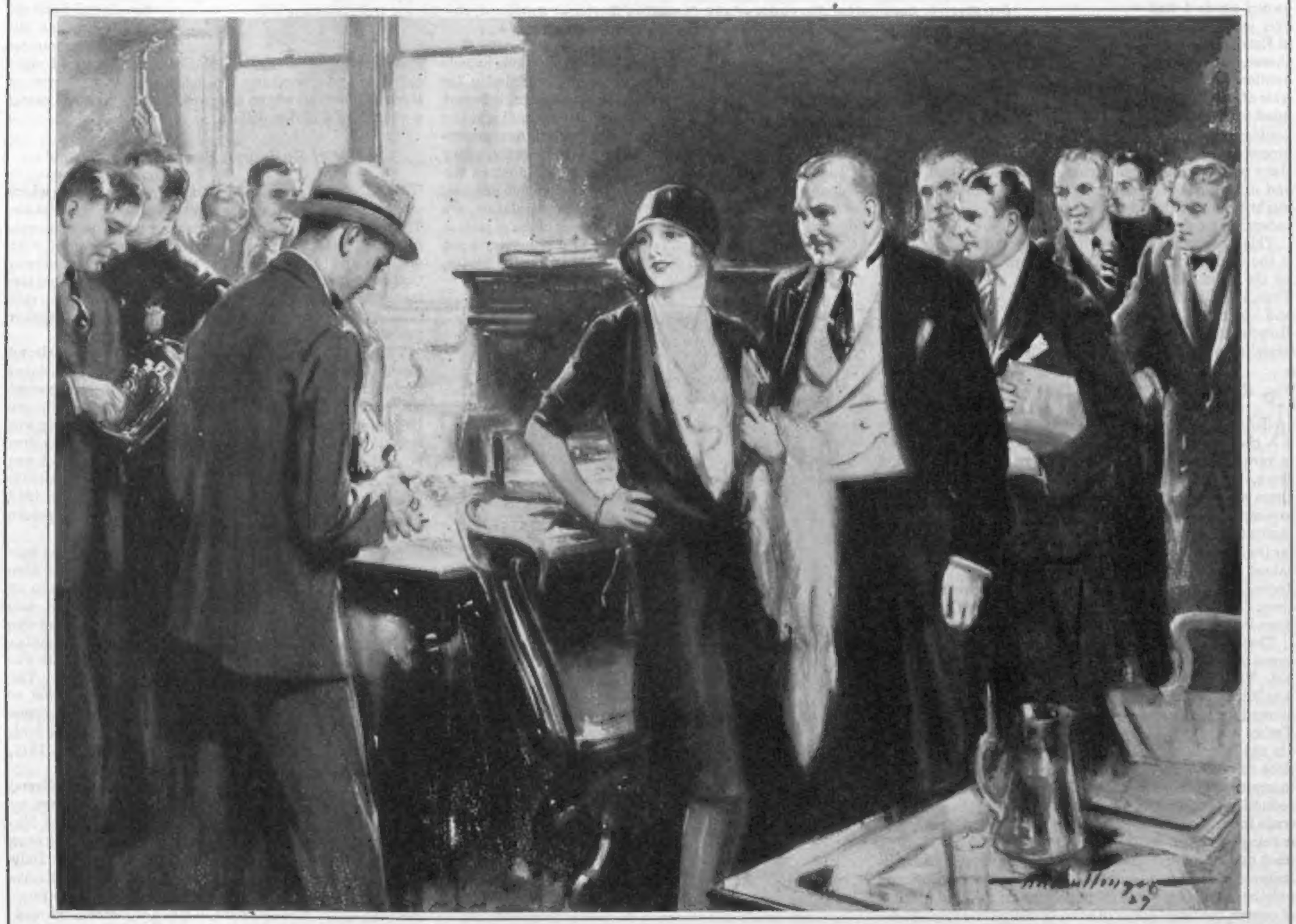
"Move up in the middle!"

Male passengers, feeling her pressing against them, frowned down at her, and then arched over her protectingly, throwing out their chests and pulling in their stomachs, and so she oozed along involuntarily until she was well into the car, when a stout and gallant man gave her his seat and stood over her; he hoped to exchange glances with her on the way downtown, but couldn't look over his stomach, such was the lateral pressure on him. She opened her newspaper, holding it close to her nose.

Disregarding the news, which was always much the same, she leafed over to the Diary of Arthur and Pearl, a serial in several hundred parts detailing the domestic affairs and social experiences of a young married couple in a flat in the Bronx. Mrs. Boker bought this newspaper for the latest news of Arthur and Pearl; she would discuss the day's installment across the court in the evening with Mrs. Slivek while they were getting supper. Mrs. Slivek agreed with her that Arthur and Pearl were real people, but that those were probably not their real names.

With a sigh of regret and not of surfeiting, she read the day's last of Arthur and Pearl; she glided easily into the story of a young man who had been an utter wash-out, mum in company as any oyster, invited nowhere and having to pay for everything he got, who had bought a book and had read it, and had become at once a social lion. There was his picture to prove it was no lie; he was swamped in handsomely gowned and adoring girls who were asking him pantingly, "Mr. Pettingill, what is the First of Aries, please?" and "Mr. Pettingill, is there really a man in the moon?" While men with nothing but money were clenching it in hard fists in their pockets and scowling. Mrs. Boker tore out the coupon that entitled

*(Continued on Page 67)*



*"Give Us a Crack at Her, Will You?" Pleaded the Photographers. "Hey, Officer, Get This Crowd Back. All Right, Hold it, Lily!"*

# A Railroad is Never Finished

## By Sir Henry W. Thornton

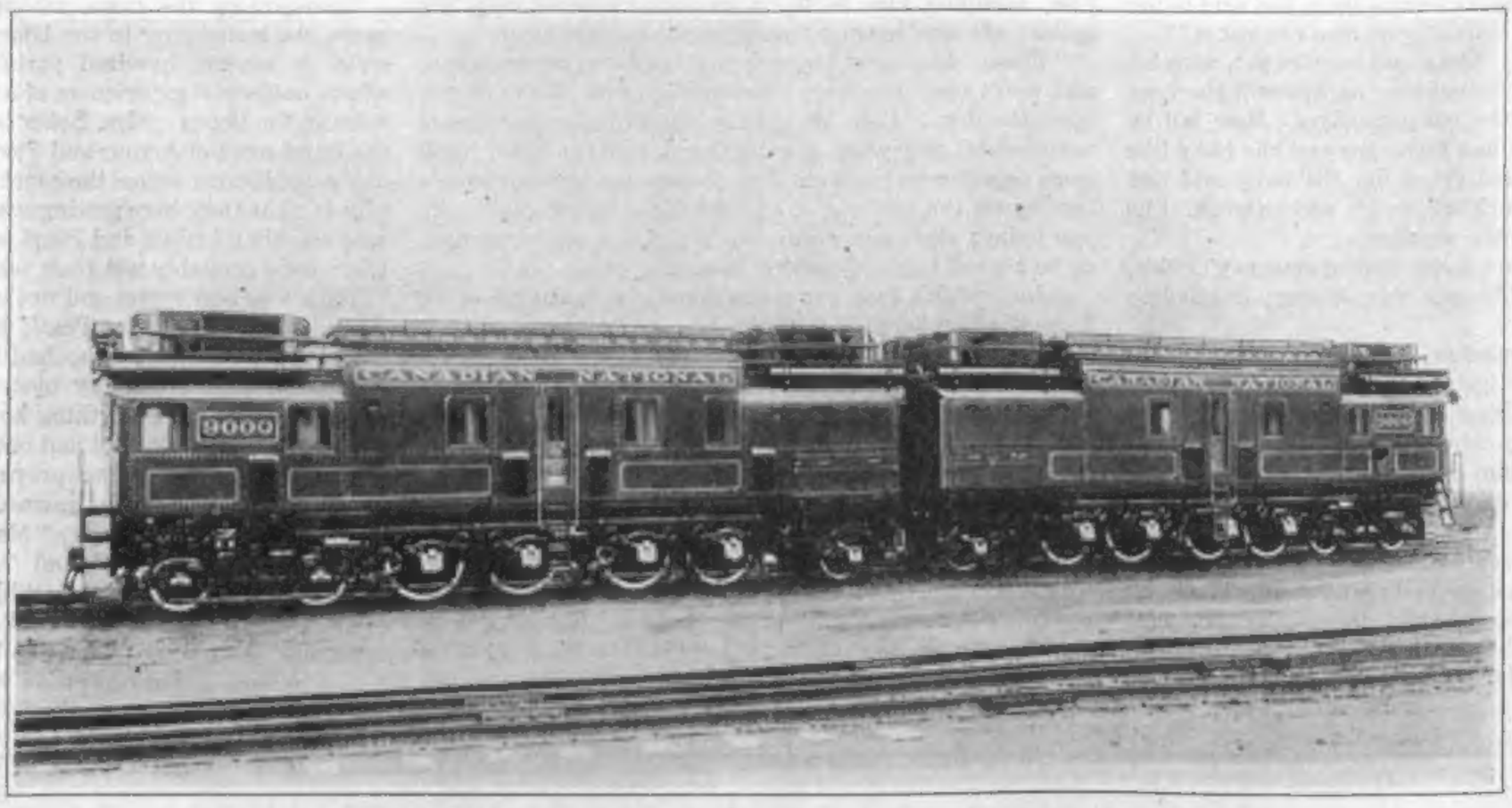
*Chairman and President, Canadian National Railways*

*As Told to Courtney Ryley Cooper*

IN THE autumn of 1922 I was offered a position which carried with it several peculiarities. It entailed the presidency of the biggest railway system on the North American Continent. I never had even seen the property and did not know its problems, its potential entanglements or embarrassments. Beyond this was the fact that the railroad to be—a consolidation was to be accomplished—was so far in debt, so decrepit in places, so disturbed fundamentally and financially that its condition threatened the well-being of Canada.

That should have been sufficient; but there were additional elements. I really did not possess a background of experience in these particular surroundings. This was a state-owned property. The only state-owned roads I had ever seen had been in Europe under the thoroughly warped conditions of the Great War. My opinion was that they were unhappy heritages. The minister of railways of one of the European countries had confided to me shortly before the war that the harassment of politics had convinced him that railroads were in their proper element only under private ownership. In addition, there was more than a hint that certain elements, political and otherwise, might prove embarrassing and that there might be a great many more thorns than roses. It was an exceedingly interesting situation. So I took the job.

This concerned, of course, the rehabilitation of what now is the Canadian National Railways, owned and operated by the Dominion Government for the people of Canada. True, the name had been coined before I arrived in Canada and applied to a portion of the system as it now exists. However, people in general had a more expressive term of description. They called it The National White Elephant.



*Oil-Electric Locomotive No. 9000, of the Canadian National Railways, the Latest Development of Oil-Electric Motive Power in Canada*

### *Running on the Red Side of the Ledger*

A RAILROAD or set of railroads can make or break a country. There is no true development without them; in rare cases there is an arrested development because of them. This latter was the condition in Canada. True, there was no feeling of despair, but there certainly was an atmosphere of anxiety, particularly among the financial institutions. Here was more than 22,000 miles of railroad, far from solvent, and crippled in equipment, but thoroughly robust in its ability to run on the red side of the ledger. Indeed, it ran in the red far more steadily than it ran on time. I like a good fight. Here was certainly the place to have it.

That was in the autumn of 1922. The Canadian National Railways, as it stands today, is six and a half years old. The income for 1922 was less than $2,000,000, which was better than previous years, since practically all of them showed deficits, sometimes running as high as $30,000,000. Today the railroad is solvent, and has been so since 1926. Its net income available last year for interest on funded debt was $51,585,945. Perhaps those figures may be more interesting when it is considered that in the six years freight reductions aggregating $2,000,000 were put into effect and wage increases aggregating $8,000,000 also came out of the earnings. A still better comparison is that in 1922, at least one large Canadian newspaper and many individuals believed that Canada would be fortunate if someone could only be found who would take the system for its debts, plus, of course, the usual dollar in hand to complete a sale. There were others, more radical, in favor of complete abandonment, which, of course, would have been a national calamity.

A transition from that status to the present one sounds like magic. It was magic, and I can say that modestly, for the necromancy was not mine. It was the accomplishment of a people who had decided to have faith, to pull and tug and fight themselves out of a hole to save their own possessions. As a man in my organization said recently, every Canadian birth certificate is also a share of stock in the Canadian National Railways. More than 500,000 persons, or one-eighteenth of the entire Dominion population, are directly affected by the welfare or the woes of the organization through actual effort, family ties or dependency upon the employed. Back in college days in the United States,

*Sir Henry W. Thornton at Jasper Park*

long before the World War made me a British subject, I coached the football team. I'm still at the job of coaching. The only difference is that now I have 108,792 people hitting the line for me, and 400,000 doing the rooting. I think the story of the Canadian National Railways will show this to be more than a well-turned comparison. So much for recent progress. Truly to depict that, there must be also a story of ancient wreckage.

The Canadian National Railways was not always state owned and it was not always one system. In it are gathered the visions, the achievements and mistakes of empire builders ever since the 1850's. Then, in the Maritimes, began the building, under government control, of various lines which came to be known as the Intercolonial Railway, and which, at the time of its amalgamation into the Canadian National, consisted of eight railroads and a weakness for deficits. Today the cost of these railroads stands on the government's books at nearly a quarter of a billion dollars.

### *A Lot of Railways, Each With a Deficit*

THAT was the one ingredient of the present system which can wholly be called state owned in its original state. The other segments were private or semipublic accomplishments which drifted into government ownership. One of them was the 4775 miles of the Grand Trunk Railway Company of Canada, which started in 1851, expanded tremendously, made almost every blunder possible in railroading, and gave up the ghost as a failure in 1919. Another was the Grand Trunk Pacific.

This had been an ambitious outgrowth of the Grand Trunk Railway, which had essayed to span the continent by building a line west from Winnipeg, with government assistance through loans and bond guaranties, while the Dominion itself built east. The Grand Trunk Pacific was then to lease the government-constructed road and thus possess transcontinental facilities. The western road was built. It began business as an outlet to the Pacific in 1916. When it passed into the hands of the government in 1919 under receivership under the authority of the War Measure Act, its loss as a self-sustaining entity was total.

Then there was the Canadian Northern Railway, an outgrowth of a small granger road competing with the Canadian Pacific in Western Canada, which had built up to an extensive system in the northwest. Immigration was flooding into the prairie provinces, the flush of a boom was on everything. Competition became acute. The Canadian Pacific was powerful and growing. The Grand Trunk Pacific was rushing through its transcontinental plans. The Canadian Northern saw a future either of expansion or ruin. It chose expansion through the aid of government guaranties of securities, and thereby accomplished both results; its loss for the last year of its private life, 1918, was $11,674,187.

To all this must be added that portion of the Grand Trunk Pacific's program which had been undertaken by the government from Winnipeg east, known as the National Transcontinental Railway. This road did not even function under its original proposed management. Built through the forests of the north, with no thought of anything save a possible wheat outlet from the prairie provinces to the Atlantic seaboard, it was a wilderness railroad. Mile upon mile—for hundreds of miles, in fact—it traversed nothing but brûlée and bush, lake and rocky height

of land, clay belts, muskeg, tamarack swamps; a lonely, eerie country where the only necessary stops were the divisional points, where there were no roads, no houses, no farms. During the war one of its important stations was an internment camp. Up there, far in the north, the German prisoners who escaped must stick to the railroad tracks or die in the wilderness. That made the job of holding hostages a simple one.

Incidentally, this Transcontinental was one of the most fortunate mistakes in the history of railroading. It began as a road across the wilderness; today it is approaching maturity and a condition of opulence. It is at the stations of this road that the prospectors gather to jump off for new gold fields; one of its feeders is the tremendous copper camp of Rouyn. The dog teams took off from it for the gold fields of Red Lake, Pickle Lake, Crow and Woman Lake; there is excellent geological opinion that along the height of land adjacent to this railway, which, years ago, plunged into the bush with no hope of revenue save at its two points of terminus, lies one of the really great gold deposits of the world. Not long ago a settler along its route sold out for $60,000, because he had found gold while digging a post hole.

It is the steel backbone today of tremendous endeavor. French-Canadian pioneers, filtering west through Northern Quebec, have conquered its bush for farms; thousands of settlers are there now where a decade or so ago there were only hundreds. Tremendous power and pulp mills dot its route, harnessed waterfalls roar forth their message of electric power. But it looked so hopeless when it was finished in 1915, and the lessee was so broken financially, that it never even operated as a private affair. Its management was the Intercolonial Railway, and when that ceased in 1918 the deficit for the year was $2,667,189.

*On Location*

So there was the collection of railroads. They had been grouped in 1919 under two headings—The Canadian National Railways and the Grand Trunk Railway—each with separate organizations and separate control. My predecessors, D. B. Hanna and Sir Joseph Flavelle, had done what we railroaders call great spadework. But the obstacles were tremendous; there was the expense of two systems, a lack of coordination, a preponderance of pessimism and a general feeling of helplessness. Canada had got into the habit of saying and thinking that the job was hopeless. Then one day, in London, the Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas asked me how I felt about taking the job of unscrambling a railroad jig-saw puzzle and trying to make a success out of it. My answer was noncommittal: "Tell the rest of the story," and I made a mental reservation regarding the political contacts.

### *A Fight Ahead*

THE thought arises inevitably when a state-owned utility is mentioned—the intervention of politicians, using that utility as a weapon against the party in power, the holding up of appropriations, the heckling of men in command, the burden of patronage. Sadly, there is good enough cause for this opinion; the rule is proved by its exceptions, but here, it seemed, there was to be the experiment of a state-owned road without politics.

Frankly I was looking for an opportunity. There was to be a consolidation of English railroads and I didn't like the prospect. I was quite willing to give up my position with the Great Eastern Railway of England, where I had gone after a number of years with the Pennsylvania Railroad and the Long Island Railroad, during which time I had, at one time or another, worked in every department, from the job of draftsman at fifty dollars a month for the Pennsylvania, to the position of general superintendent of the Long Island. I didn't know Canada. But, as I have mentioned, I love a good fight. So I crossed the ocean and had a talk with the Rt. Hon. Mackenzie King, the prime minister. He, too, said there would be no politics. I took the job.

There never has been any politics. But that wasn't the fault of a great many persons. Premier King kept his promise. And during the period between elections when the Conservative Party was in control no one labored harder in the real interest of the property than Sir Henry Drayton, who carried on governmental administration during the election period. Within a year a bulwark had arisen to back him—the opinion of the people of Canada. Today there is as much chance of politics getting into the Canadian National Railways as there is of an elephant walking a tight rope. Both have yet to be done. Last year, for instance, the railways which I am fortunate enough to administer bought $99,000,000 worth of supplies. Not one cent of those purchases was dictated politically, nor any that preceded them.

Of course, all that requires explanation. It is the story of one long, grand fight, of hitting both above and below the belt; in fact, there wasn't any belt. Those who believed in politics and patronage as the natural heritage of a state-owned utility listened to my speech of acceptance—and laughed. Gradually the rumors sifted about that this was really a serious objective—to whip a tangled mass of what was little more than junk into one big unit, to recast five separate entities into one, and to go ahead on straight business methods to try to get back some money out of what represented nearly $2,000,000,000 of government and public investment, now so thoroughly insolvent that the amount available for annual interest was less than one tenth of one per cent. So, instead of continuing to laugh privately, my opponents began to laugh out loud. The surest way to kill anything is by ridicule. The worst of all this was the fertility of pessimism. The roads never had paid. Every one except the Grand Trunk had ended in the red, and that had finished with a net income of less than $5000, which, of course, meant insolvency. Much of the equipment had grown old. There were at least two sets of everything, and some of that worthless.

*Major General Sir Henry W. Thornton at the Foch Memorial Services, Montreal*

### *An Outsider Either Way*

OFTEN the steel was too light for transcontinental traffic; some towns had two sets of shops, roads paralleled in places, others wandered along the prairies without ballast, many engines wheezed with the asthma of obsolescence; rolling stock often creaked with age and inadequacy. My opponents laughed some more. Now and then a cartoon appeared to visualize the impossibility more clearly.

If it was a fight that I wanted, I had it. Those who resented the importation of someone from outside asked caustically what an American knew about Canada, anyway; stressing the fact that I was British by adoption only—my birthplace was Logansport, Indiana. Those who were anti-English mentioned equally as caustically that here was a blasted Britisher, come over from England to tell Canada how to conduct her affairs. Naturally the matter of a title appealed to the imagination of others, who looked upon it wholly in its narrowest phase, and not upon the fact that it had been merely a fortunate outcome of the war, gratefully received following the various good fortunes which had made me Inspector-General of Transportation for the British Expeditionary Forces.

However, please understand that in speaking of this fight I do not attempt to paint a picture of a struggle between the forces of darkness and light. Men fought me because they were sincere, because they believed it impossible to

(Continued on Page 101)

*A Mountain Type Locomotive Developed by the Canadian National Railways*

# A Spinster of the Old School

"That Kahler Girl Who's Been Keeping House for You the Last Year—She's the One You're Going to Marry, Sam," Announced Aunt Matilda

By DON MARQUIS

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST FUHR

MISS MATILDA STEVENS sat on the front veranda of her cottage and wondered what was going to become of Hazelton when she was gone. She had, for many years, felt herself responsible for the moral well-being of the little Illinois town; and there is no doubt that she exercised an extraordinary amount of power in the community—she and her coterie. The power and the responsibility had, in a way, been inherited from her brother, the Rev. John Knox Stevens, who had been pastor of the principal church for a dozen years before his death, and who had been dead now for another dozen years. Between the two of them they had come very near to ruling this village for a quarter of a century. It was only natural that Miss Stevens' mind should be filled with doubts and speculations. She was convinced that she was going to die before the next winter; she had said as much to several of her friends; and all her life she had done exactly what she had said she would do. Who would there be capable enough and interested enough to hold the town up to its highest standards when she was dead?

Not but that there were plenty of good people, of course; people of whom she approved in a general way. And yet it had been her experience that the best of them needed her to make them toe the mark. The only two persons with whom she had never been able to find any great fault were her brother and herself.

Just now she was in a state of unwonted perturbation about herself. Convinced that she had but a few months to live, she had been discussing the state of her immortal soul with the Rev. David Hamlin, the minister who had succeeded her brother as pastor of the church. She had expected nothing but applause, praise and approbation from that mild and gentle person. But he had surprised and angered her. He had hesitatingly conveyed to her his opinion—since she had been asking it—that even she was not altogether perfect; that she was occasionally inclined to be somewhat harsh in her judgments, a trifle hard and unrelenting.

She was not used to such a show of independence from Mr. Hamlin—it amounted almost to a revolt—and she had told him at once that what he said was all nonsense. But, nevertheless, she began to worry about the matter secretly. Was it possible that she had been too hard on people all her life? She started to broach the matter to her young nephew, Jack Stevens, who sat near her on the veranda in the fine early-summer weather.

"Jack," she said in a matter-of-fact tone, "I'm going to die next fall."

"Why, Aunt Matilda, you know the doctor says ——" began the seventeen-year-old youth.

"Hush up with what the doctor says!" she replied. "Don't you suppose I know what I'm talking about?"

"But, Aunt Matilda ——"

"Don't say anything more." She looked at him appraisingly, and out of humor, and decided that she would say nothing more—now, at least. "I did think I wanted you to be a preacher, like your father," she remarked presently, "but you wouldn't have been any good. You wouldn't have stuck. Too much like your mother—too soft, too flighty. You haven't got it in you. Go on to work now."

The boy rose at once, his face flushed, and went down the street to the weekly newspaper office where he was employed. He had been used all his life to these slighting remarks about his mother, and he had never ceased to resent them. His father had died before he was five years old, and Jack had a vague impression of the way he had looked in the pulpit—almost superhumanly tall, with flashing eyes, and coat tails that jumped and jerked dangerously when he thumped the big open Bible in front of him.

His mother he remembered better. She had lived more than a year after his father's death, and his Aunt Matilda had taken her into the dressmaking establishment which Miss Stevens conducted. Jack knew that his aunt disliked his mother from the start.

Perhaps Aunt Matilda would have disliked anyone her brother married, on the theory that no woman could possibly be good enough for him. Perhaps she would have disliked Caroline Peters even if Caroline had not married the Rev. John Knox Stevens. For Carrie Peters had possessed an unconquerable gayety of disposition; a levity, priceless and God-given and fanciful, which not even her position as a country preacher's wife, nor the disapproval of her sister-in-law and her sister-in-law's powerful clique in the town, nor the natural dullness of her environment could quench or even mitigate. She died of pneumonia, and it might be said that she laughed on her deathbed.

"Carrie," said Matilda Stevens to the dying woman, "don't worry about Jack. I'll bring him up. I'll bring him up to be just like his father!"

But Caroline had already noticed, and to some degree fostered, a fanciful tendency in her son. No doubt, if she had had the breath at the moment, she would, with a final laugh, have told Matilda that it was already too late to make Jack just like his father. But the best that Caroline could manage was a satirical smile in Matilda's teeth.

Which was very enigmatical to Matilda—and, indeed, she considered it highly improper. What kind of way was that to act—to die with a sarcastic look on your face?

II

AUNT MATILDA'S cottage stood in a wide, grassy tree-grown yard on the principal street of the village, just where the shops left off and the residences began. The front rooms were given over to her dressmaking and millinery business, and she lived in the remainder of the house.

Every day for years, anywhere from three to a dozen of her familiars met in the shop to discuss everything in heaven and earth—but particularly in Hazelton—with Aunt Matilda. Women at this time did not have the ballot, but political affairs were decided here, as well as social and moral matters. The wives of leading citizens took their cue from Matilda Stevens, and the leading citizens took their cues from their wives. Members of the school board, teachers, deacons and trustees of the church, village officials were selected here, and the program as decided by Aunt Matilda usually went through. A hundred important matters were adjudicated. This was really the court of first instance as well as the court of last appeal. Not alone were obviously public affairs considered in this salon; a great many very private affairs got their first impulse toward publicity in Aunt Matilda's shop. Reputations were sometimes salvaged here, and sometimes sunk.

Her touch upon the town was direct and personal. Often of a cold winter night she had given Jack some such order as this:

"You go round to Tom Meek's barroom and see if that Jeff White has left his horse tied there again, unblanketed." This was in the days before prohibition and before the universal use of automobiles. She would continue: "If he has, go and report it to the city marshal at once."

She was kind to animals and to tramps. If a boy tied a tin can to a dog's tail she had him reported to his parents, and sometimes to the city marshal, immediately. If a tramp came, she fed him, and then, if he were particularly ragged, sent him with a note to some friend, suggesting a better pair of trousers for him. She had a very active sense of justice. When Deacon Soames, a member of her own church, got the best of a young doctor, a new arrival in the village, in a most flagrant horse trade, she wrote him a note and told him that, as a church member and a so-called respectable citizen, he ought to be ashamed of himself, and made the shamefaced deacon trade back.

She sent one day for Professor Walters, the new young principal of the village high school.

"I hear," she said severely, "that you're teaching some kind of nonsense called evolution in school—men being descended from monkeys."

"Why, yes, we're teaching evolution," said the young man, prepared to argue about it.

"It's against Genesis?" she inquired. He admitted that the evolutionary theory did not accord with a literal interpretation of Genesis.

"My advice to you, young man," she said, "is to stop it. Stop it yourself, before I have to."

"But it's in the textbooks that the school board has adopted," he objected.

"We'll change the textbooks, and we'll change the school board, too, if we have to, in order to get rid of it," she said firmly. "But the best plan would be for you just to drop it and say nothing. I don't want a row in our town right now, unless I've got to have one. Here's a Bible I'm going to make you a gift of. You go home and read it, and get rid of some of your wicked, Smart Aleck notions."

She could go a good deal further than that, even, when she chose to, and often did. She called on Sam Walker, one of the more important citizens of the place, one evening, and announced without preamble:

"Sam, you've been a widower seven years. It's time you were getting married again."

Sam, startled, thought for a wild instant that she was going to tell him to marry her, and determined to resist to the bitter end, although people did not usually resist her. She was then past sixty and he was about forty-five.

"That Kahler girl who's been keeping house for you the last year—she's the one you're going to marry, Sam," announced Aunt Matilda. She said nothing of the rather large mass of accumulated evidence and suspicion that had come to her. Sam hemmed and hawed a little, and married the girl.

She saw to it that there was no Sunday baseball within the corporate limits of Hazelton; she insisted that the severest possible penalties be inflicted for minor violations of the law; she never hesitated to tell a young Sunday-school teacher when she thought the teacher was dressing too gayly or conducting herself too gayly; she banished several books of which she did not approve from the church library; she kept a watchful eye upon the choir and upon conduct at church socials; she censored home-talent dramatic productions and even, now and then, those of traveling troupes; she had made it so hot for two or three people, in years past, that they had left town.

Her front veranda commanded a view of the principal street, and in the summer before her death, on fine days, she spent most of her time there, on guard, as it were, over her town. She had plenty of leisure now, for during the past year or two her dressmaking business had fallen off almost to nothing. She could scarcely understand this, for she held to the simple doctrine that if you deserve well of Providence you are bound to get along in a material way, unmindful of that text which points out that the rain falls on the just and the unjust alike. The decline of her business, therefore, seemed to fit in with the hypothesis of the Rev. Mr. Hamlin, that she was not altogether perfect.

III

MR. HAMLIN called on her shortly after her nephew left. She was sitting with her Bible in her lap and her spectacles pushed up into her hair, looking up and down the street. She seldom read the Bible, but it seemed to be a comfort to her to have it in her hands. She was fond of saying that she believed it "from cover to cover." If there was anything in it that she couldn't understand, she made a point of believing that particular thing more vehemently—if there can be degrees in belief—than any other part of it. Which, when you come to think of it, is evidence of an essentially loyal sort of nature.

Aunt Matilda had a constitutional preference for the God of the Old Testament—the God of commandments and punishments. Mr. Hamlin, who liked to preach outside of church as well as within, began to hold forth to her at length concerning justice and duty and love and mercy, with the idea of reconciling the earlier Hebrew notions of Jehovah's character with the New Testament

(Continued on Page 93)

*The Old Lady Was Compelled to Lean Heavily on Jack's Arm, and She Murmured to Herself Nearly All the Way, Which Vaguely Alarmed the Boy*

# A YEAR TO WAIT

*Lucian Led the Way, in His Shambling Walk, Around the Outside of the Railed Square and Stopped Before a Brisk Middle-Aged Woman. "Mrs. Kerr, Here's Another Packer. You Know Kate?"*

## By Margaret Weymouth Jackson

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

IT WAS spring and it was shady on the porch. Too cool yet to sit out, but Kate was never a sensible person. She suspected that Bert felt the cold, but he didn't complain; only gazed in admiration at her slim hand with the new ring on it. The diamond shone beautifully in the light from the window—a good stone in a platinum setting, with a small perfect emerald on either side. Kate regarded the jewel thoughtfully and waited for the great thrill that was due her. But nothing came.

"We'll have to wait a year," said Bert regretfully. "I couldn't forget mother sooner than that. It wouldn't be right."

Kate smothered a hysterical tendency toward laughing. Wait a year! And they had already waited ten! Even in her grave the little old lady who, with her fainting spells and her tears and the promises she knew how to exact, had kept Bert away from Kate, was to keep him still. But Kate was schooled in patience, and she said nothing. Bert kissed her hand and went on quickly:

"I wish we could be together this year, Kate, but I have to go back to Dayton. There's nothing for a man here. I realized that long ago. There I've got my own insurance agency with three salesmen out of the office and a good fifteen thousand a year for myself. It will be hard to be away from each other, but, after all, we've been separated all these years, and it means that I can do things nicely when we marry."

He looked at the ring with consummate pride. He wasn't the shining boy he had been, Kate thought, and was ashamed of herself. Did she think herself a beautiful and radiant girl? Beauty she still had, but it was an endowment to which she became increasingly indifferent as she saw what it got her, which was just exactly nothing. And certainly she felt that she was no longer radiant, if she ever had been so! Dim, rather, and tired.

"Everything's going to be fine for us, Kate," he went on cheerfully. "I'm glad now I waited. It seemed so long at times. Especially after I went to Dayton it seemed—well, wrong that mother should hold me to my promise not to marry as long as she lived. I used to think I'd just defy her. But a man can't go against what's bred in him."

"Yes, everything will be all right," said Kate comfortingly.

"I appreciate what you did for her," said Bert. "It was mighty strange that she sent for you those last weeks and wouldn't allow anyone else to wait on her. I've thought and thought about it. It was decent of you to go. You would have been within your rights to refuse her. I love you for it, Kate. You never talked of me, did you—the two of you?"

"No," Kate explained gently. "She was so ill, Bert. She didn't want to send for you and take you from your business. That was understood. But we never talked of you." Her voice faltered. She was resolved not to resent those weeks of waiting on Bert's mother, weeks which came just after her own father's death, when she was worn and tired with his long illness. It was certainly a sign that youth was gone, when one weighed and measured what one did for love!

"You're going tomorrow, Bert?"

"On the early train, yes. I've been thinking about the ring. I want you to have it, Kate. You should have had it all these years. And I take mother's sending for you as a sign that she gave in at the last. But, still, I don't know what people will think of me, giving you such a ring so soon. Why, it's only a week since the funeral. What do you think, Kate?"

Kate suddenly and completely lost interest in the ring. "I'll just keep it for a while, Bert, till you want me to wear it."

"What a darling you are!" He kissed her. Kate's heart filled with a kind of sad tenderness. He was her Bert, for whom she had cried so stormily when she was twenty; the one for whom she had let her other beaus go to other girls. She had clung to him in a defiance of loyalty. And now, when she had his ring, when the long cruel years were behind her, she was being captious, thinking rebelliously.

They talked for a long time, quietly, and then he went away and Kate entered the small shining house that was hers now—the house in which she had been born. It was built on a sloping lot, with apple trees in the yard; a one-story model of a house, with many wide windows set in the hand-hewn blocks of limestone. She made the house secure against the night and got into bed and tried to sleep, but couldn't; so that presently she was sitting up against her pillow, her blue silk kimono over her shoulders, staring out at the old moon slipping down behind the blossoming trees.

So now, at thirty, she would have to go to work. That last hard illness of her father's, with the hospital bills and the surgeon's fees, had taken all that they had. With his death his pension stopped and there was no more money. And since she was going to be engaged a year, just like a nice little debutante, she must look to her own support. She glanced at the ring box lying on her dresser, where the diamond was tucked away. Bert had probably paid a thousand dollars for it, but she was not to wear it out of respect to the one enemy life had given her. No, let her rest in peace! Bert's mother, Kate thought reasonably, was the victim of motives she did not understand.

Of course Kate might sell her house, and board, but she wasn't going to do that. She wanted this house in Hilltown for her own, always. It would bring her a private income, rented, when she went to live in Dayton with Bert, and it would be her moated castle, behind her.

She laughed and wiped the tears out of her eyes with the back of an angry hand. She was suddenly furious with herself for being an old softy. Why hadn't she told Bert

she couldn't and wouldn't wait? Why hadn't she just said, "Bert, I'm broke. What am I to do? If you're going to take care of me, now's the time to do it?" That was the sensible, modern way of doing things. What a silly and baffling thing pride was—that you couldn't demand what was only right, could not even admit a need!

Kate lay back on her pillow and forced herself to relax and close her eyes. In the morning she would ask Lucian for a job. She needed to earn not only her living but wedding clothes, silks and ribbons and laces as well. If Lucian Miller would give her employment she would appreciate it and work hard, no matter what Bert thought of Lucian's aimless, small-town ways. There had never been any love lost between the two men, and Bert wouldn't like to have her working for Lucian, but that couldn't be helped. She knew that plenty had been said and written about girls like herself, who were fitted for a life of wealth or of domesticity, but entirely unfitted for independence. She wondered, with a little bubble of mirth rising in her sleepy mind, if any before her had been engaged to enterprising and successful men.

She found that work had already started at Miller's Mail Order House on the square when she presented herself the next morning. Girls and women were at work at long tables, filling boxes with tablets, bottling medicines and wrapping the bottles in corrugated paper. In an inclosed, railed-off space at the front were half a dozen typists, and there was Lucian Miller, leaning on Molly Weston's desk and looking for all the world as though he were about to fall down. Kate wondered how anybody as tired looking as Lucian could possibly run a business. Like all Hilltown, she expected Lucian's luck to desert him momentarily. Bert was the kind of man who succeeded in a hard world, not Lucian. She knew that Molly Weston, his secretary, and her husband, who was the company's chemist, both thought Lucian wonderful. But the idea amused Kate. Now he saw her and came across and leaned his shirt-sleeved arms on the rail and grinned at her engagingly.

"Hi, Kate. How's everything?"

"Can't you stand up?" asked Kate, and Lucian chuckled.

"Takes work," he answered mildly. "Why run when you can walk, or walk when you can ride? Why stand when you can lean, or lean when you can lie?"

"Two reasons," said Kate. "Unless it's cold clay you want to lie in. One's the old tummy, and the other's the roof overhead. You see, Lucian, I've come to ask for a job."

Lucian looked troubled. He twisted his creased, mobile face and raised his eyebrows. His brown eyes were kind and mournful, and Kate noticed that his hair was thick and springy and very black. Bert was growing bald.

"Broke?" Lucian said at last gently, and Kate answered soberly:

"Not a red, Lucian."

His troubled look deepened. "I suppose you've thought of all the things I'm thinking before you asked for a job. What can you do, Kate?"

"I can sew beautifully," answered Kate, smiling, "and I can make excellent mayonnaise, and I can roast a chicken to the exact degree of brownness. I can play a good hand of bridge, and set a table nicely and make good coffee. Also, I can garden. Flowers grow for me."

Lucian's face lighted with mischief. "Well, if that's the kind of job you want—I made you an offer once, long ago. It still stands."

Kate laughed and looked at him charmingly.

"I can't type or take notes, if that's what you mean. But don't you hire girls for piecework?" She waved a hand vaguely at the long tables, and Lucian turned and looked at them as though he had never seen them before.

"Piecework?" he said stupidly.

"Of course," said Kate, and explained to him: "Packing boxes. Don't you sell quinine and tooth paste and other such commodities? Don't you pack things for mailing? Couldn't I do that?"

"If you want to, you can," said Lucian. "When can you start?"

"I washed my breakfast dishes before I came away. What's the matter with now?"

Lucian led the way, in his shambling walk, around the outside of the square and stopped before a brisk middle-aged woman. "Mrs. Kerr, here's another packer. You know Kate?"

"Of course. Going to work, Kate?"

"Yes, I am, Mrs. Kerr." Kate was nervous now.

"Piecework?"

"Might start her packing tablets," said Lucian, and he stood where he was as Mrs. Kerr skillfully installed Kate between a short, stout girl, young and fresh, and a local widow of uncertain age. There was an opening cut down the middle of the table, Kate saw, and here a supply boy brought things to the packers. The finished boxes were taken to the inspector to be checked over and counted, and credit given to each packer.

Kate's number was twenty-nine. She was to take up, with her left hand, the inside of a cardboard pill box and put in it a square of cotton, cut to the exact size, and on top of the cotton, ten small white tablets, and over these another square of cotton. The folded cover opened to make a sliding, incasing lid, which was to be left slightly open for the inspector, who closed it. On the end of the box

(Continued on Page 73)

*"We'll Have to Wait a Year," Said Bert Regretfully. "I Couldn't Forget Mother Sooner Than That. It Wouldn't be Right"*

# NATIONALISTIC BUSINESS

## By Isaac F. Marcosson

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING

THERE is a widespread belief that propaganda, as a considerable part of the world came to know it during the late war, ceased with the Armistice. This, however, is not the case. With peace, another member of the same family—namely, economic propaganda—reared its head again and has been working full time ever since, largely to our disadvantage in many quarters of the globe. It is almost as destructive, in its way, as the oral and written poison generated in mass output when half the universe was at grips.

War propaganda, as we all know, is a measure employed to inflame passion, attract neutrals, confute the enemy, and make for what has been well termed "collective hysteria." Since all is supposed to be fair in war, it gives officialized falsehood its great day. The cynical gentleman who remarked that "when war is declared, truth is the first casualty" put his finger on the core of the whole business of emotional acceleration of public opinion. It operates on the theory that the end justifies the means. With economic propaganda you have a different problem to cope with. In the first place, it is less obvious, in some respects, than the war brand, and therefore more insidious. Secondly, it knows no season. Wars come and go, but the nationalistically inspired process of cramping trade style goes on forever. A third feature is that economic propaganda enlists on occasion the full diplomatic strength of a nation and thus becomes a political force. Since 1918 we have been the objective of all three phases.

Political and economic propaganda are so closely interwoven that frequently it is difficult to differentiate between them. Reparations was only one instance of how an economic problem of the highest importance can be translated into a political issue to obscure the real significance. The tariff in half a dozen countries is another example.

### The Orgy of Self-Determination

PROPAGANDA, whether war, political or economic, thrives on a universal human weakness. People apparently like to believe the worst, and they often get the worst to the limit in propaganda diet. The thirst for misinformation seems to be as great as the desire for information. The propagandist capitalizes the defect. This is, of course, notably the case in war, when misrepresentation is the invariable camouflage for actual fact. You will presently see how the same formula exists in one aspect of economic propaganda.

Happily, for the purposes of analysis, economic propaganda seldom hides its light under a bushel. It is because the economic weapon has become a political one as well. Few realize the evolution of diplomacy as an aid to the business advance. Thirty years ago an embassy or a legation was concerned solely with political affairs and the security of the life and property of its nationals. After the Franco-Prussian War the Germans linked economic penetration with their political aspirations. Other nations, including Britain, followed their example. Dual penetration became part of empire expansion. This procedure geared the mark, the pound sterling, and later the French franc, to both trade and territorial aggrandizement. The reason why the dollar has always been welcome everywhere is that it has no political affiliations.

One comparatively recent provocation for the drafting of diplomacy by world trade for joint offensive is the growing struggle for raw materials so essential to national preservation both in war and peace. The foreign office of a country now has a definite economic function. A minister of foreign affairs is obliged to place greater dependence than ever before upon commercial intelligence. He must have adequate information upon which to base his attitude or action in international questions.

There is another stimulus for economic propaganda which reveals the reverse side. It lies in the fervid nationalism that has swept Europe since the Armistice. The orgy of self-determination, which created so many new states, fostered an unwarranted idea of economic self-sufficiency on one hand and a no less unfounded idea of self-importance on the other. Out of this distorted and exaggerated state of mind grew the numerous trade barriers, such as tariffs, restrictions, controls, and quotas that so long impeded the European return to normalcy. Many are still in existence, despite the protestations and resolutions of the Geneva Conference. People like the Germans, who railed the most at limitations on trade, have been the worst offenders.

These barriers inspire bitter trade war and economic propaganda as well. They explain the impasse which still exists between Germany and Poland and the high feeling between Italy and France. Though political friction lies at the root of the matter, economic rivalry is strong. The nationalistic spirit in business is largely responsible for the unofficial but concerted campaign against American films throughout Europe.

Another reason for the widespread economic propaganda is the determination to combat the so-called Americanization of Europe. It was impossible to protest the war and post-Armistice dollar invasion, because there was such urgent need of our money. It was a far different matter with American merchandise and methods once the skies cleared and a calm perspective obtained. So-called Americanization not only broke down time-honored precedents but superseded European goods as well.

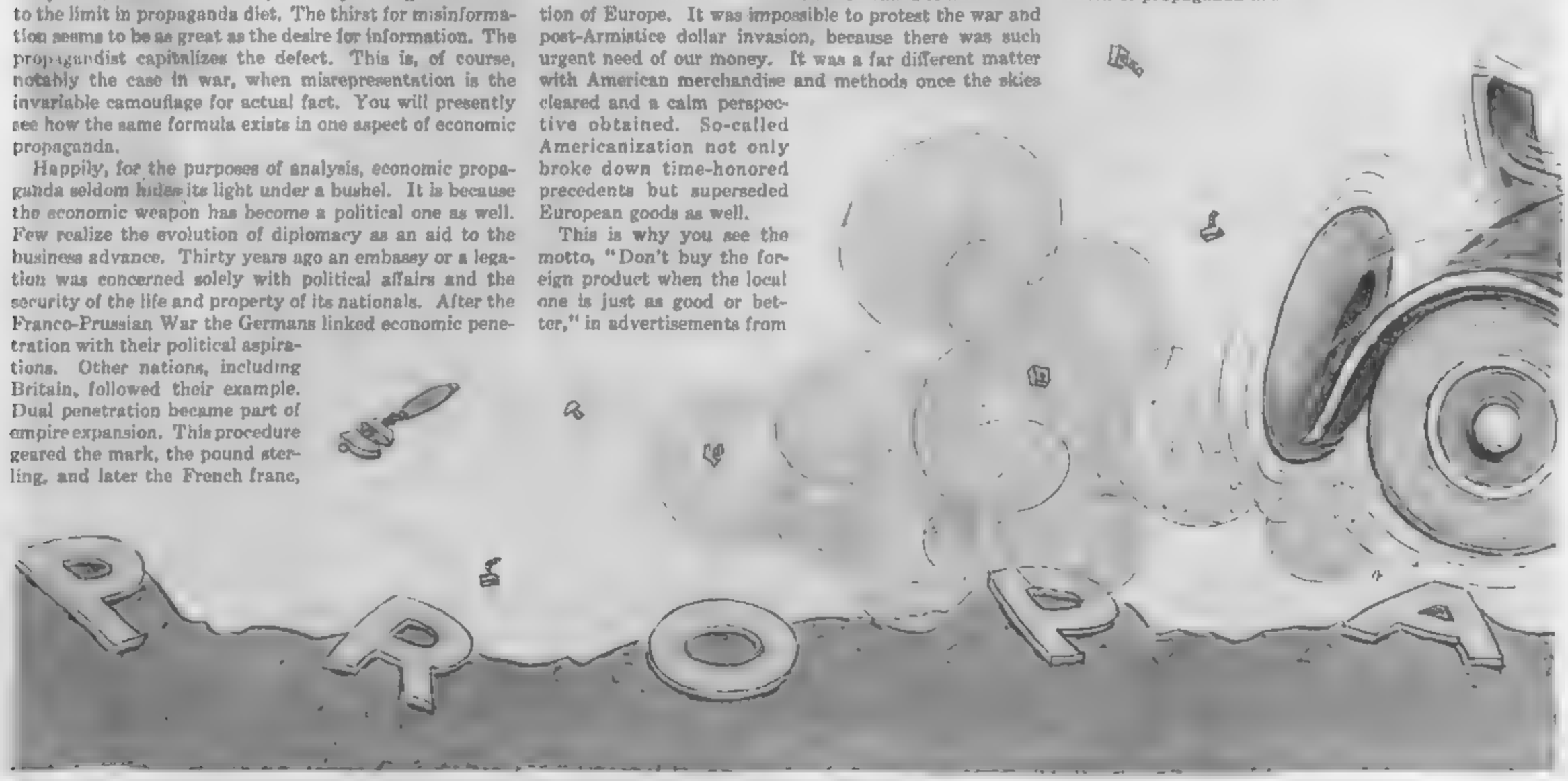
This is why you see the motto, "Don't buy the foreign product when the local one is just as good or better," in advertisements from London to Rome. Such propaganda is particularly aimed at the American automobile, which faces more handicaps in the way of restrictions, notably in Austria, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, than any other Yankee product with the possible exception of the film. The curious irony is that in both these instances, especially the film, popular demand is the opposite of national decree.

Needless to say, Europe is the mainspring of economic propaganda. It reaches to every country where American goods are sold, which means the whole world. In Europe, particularly on the Continent, conditions are favorable for propaganda production on a big scale. I have already shown how the nationalistic spirit generates the power. Reënforcing this is the fact that there is no Sherman Anti-trust Law. Hence large interests are enabled to exert unified pressure to restrict, deprecate, and even exclude a product. The crusade for synthetic nitrates, as opposed to the natural Chilean article, inspired by the Dye Trust—the I. G.—of Germany, is a case in point. The prewar cartels, whether in shipping, electrical machinery, rails, cement, glasswork, glue or iron and steel, were the forerunners of the present-day international trusts, which represent a glorified expansion of the earlier propaganda against alien output.

### Propaganda Makes All Europe Kin

THE situation immediately following the World War naturally lent itself to the economic-propaganda effort. A considerable part of Europe was physically, financially and commercially prostrate. Necessity knows no law. Propaganda had become such a habit during the great struggle that it carried on with peace. Each side now turned to the economic aspect, which, though bloodless, was none the less bitter. Propaganda was the principal weapon of the war after the war.

With peace you had an example of how economic propaganda works. Germany raised the cry that she was too poor to pay anything like the reparations sum that the Allied world demanded. She oiled up her propaganda machine anew to get this over. It has worked along kindred lines ever since. At the moment I write the same protest is being raised to get better terms under the revision of the Dawes Plan. The Allies countered the post-Armistice allegation that the new republic, risen out of the ruins of empire, was unable to make the grade, and backed it up with strong press sentiment. Today both the one-time belligerent camps are united to a large degree against American goods, and incidentally to get the United States to take the major portion of the indemnity bonds. One touch of propaganda has made all Europe kin.



It is estimated that the German Foreign Office is spending not less than $2,000,000 a year for propaganda. Though some of this is devoted to putting over the German view on pertinent political questions and the subsidy of travel bureaus, a large amount goes to the economic side. While I was in Germany last year the disclosure was made that the war ministry had wasted $3,000,000 over a period of three years in financing film companies.

Sometimes a government passes the propaganda buck to the big banks. Again Germany furnishes an instance. The Deutsche Bank became heavily involved in film manufacture and exploitation as a patriotic gesture. It proved to be a costly one.

Next on the list is the alleged trade association which has governmental sponsorship and often official financial backing. Masked behind its ostensible commercial promotion activities is usually a well-organized plan to discredit foreign competition, principally American. Such associations have a definite political purpose, as I discovered when I wrote the series of articles about Mexico.

### *By Fair Means or Foul*

THEN, too, there is the hired economic propagandist, usually a national of the country involved, who tries to put over justification for discrimination in articles, speeches and news. He is part of the larger endowed press, usually sponsored by banking and industrial interests. Many of the international bankers of Europe are involved in these schemes, especially when they want American loans. Their technic goes back to the Rothschilds, who controlled news agencies and powerful publications. Some of the most eminent literati of their times were on their pay roll. Heinrich Heine was a protégé of Alphons Rothschild when the latter was head of the Paris house. Indirectly he was of great service to his friends, having once been instrumental in having a bitter attack on the family suppressed.

Not all the economic propaganda directed at us is from without. A dangerous ally of the alien propagandist is the volunteer unpaid worker in our own country. We have had an experience with this type in the academic and sentimental uplifters who vehemently espoused cancellation of the Allied debts to us. Here misplaced zeal, usually backed by ignorance, operated against our best economic interests. As a matter of fact, no economic propaganda of recent years was better organized than the movement instigated abroad to secure immunity from debt payment. As at home, the American worked hand in glove with the cancellationists. This was especially true in France. The transplanted Yankee often becomes more nationalistic in his sentiments than the nationals themselves.

Economic propaganda is both obvious and unobvious. The most flagrant examples of the former have already been indicated in the cartels, controls, restrictions and quotas now in operation. The subtle campaign is where you find the nigger in the woodpile. An interesting case of the conspiracy of silence has just come to my notice.

A great American manufacturing company sought to invade a European country where a certain home industry with a big local market for its product was strongly organized. The alien concern launched a newspaper campaign which indirectly affected this particular commodity. Instantly the home industry brought such pressure upon the newspapers that advertisements of the American organization were refused.

One of the legitimate agencies for economic propaganda is the fair, which has a strong hold in Europe. Here the show is in the open. Their main purpose is to push native goods without subterfuge or attack on competing commodities. Foreign exhibits are invited. The best-known are the British Industries Fair, held at Birmingham and London, and the Leipsic and Lyons fairs. The latter put Herriot on the political map. As mayor of Lyons he sponsored the fair, which has become an international institution of importance. The Leipsic Fair has been in existence for a hundred years.

Though many American commodities are subject to economic espionage, propaganda or discrimination—these manifestations are all variations of the same theme—the most typical case, both in grievance and method, is embodied in the attack on our films.

The value of our film exports represents 35 per cent of the gross revenue of our production. It swings the balance from loss to profit. Hence the foreign market is essential to the well-being of what has become a major American industry.

You cannot visualize the predicament in which the American film finds itself abroad without first comprehending the fundamental difference between the film as projected in Europe and in the United States. Practically every European nation has a distinct propaganda purpose behind its moving pictures. With Britain it is trade. In France, nationalism, trade and the desire to rehabilitate Paris as the world art center, are the principal motives. Germany makes no bones of the fact that a reborn economic might is the underlying purpose. Italy emphasizes trade and culture, with a considerable dash of Fascism. Poland and most of the other small countries, especially Hungary, are strong on nationalism.

The American picture, on the other hand, is devised solely for entertainment. It cannot escape the fact, however, that it reflects our mode of social and industrial life, methods of thought and standards of living. Furthermore, it is the most conspicuous of all American exports, frankly betraying identity, nationality and origin.

Whereas we possess only 6 per cent of the world's land, comprise 7 per cent of the total population, grow 27 per cent of all the wheat, dig 40 per cent of the coal, use 63 per cent of the telephones, and make more than 85 per cent of the motor cars, we produce nearly 90 per cent of all the films. Knowing this, you can readily understand why the American picture has drawn the lightning and why every effort is being made to stop its advance.

### *Hollywood's Conquest of the World*

BECAUSE of quality and the presentation of well-known personalities, the American picture is in biggest demand. In the second place, trade follows the film precisely as it follows the loan, but to a greater—that is, a more popular—extent. It has been said that every foot of American film exhibited sells a dollar's worth of American goods. Since more than 80 per cent—in some instances it is 90 per cent—of the pictures shown in some foreign countries are American, they wield a vast influence.

Now if Europe had the facilities, the capital, the talent and the enterprise to duplicate the American film achievement, there would be no friction. It would mean fair, frank, open competition and the best picture would win. The trouble is that Europe lacks most of the elements that have combined for our film superiority. In various countries the effort is made to make up for the deficiencies by enacting legislation to restrict the exhibition of foreign pictures, enforce exports of the native product and exert compulsion on exhibitors to show the home output. In the case of France there is also a desire, not officially indorsed, to get financial support from America for the manufacture of films that will compete with the American product.

Reënforcing this legislation is an active propaganda. Since the issue of quality cannot be raised, the attack assumes devious forms. Among other things the charge of imperialism is raised against the American film industry; the idea being, of course, to show that what is labeled "the American film trust" wants to use its potent weapon for American economic mastery of the world.

This charge of imperialism, by the way, is not confined to Europe. It is working overtime in Latin America. Here it is tied to the Monroe Doctrine and the ever-ready

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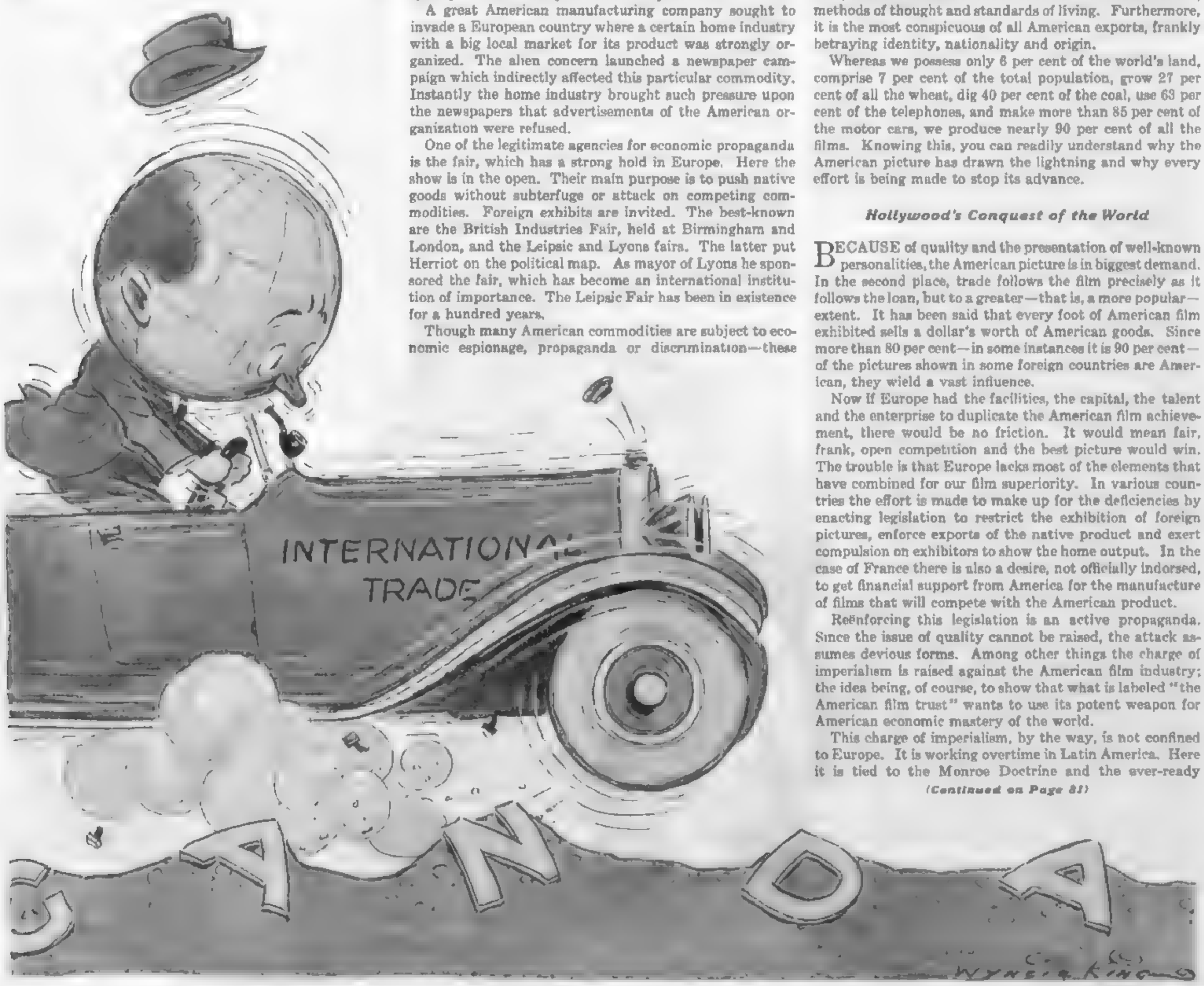


# COME ON, CULTURE

## By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

*"My Dear Young Person," Says He, With Eyebrow Lift Number Two and Withering Tone Number Four, "Oboes are—Oboes"*

JOE BRICE must have sensed that everything wasn't oke by me when I slumped into his office, but he finishes dictating to the very efficient Miss Whitmark before opening the inquest.

"You look," he remarks, "as if somebody'd been trumping all your tricks. What's on your mind, big boy?"

"I was just thinking," says I, "what a sap a guy is to sit up all night with sick poker hands when a little reading, a little study ——"

"Olivia?" cuts in Joe.

"Olivia," I returns. "If I ever had a chance with her I certainly dumbed it away last night at the Holloways'."

"What'd you do?" asks Brice. "Talk out of turn?"

"Neither out of turn," says I, "nor in turn. The gang there must have thought I'd either stepped on a rusty fishhook and got the lockjaw or been dropped by my nurse on a concrete floor. For all the part I took in the conversation I might just as well have been asleep in a hayloft over in East Secaucus. All I ever said was 'huh?' The chances are that the boys and girls who didn't catch my name thought it was Ben Huh."

"What was the trouble?" inquired Joe. "You're usually glib enough."

"Yeh," I comes back, bitter. "I'm even the first wit of my time in the poolroom and shooting-gallery set, but unfortunately, the Holloways don't work that side of the railroad tracks. It's a clever mob they play around with—artists and writers and other lads that are heavy between the ears. How could I deal myself into a lot of talk about Elizabethan poets, for instance? It was news to me that they even had 'em in Elizabeth. All I ever saw there were the Jersey Central repair shops. And you know Olivia."

"Forget it," says Brice soothingly. "Ten to one she didn't even notice you were clamming it."

"No?" I scowls. "You should have seen her wrap her listeners around the hoop-la Dan Coogan was dishing out. That baby talked like he was AAR to ZYT in the encyclopedia, and there I was answering all questions as to my opinions with a brilliant 'huh?' What a sucker I was to play hooky from school and then subscribe to a tabloid!"

"Don't worry," soothes Joe. "Coogan may have gone big with Olivia at the Holloways', but it takes more than one swallowtail to make a soirée. You took her home, didn't you?"

"I did," says I, "but I'd have had a much pleasanter time going to the wrong funeral in a rain. All of her palaver was about the great mind that Dannie had, and I'd never heard her call him anything but Mr. Coogan before that. The gal's just gone cuckoo on culture and I'm headed for a fade-out unless ——"

"If that's the case," interrupts Brice, "you'll have to quit trying to fill straights in the middle and buy yourself a book."

"Fine," I growls, "but I'd be sunk before I got past McGuffey's First Reader. We're both invited to the Scovels' next Saturday with the same sort of bunch that was at the Holloways'. Coogan'll be there and ——"

"I beg your pardon," chimes in Miss Whitmark at this point, "but I really couldn't help overhear your conversation. Has this ever been called to your attention?" With which she rummages through her hand bag, produces a card and passes it over to me. This is what I get an engraved load of:

DON'T BE A MENTAL WALLFLOWER

Are you silent and ill at ease while others charm with their wit and intelligence? Do you dumbly wonder what it's all about when books, art, music, the drama or foreign affairs are being discussed?

Your tailor, bootmaker, modiste and coiffeur combine to make you personable. Let me make you interesting. With my method of compressed culture you are equipped in a few hours—one sitting—to sparkle in conversation and be rapierlike in repartee, no matter what the gathering. PREVIOUS EDUCATION NOT NECESSARY.

MINERVA MORFIT,
Fine Arts Building.

By Appointment Only.
Utmost Secrecy.

"I wonder," remarks Joe, who's been getting an eyeful over my shoulder, "whether you're equipped to tell right quick who was the Vice President under Taft."

"Why the 'utmost secrecy'?" I asks. "Is it against the law to grab yourself a little rapierlike repartee?"

"At that," goes on Brice, "it sounds reasonable enough to me. This is the age of high-speed compression. If you can put eight square meals into a predigested pill and all the news of the world around the four-column cut of a cutie in a four-column tabloid, why not a complete course in culture between lunch and luncheon?"

"Why not?" I agrees. "Do you imagine this stuff is shot into your arm or just broken over your head?"

"Why not make an appointment and find out?" suggests Joe. "If the gal's got anything at all, it'll be straight down your alley. You want to sparkle in conversation, don't you?"

"Be your brains!" I snaps. "Do you imagine this grifter can take an ordinary punk off the pavements and in one set-to turn him into a five-foot shelf of books with a Harvard accent?"

"Ordinary fish eggs," points out Brice, "are turned into caviar quicker than that. Charles Frohman once told a youngster how to become a great playwright in two words."

"What were they?" I bites.

"'Be brilliant,'" he returns.

"Yeh," says I, "and that's probably the kind of gag this Morfit slicker works. The chances are she collects and then slips you a Joe Miller joke book and the address of the nearest Carnegie library. Just a faker."

"She's not that," declares Miss Whitmark. "I know a couple of folks who have gone to her and they're delighted with the results. Why don't you try her? You might profit enough," she adds with a smile, "to take some of the wind out of Mr. Coogan's ——"

"Call up," I cuts in, "and make an appointment. I'll take a whirl."

"I'll take it with you," says Joe.

"What," I inquires, "do you expect to get out of it?"

"Who knows?" he shrugs. "I've been invited to the Scovels', too, and I don't propose to sit around there like a muted flute while you're dazzling the guests with snappy sallies on early Coptic primitives, the sculpture of Schopenhauer and the mating habits of the Peruvian giffle hen. Not me, big boy. I'll have Minnie Morfit fix me so that I can split infinitives with the best of 'em. What's the tap for these lessons?"

"Fifty dollars," answers the secretary.

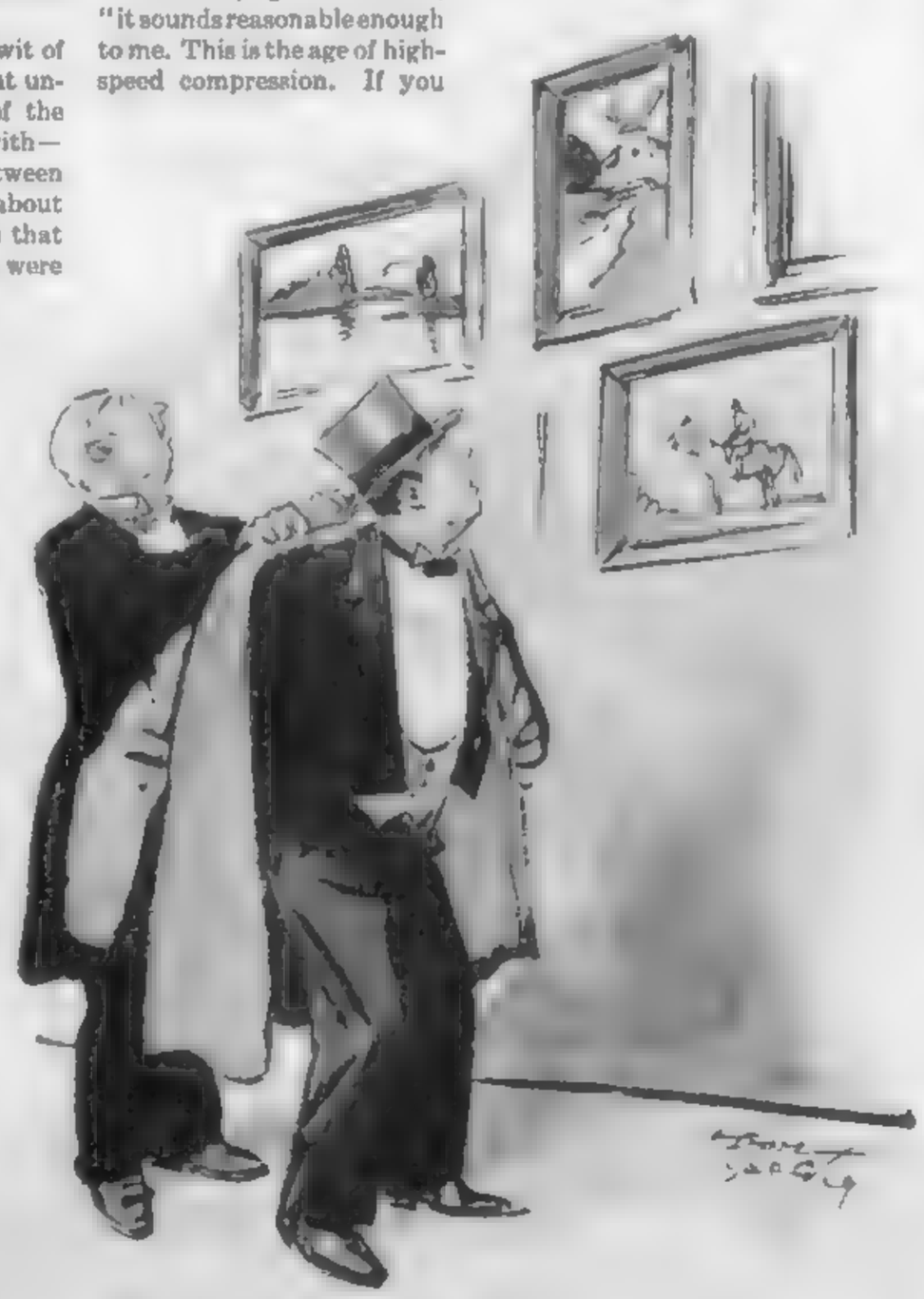
"A lot of money," observes Brice, "even if you say it fast; but, even so, it's not too much to pay to become two or three of the world's greatest thinkers."

"It'd be cheap at less than half the price," says I, spoofing along with him, "but there's one aspect of the situation that worries me."

"What's that?" asks Joe.

"Well," I tells him, "President Lowell, of Harvard, is coming along in years and I'd hate to have him get nervous over his job."

"Don't be uneasy," says Brice. "I'll write him that there's nothing personal in your getting educated."



*"Do You Fancy That Baronet, Sir?" Asks the Butler*

II

THE very next evening we trots ourselves down to Minerva Morfit's office in the Fine Arts Building. It's a hotsy-hotsy hangout with Oriental rugs, big floor vases and the kind of furniture that dares you to sit in it. Everything in

the place is period stuff—the early come-on period, with porcelains from the Sting dynasty.

"What is known to the trade," says I to Joe, when the door boy departs to announce us, "as a set for saps. I can almost hear 'em tuning up the cream separator."

"The last time I visited an office as slick as this," remarks Brice with a reminiscent frown, "I emerged the licensed owner of a silver-fox farm in Athabasca."

"How'd you do with it?" I asks.

"Do you see any silver foxes following me around?" he demands. "Not only was there no farm but I've yet to find Athabasca on the map. However, I still have my license. It gives me the exclusive right to hunt foxes with bows and arrows in the Lexington Avenue Subway."

"We'll get nothing here even that valuable," says I.

"Sh!" cautions Brice. "Here she comes."

For no reason at all I'd sort of pictured Miss Morfit as a decayed something in reduced circumstances, but she turns out to be a trim young zip-zip not later than thirty or thirty-two, with I-know-my-tricks written all over her not-unpleasing pan. There's no stalling with her. After a few words of greeting she drapes us over a pair of Chippendales and swings into her routine.

"I presume," says she, turning the baby spot of her smile upon us, "that you are business men who have been too occupied to keep *en rapport* with current cultural ——"

"We're laps behind, lady," Joe hastens to assure her. "Laps and laps. The hide-and-glue game's a jealous mistress. With horses dying at all hours of the night you don't get much chance to see the latest plays of Shakspere or hear these operas Hans Wagner's writing. When I get home in the evening I'm too tired to do anything but kick off my shoes and ——"

"Nice studio you have here," I cuts in to head off Brice's haywire. It's Miss Morfit's line of blah I've come to inspect, not his.

"Never say 'studio,'" she corrects sweetly. "Say '*atelier*.' It's so much smarter. '*Atelier*' carries an impress of sophistication, an urbane cosmopolitanism, an air of the ultra, a certain *je ne sais quoi* ——"

"You mean," I interjects, "there's a kind of an 'ah' about it."

"Precisely," comes back Minerva. "Though '*atelier*' is merely the French for workshop, there is about it the tang of Mayfair and the boulevards, a suggestion of one who has the entrée."

"It certainly is a pleasure to meet a word as well connected as that," murmurs Joe. "I'm sorry I'm not properly dressed. A boutonnière at least, or a ——"

"Can it be spelled out of an ordinary alphabet," I inquires, "or does it take letters of a better sort?"

"I'm afraid," says Miss Morfit, "you gentlemen are approaching my poor efforts in a spirit of cynicism."

"Don't be afraid," urges Brice gently. "We are. It just doesn't occur to my limited intelligence, and to what I laughingly refer to as my friend's, that a natural gift for rapierlike repartee backed by a lifetime of education can be acquired for fifty dollars in fifty minutes."

"Perhaps," suggests Minerva, "if you were to wait for what I have to offer you might discover the merits of my system."

"That's jake by me," says I, "but I warn you I come from a doubting family. Take my Uncle Anthrax, for example. The old fellow wouldn't sue a railroad that'd run him down, because he insisted there couldn't be such a thing as a railroad. He spent his last years watching locomotives chug by his window more convinced every day that they weren't possible. That's the kind of resistance you got to break down."

"I'll try," smiles Miss Morfit. "In the first place, please understand I do not pretend to take you all the way from the kindergarten to a post-graduate course in polemics in a few hours. I do not make complete paintings. I just touch them up here and there."

"Ah," says Joe. "The touch system."

"To impress a gathering," goes on Minerva, "it is not necessary to flow unceasingly with erudition and brilliance. A few words in the right place, a phrase in the proper ——"

"Sure," interrupts Brice. "I know a bimbo who was elected to three swell clubs and tapped for Bones at the electoral college on the strength of one expression."

"What was that?" I inquired. "'*Atelier*' or '*je ne sais quois*'?"

"Neither," he replied. "It was just an ordinary English expression: 'Let me have the check.'"

"May I ask," resumes Miss Morfit, "if there is any group of people you'd like to be particularly prepared for?"

"Yes," I tells her. "A bunch of artists and writers and other two-story thinkers I'm dining with next Saturday."

"Very well," says she. "Let us suppose that the subject of music comes up, as it probably will among such folk. Are you at all familiar with the works of the masters?"

"Would I Faw Down and Go Boom fall into that class?" I asks, not without some diffidence.

"In Chicago," wheezes Joe, "I hear they go boom-boom and then faw down."

"It makes no difference," continues Minerva, ignoring the interlude, "whether you're familiar with them or not. It is a simple matter to plant the thought that you are—oh, so familiar. You listen to comments on the classicists with an expression of profound boredom, you being all for the moderns, a very recherché pose nowadays. Where, you demand at length, is there anything in the compositions of the classicists to compare, for instance, with the suite for oboes in Teshefsky's etude in C minor, and you pause for an answer."

"With my luck," says I, "I'd get one."

"That's not very likely," returns Miss Morfit. "To begin with, there's no such person as Teshefsky ——"

"What?" I exclaims. "You expect me to go to the mat and carry the banner for a phony?"

"Why not?" she shrugs. "The more unknown the artist one mentions is, the more apt to be looked upon as a pundit, and certainly nothing can be quite so unknown as the nonexistent. There's a dramatic critic in New York today who's acquired a dazzling reputation solely by going into deliriums over Latvian and Parsee playwrights of whom nobody ever heard, including their mothers. You might make Teshefsky a Latvian, if the necessity arises, or perhaps a Bessarabian."

"I think I'll settle him in Brooklyn," says I. "Nobody ever heard of anybody over there."

"Better make it Philadelphia," suggests Brice. "That'll give him a chance to awake some morning and find himself famous." He turns to Minerva with a sarcastic snicker: "So that's your system?"

"Basically, yes," she admits. "What's the matter with it? You gentlemen want to be equipped to make a favorable impression quickly, don't you? Well, I'm telling you how, and it can't fail. Do you realize that if you did nothing else at the dinner but mention Teshefsky, run your fingers through your hair occasionally and orchestrate your soup, you'd be made for life as a sensitive soul touched by the divine afflatus?"

"Is that what you call yourself now?" grunts Joe. "A divine afflatus? What's this piece we're supposed to go berserk over—a suite for hoboes? Where is it?"

"Oboes," says Miss Morfit. "A suite for oboes in C minor. No, no," she goes on as I reach for a pad and pencil, "you needn't make notes. I'll mail you a transcript of everything we consider here. There'll be words and expressions this evening you'll hardly be able to remember. You must practice on them between now and Saturday."

"Who," I wants to know, "is supposed to wet-nurse this Teshefsky at the Scovels'—both of us, or do we take turns and make a night of the braw Bessarabian?"

"You can have him," offers Brice generously. "I've got '*atelier*' to see me through."

"Don't worry," says Minerva. "There'll be enough *tours de force* and *jeux d'esprit* provided to take care of both of you. The parentage and use of them will, of course, depend largely on circumstances. You won't require many. A dash of frankincense here, a sprig of myrrh there. One should employ spice sparingly. After all, casual conversation and attentive silences are still the bread and meat of social intercourse. . . . Shall we now proceed to a consideration of art?"

"By all means," I urges; "but just a minute till I put my music diploma away. Ah, those happy days in the conservatory!"

"Ah, yes," sighs Joe. "Shall you ever forget Sascha and Toscha and Mischa?"

"At the moment," opens up Minerva on her new tack, "the attention of the cognoscenti is directed toward the impressionistic school of painters—those bold spirits of Barbizon. You perhaps

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"I Beg Your Pardon," Chimes In Miss Whitmark at This Point, "But I Really Couldn't Help Overhear Your Conversation"

"Never Say 'Studio,'" She Corrects Sweetly. "Say 'Atelier.' It's So Much Smarter"

# BACK FROM UTOPIA

By Gilbert Seldes

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRIETTA McCAIG STARRETT

*As He Was Saying Good-By She Remarked, "No Theories are Any Good, Roddy, But I'm Sure Ours Was the Rottenest in the World"*

TO BE young, in those last months before the war, was pleasant; to be young and radical and in Greenwich Village was divine. An overwhelming confidence buoyed up everyone. The Village was still obscure and earnest, with few tea shops and no sight-seeing busses. If it took its work seriously, it took its fun lightly and never staged eccentricities merely "to show" uptown or the Middle West. Everyone was busy about something important—a job on the Sun, a poem or play to be accepted, a revolution to overthrow the social system—all expected by next week at the latest.

For Roderic, the centers were the Liberal Club and the salon of Mabel Dodge. These were the sources of light, and Roderic plunged and swam toward them like a powerful swimmer in the path of the moon. John Reed was forming The Jailbirds—open only to those who had been in prison—he himself qualified by his experience in the Paterson strike. He was the only man who combined a passion for humanity with abundant spirits. Helen Westley sat moodily in the center of whatever room she happened to be in looking as if she were waiting for a demon lover and actually talking about the theater which was to become The Theater Guild. Max Eastman was carrying The Masses and The Liberator in his bosom; the Glebe devoted an issue to Wedekind's play of murder and degeneracy; and, before it expired, another to Songs, Sighs and Curses, by a poet named Wolf, who declared that he had been unable to choose the order of his poems and so had thrown the manuscript into the air and printed them in the order of picking them up. There was also a couplet explaining the title:

*I come to you with a prophet's voice,*
*I sing, I sigh, I also curse.*

But everybody also cursed a little in the Village, except on the Liberal Club's tenth anniversary, when they devoted an entire week to a discussion of the question: "What is Liberal?"

This was an important occasion and Roderic went to all the sessions zealously. The invocation usually consisted of The Afternoon of a Faun, played by Alfred Kreymborg on a player piano; after which everyone spoke, sometimes formally to the gathering, sometimes to small groups in corners. It appeared that the chief virtue of liberalism was that no one knew exactly what it was. It wasn't socialism: it had no political program; it approved no specific economic reform; it was, in short, a frame of mind hospitable to whatever was new, and generally in favor of the under dog.

It was a sympathetic attitude, Roderic felt. Some of the members wanted to make it more definite in favor of their own program, but the majority felt that a pleasing vagueness in one's ideals made it easier to help everyone. So they approved of socialism and anarchism, gently deploring the fact that one was exactly opposed to the other; they were practicing or professing free love and spoke earnestly about the single standard; woman's suffrage was part of their ideal and was coupled with infinite contempt for the ballot; they loved all their fellow men except capitalists and the middle classes; they believed that Nature was all right and human nature all wrong.

This was a little chaotic, but Roderic liked it because he saw so much more scope for himself. Most of the people he met were rebels—men and women brought up under some strict authority who had the courage to cut loose; naturally, each was a little fanatical about his or her own pet emancipation. He himself was a natural radical—born to it—and could look upon all forms of radicalism with an impartial eye. It was his job to show how all the phases of radical endeavor fitted together: Karl Marx and the new stagecraft, vegetarian diet and free verse, and sensible clothes and free love, and the new music and votes for women and birth control. Behind them, he felt, there must be one fine purpose, one binding principle. The fact that they fitted in together and helped one another seemed to Roderic proof that they were right—practical proof like seeing ten clocks in a row all giving exactly the same time. The suspicion that all ten might have been set by the same master clock, and the master clock wrong, did not occur to him.

One item in the radical credo Roderic could observe in action—free love. He had believed in it since he was seven; if he fell in love, he assumed that he would practice it. Meanwhile he could see how it worked. Ideally, he thought, the matter ought to be as commonplace and to evoke as little comment as the fact that two people were married or had gone into business together. Actually, even in the Village, there was a slight difference of attitude—not that anyone was hostile, but that everyone was terribly interested. Free love seemed much more public than marriage. People were still a little defiant and self-conscious. Roderic thought that would pass; since free love was natural and right—men and women lived together if and when they loved each other; if one or both stopped, there could be nothing but misery for everyone if they continued together. Yet somewhere there was a flaw and Roderic discovered it when he went for a week-end to the home of Mary Goode and Archie Collins. They were the most intelligent and most active of the philosophical anarchists and, brought together by their enthusiasm for the cause of freedom, had been lovers with fidelity and a degree of happiness for five years.

A few months before Roderic's visit, Mary had saved the life of Carlotta Blake by the simple process of breaking down her door and turning off the open gas jet. It seemed to Mary that Carlotta should not have attempted to commit suicide five minutes before a visitor was expected, but Carlotta was very intense about poetry and about life, and as the gas had made her a little bit sick, Mary took her out to her own home for a few days to recuperate. At the end of three weeks, Carlotta had written half a dozen poems about free love and had made Archie Collins believe that her sulky temperament and feeble physique were exactly what he needed as a change from Mary's calm good nature and abounding health.

In the circumstances there was only one thing to do, and when Roderic arrived for the week-end he helped to do it.

Mary took her clothes and trinkets and brushes and pictures of Archie into the smaller room; as Carlotta was writing a poem that morning, Mary and Roderic carried her belongings into the vacated place. At luncheon Carlotta thanked them and, as a reward, read them the poem she had written.

Archie licked his lips and looked embarrassed; Roderic found the afternoon incredibly painful and, trying to be casual, suggested that he would take Mary up to town for a concert that evening; as commuting was difficult, it meant that Mary would have to spend the night in New York.

"That's a fine idea," said Archie. "Don't you think so, darling?"

He was looking at neither woman as he spoke the final word, and Mary, starting to speak, checked herself.

"I think it's a filthy idea," Carlotta answered. "Why the devil should Mary run away?"

"I haven't any intention of running away," Mary said quietly. "What sort of a concert is it, Roddy?"

"Why ——"

"You'd be a traitor to go," Carlotta persisted.

"What's the use of talking about it?" Archie murmured, looking steadily out of the window.

"Every use. I thought we had this all clear or I'd never have agreed. If we can't do this thing frankly and talk about it openly, we can't do it at all."

Archie's back remained turned, but his shoulders moved nervously. "It's all right," he said. "Mary understands."

"I understand too. Suppose you had a partner in business and decided to take someone else in instead. You'd draw up all sorts of accounts and go over them and talk it out, wouldn't you? Well, this is just as important, isn't it? The whole idea is we're not to start off with a lot of grudges and jealousies underneath. We've got to bring them to the surface."

"There are no grudges, Carlotta," Mary put in, and rose from her chair. "I'm going for a walk."

"You can't bear the thought of Archie and me being happy."

Mary sat down again. "Does it add to your happiness to have me here?"

"But the whole point is that all three of us are in it together. You've had your happiness with Archie and now I'm going to have mine. You think it's right, don't you?"

"Of course she does," Archie said loudly. "What's the idea of all this talk, Roderic?"

"Maybe Carlotta doesn't think it's right," Roderic suggested, and added a meaningless little laugh.

"Don't be a fool, Roddy. If you and Mary want to go away with each other tonight ——"

Roderic was acutely embarrassed. "I believe in action," he said, "not in talk."

"That's because you're a coward underneath. You want Mary and you're afraid ——"

"Don't bother providing me with a lover, Carla," Mary protested easily. "I'm quite all right."

"Either you believe in love or you don't," the poetess answered fiercely. "If you did, you'd be brave enough to face it."

"What do you want?"

"I want to prove that intelligent people are not shackled by silly prejudices and conventions. I don't want you making me out a thief. If you run away or get bitter, it spoils the whole thing. You always said that when people stop loving each other ——"

"I suppose the misfortune is that I haven't stopped loving Archie."

"Oh, shut up!" Archie broke out.

"But Carlotta's quite right, Archie," Mary said calmly. "I'm sorry if I've been glum. We've always believed that if either one of us stopped—or cared for someone else—he would be free to go. I suppose it's my bad luck that you stopped first. But if we're right, we ought to see it through together. Go on up to the concert yourself, Roddy, if you want to."

"I'm afraid ——"

Carlotta gave him an unkind laugh. "You always are."

"I was only going to say that I'm afraid it's going to rain."

"People that can't face their own emotions ——"

It did rain, and the four of them were clustered together in a single room for the rest of the day and evening. Carlotta, triumphant, remained sullen, but Archie and Mary talked steadily, most of the time through or at Roderic. When finally he went early to bed, Mary stopped him at the foot of the stairs.

"You're really a dear person," she said. "You've helped me." And in a still lower voice she added, "I hope you never have to go through it."

He lay for a long time in the dark wondering whether Carlotta hadn't forced the whole thing in order to torture Mary, to sweeten her victory with the sight of Mary's pain. And all the talk! Was Carlotta's conscience uneasy, after all? It seemed they were making a mess of it, just as other people did with divorces and alimony and remarriages; but Mary seemed to come out of it with head high. She was like—an odd comparison came to him—she was like an exceptionally understanding wife. At about three in the morning Roderic was awakened by the sound of sobbing, and for an hour he lay in acute misery listening to the heartbroken cries of Mary Goode. In the morning, when he made a pretext for returning to the city, Mary took him to the station in silence.

As he was saying good-by she remarked, "No theories are any good, Roddy, but I'm sure ours was the rottenest in the world."

"Would it have been easier any other way?"

She shrugged her shoulders, very tired. "Any other way I wouldn't have had to sit by and pretend I liked it. I could have fought as hard as Carlotta."

"Why didn't you?"

"I couldn't," she answered, and left him to think about it all the way in on the train. She must have meant that they had agreed not to force each other's inclinations, but to encourage even the slightest fancy—and that Mary was proud. But the whole thing didn't seem right. At bottom Roderic was wondering why life had to be that way and why the most beautiful and intelligent treatment of love had to leave as much misery behind it as the stupid form of marriage. There was no answer and Roderic could only think that another ten minutes of gas would have done Carlotta Blake no harm.

There were other disconcerting events. Every once in a while a "good red" would "go democratic" and disappear into a good job or into "the family's" apartment on Park Avenue. Roderic, with his generous allowance and ingrown indifference to money, never could understand these desertions. Sometimes girls would drift in from the West, full of all the right ideas, and throw themselves away on the grossest hangers-on of the Village, men without any real ideals, who were using radical catchwords and free love as traps. Billie Waterman, her first day in New York, sauntered into a restaurant with a divinely impertinent look on her lovely face, casually told the best chess player in the Village to sacrifice his queen, bought drinks, stripped and plunged into the fountain in Washington Square. She laughed at the whole world, and at the end of two weeks was breaking her heart over the most notorious scoundrel in the Village. "Seeing life," she said grimly, her mockery all turned upon herself. Roderic, whom she despised, was in love with her for a year, his heart torn as he saw her loveliness corrupted.

These things and others like them worried Roderic and made him wonder whether he had really found himself. Here he was with the single group of people in America who held the future in their hands, yet he was dissatisfied. It began to appear that radicalism was a literary form in New York, not a guiding force in the reconstruction of American life. Ideas were in the air; the trouble was they stayed there. If they were rarely put into practice, they resulted in personal disaster or in abortive attacks on a system too powerful to be destroyed by little nibblings. To be

(Continued on Page 46)

*On Anything New the Hostess Never Missed; She Collected Moderns, in Art and in Personalities, as Religiously as Other People Collected Antiques. She Created Nothing*

# FIVE YEARS MORE OF FLYING

## By HOWARD MINGOS

*A Mail Ship and a Business Plane Flying the Coast Route*

FROM present indications, all the transportation interests soon will be working in close harmony. The roads were aligned solidly against the motorbusses five years ago, and now sixty-two railway systems in the United States are operating busses. While they have 2000 fewer passenger cars than in 1924, the roads are operating about 1600 motor coaches.

Although many veteran rail officials are still fighting the busses and reject the mere thought of cooperating with air transport, the others are being converted rapidly. Soon all must fall in line. They cannot avoid it.

Many of the roads are in aviation now. The Pennsylvania, as the reader knows, is financially interested in an air-rail line between New York and the Pacific Coast, its patrons taking trains at night and using planes by day. As quickly as practicable, when the proper planes and other facilities are available, the company will fly its passengers all the way between the Atlantic and Pacific. It must, in order to meet the competition of other air-transport organizations.

United Aircraft and Transport, Aviation Corporation and other important groups are now working on their own transcontinental systems, and also on feeder lines extending north and south throughout this hemisphere. Every town promising sufficient traffic is included in the various programs for expansion. And the plans are very much the same—giant liners running day and night between all large cities, some of them making no stops between their terminals, others dropping down en route to discharge and take on passengers, and planes coming in to the trunk-line junctions with their loads picked up on the feeder routes or taken off the railways and busses.

Air-rail is becoming an established institution. Northwest Airways—the first to start that sort of thing in a big way—has been operating such a service since last September. Railway passengers entering Chicago, Minneapolis or St. Paul may, if they wish, fly the 350 miles between the Twin Cities and Chicago. They buy their tickets at the stations of the several roads coöperating with the air line.

The American Air Transport Association reports that many municipalities are now beginning to consider the best means of housing in one big terminal all three facilities—railways, motorbusses and flying craft. In St. Paul plans are now being drawn up for such a terminal, the roof of which will be the landing field for airplanes.

### *Forty Hours From Paris*

NOT only are the railroads consenting to coöperate with the air lines; some of them are now beginning to organize little air-transport systems of their own—feeder lines leading to their rights of way. They soon should be wholly committed to air passenger traffic, but they probably will continue to combat the idea of swinging mail and express to the planes. Still, where they are financial partners in air transport, there is no reason why they should not do it, especially when they can make greater profits.

That does not mean, of course, that the airplane or airship will displace either the bus or the passenger train in five years or ten. The most sanguine among the operators—and they have their sanguine moments; yes, indeed—know that as big a thing as they may make of their game in that time, they could not provide anywhere near the facilities.

The roads now have about 55,000 passenger coaches. Nearly 20,000 motorbusses are running on intercity schedules. The plane builders could not begin to produce such a threatening number of big transport planes. If there are 2000 air liners in operation over land at the beginning of 1934, everybody in aviation will be immensely pleased.

Over-water flying is another matter, as far as scheduled operations are concerned. Here the companies do not have to wait for the proper surface facilities, and navigation over the water is somewhat similar to that on the surface. Many shipping aids are available to aircraft. And, like the railroads, the steamship lines are taking to air transport. They want to be in it rather than on the outside, if and when it becomes a big proposition.

The new ocean liners are being equipped to take on and discharge planes whenever there may be occasion for the faster service. All the American and European steamship interests are talking at great length about the future use of transoceanic flying craft. As yet, most of this is just talk—sheer publicity propaganda. There is nothing in the minds of the designers at present to warrant their promising a nonstop airplane service across the Atlantic during the next five years. In ten, perhaps, but not before.

But the proposal to establish floating islands in mid-ocean—huge rafts built to the designs of Edward R. Armstrong—is attracting no little attention. A model of the Armstrong seadrome is to be set up between New York and Bermuda, if plans materialize. It will be a steel platform about 1200 feet long, 400 feet wide and riding normally 100 feet above the surface, anchored in a fixed position and theoretically available to flying craft at all times. Responsible financial interests are said to be back of this venture. These ocean airports may advance the time when airplanes fly on a scheduled service between the United States and Europe.

The only nonstop ocean service in sight at the moment is that of lighter-than-air, rigid airships vastly larger than any yet built, so constructed that they will be strong enough to endure the stress of wind and storm, at the same time carrying paying loads of 100 passengers or their equivalent in mail and freight.

The United States Navy now has under construction in the plant of the Goodyear-Zeppelin Corporation at Akron, Ohio, two ships of new Zeppelin design which will be more than twice the size of the Navy's Los Angeles. Each will have a gas capacity of 6,500,000 cubic feet, compared to the 2,472,000 cubic feet of the Los Angeles. Although they are being built for naval use, each carrying five fighting planes and much armament, they are the forerunners of the commercial airship which the reader may expect to see, within five years, plying between the United States and Europe.

Commercial ships of that size, inflated with helium, which does not burn, will carry about fifty passengers, ten tons of mail and many of the conveniences of an ocean liner. Under most weather conditions one could go from New York to Paris in such a ship within forty hours.

While several groups are interested in establishing a transocean service with giant Zeppelin airships, they are also keeping their eyes on a new type which is being completed at the plant of the Aircraft Development Corporation in Detroit. It is an all-metal airship, experimental in size and built for the Navy, to test the practicability of metal construction in place of the usual fabric envelope wrapped around a metal skeleton.

This new airship has no skeleton; it is built entirely of metal plating about one one-hundredth of an inch thick, a material developed in the past two years to resist corrosion.

The possibility of soon having new and better airships does not end there. Designs have been made for a rigid airship which will have virtually a boat hull for its lower section, to operate from the water as present airships now use landing fields. The design—which has not yet passed the design stage—contemplates a ship carrying 200 passengers in first-class accommodations located in the boat hull of the airship, crew and operating departments distributed throughout both the ship and dirigible section of the craft, and the cargo stored in holds.

### *Flying Down to Rio*

IF THE air-transport people cannot yet see the practicability of flying passenger planes across the oceans, they have not hesitated to embark on the coastal and inland waterways. Projects now under way provide for huge coastwise flying boats and amphibians carrying from forty to a hundred passengers at an average speed of more than 100 miles an hour, about 200 feet above the surface and within a safe radius of shore stations.

The promoters are confident that within five years these boats will be operating between all cities on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, the Gulf Coast and the West Indies.

They think that this over-water service will be popular, and that passengers will fly all the way between Montreal and Buenos Aires with the same nonchalance as they now embark on surface vessels.

They have every reason to believe that the airports will be provided quickly, on both the land and the waterfront, as they are needed, and without much expense to the operators. They say that this will be so because the same facilities must be made available for aerial service and private flying—phases of aviation which are developing almost as rapidly as organized air transport.

Though the promoters of the larger aeronautical projects are now promising the quickest profits from air transport with huge air liners and airships, the majority of designers both here and abroad are working on the development of small flying machines. Here in the United States the manufacturer of planes likes to compare air transport with railroading and shipping, and look at other phases of flying in the light of the motor car and bus. He thinks of the extensive use of public funds to accommodate the motorist and the facilities which the taxpayers must provide in turn for the private flyers and aerial-service operators.

He knows that as quickly as the private owners begin flocking overhead, the municipalities and other public agencies will bend every effort to make flying safe for them and the people underneath. So the manufacturer is content to leave the big ships to a few concerns which may develop into the locomotive and shipbuilding class while he, like the builder of motor cars, goes in for quantity production of small planes.

There are about fifty airplane plants in the United States, which produce practically all of the machines. Possibly eighty other so-called aircraft factories are either experimenting or trying to get into production with something copied from existing types. All the small machines on the market at present are either biplanes or monoplanes. As yet there is nothing startling, no new invention to revolutionize flying or flying craft. But there are many attempts being made to devise machines different both in appearance and performance.

At irregular intervals somebody announces that he has just perfected a helicopter. Another takes out a patent on a tunnel plane; still another brings forth a bird wing, on paper. The world is full of such people. For twenty years there have been serious thinkers here and there who have spent their all trying to fly a plane with foot power. And it has never been done.

For the last decade we have been promised machines maintained aloft by radio and other kinds of energy withdrawn from the air and transmitted to the plane in passing—just like that. Millions have been invested in a thousand propositions based on some crack-brained effort to get something for nothing—in other words, to procure perpetual motion and derive both sustaining and driving power without creating it in free flight.

There are perhaps as many projects for creating entirely new kinds of engines—invariably on the order of perpetual motion, but termed something else—frictionless motors, heatless motors, and motors that require nothing but loving care and attention to make them run without end. But the practicabilities are far more important and interesting.

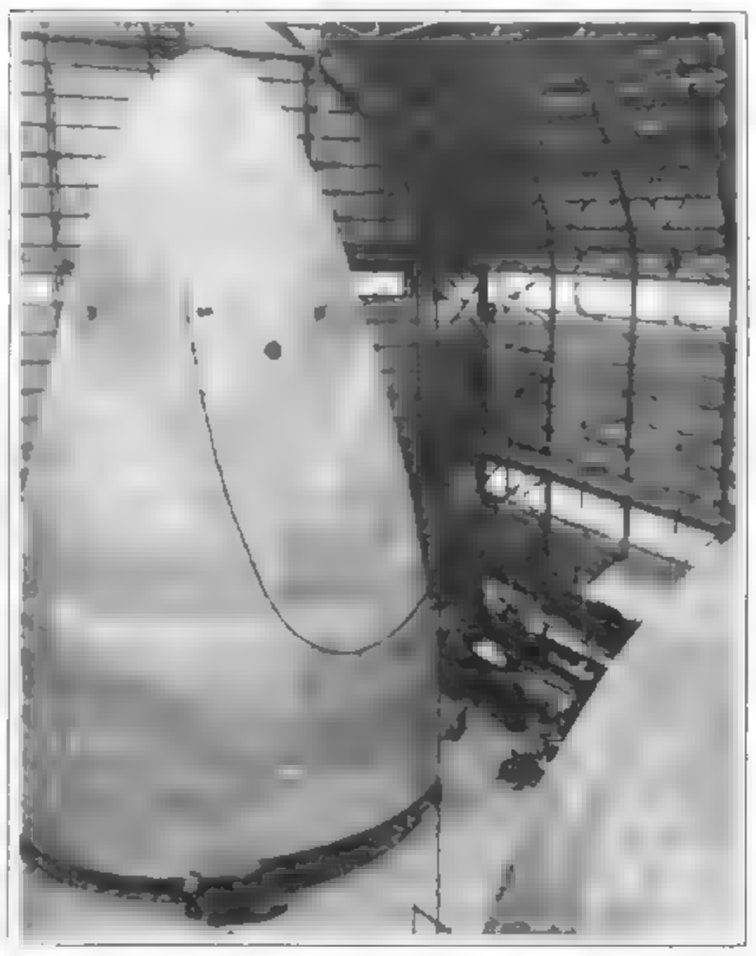
### *Promises and Attempts at Fulfillment*

THE responsible designers promise soon to provide the airplanes with very slow landing speeds, so that they can be set down in a pasture lot after coming in sharply over the tree tops and high-tension wires. They promise to put things on a plane or to fix its wings so that it cannot be stalled in mid-air, flop over on one side and lunge to earth out of control. They promise that.

Thus far it has been but a promise. Any designer can attain slow landing speed, but he usually sacrifices something else just as important. He is having some difficulty developing a foolproof plane—one that cannot be sent into a tail spin after losing flying speed. When a plane loses that speed, and especially if it is well-loaded, it seems bent on slipping back out of control. The slotted wing has been hailed as an interesting development. It is a shutter device along the front edge of the wing, and so changes the flow of air that the plane tends to right itself automatically when it loses flying speed.

But there is a definite loss in aerodynamic efficiency, and machines equipped with wing slots have been thrown into tail spins. So there you are. Something on that order, the engineers believe, must prove practicable, and many of them are sitting up nights thinking about it.

In that class of new things which really have experimental value is the Cierva autogiro, nicknamed the windmill plane because it has fans like a windmill, though they lie horizontally above the top wing. The rest is an ordinary short-wing airplane with a motor and a propeller on the nose. As the machine starts to roll off the surface in the usual manner, the big fans commence revolving without motor power of their own, and they act as sustaining surfaces, contributing to the lift and, in landing, letting the outfit come down slowly and at an angle

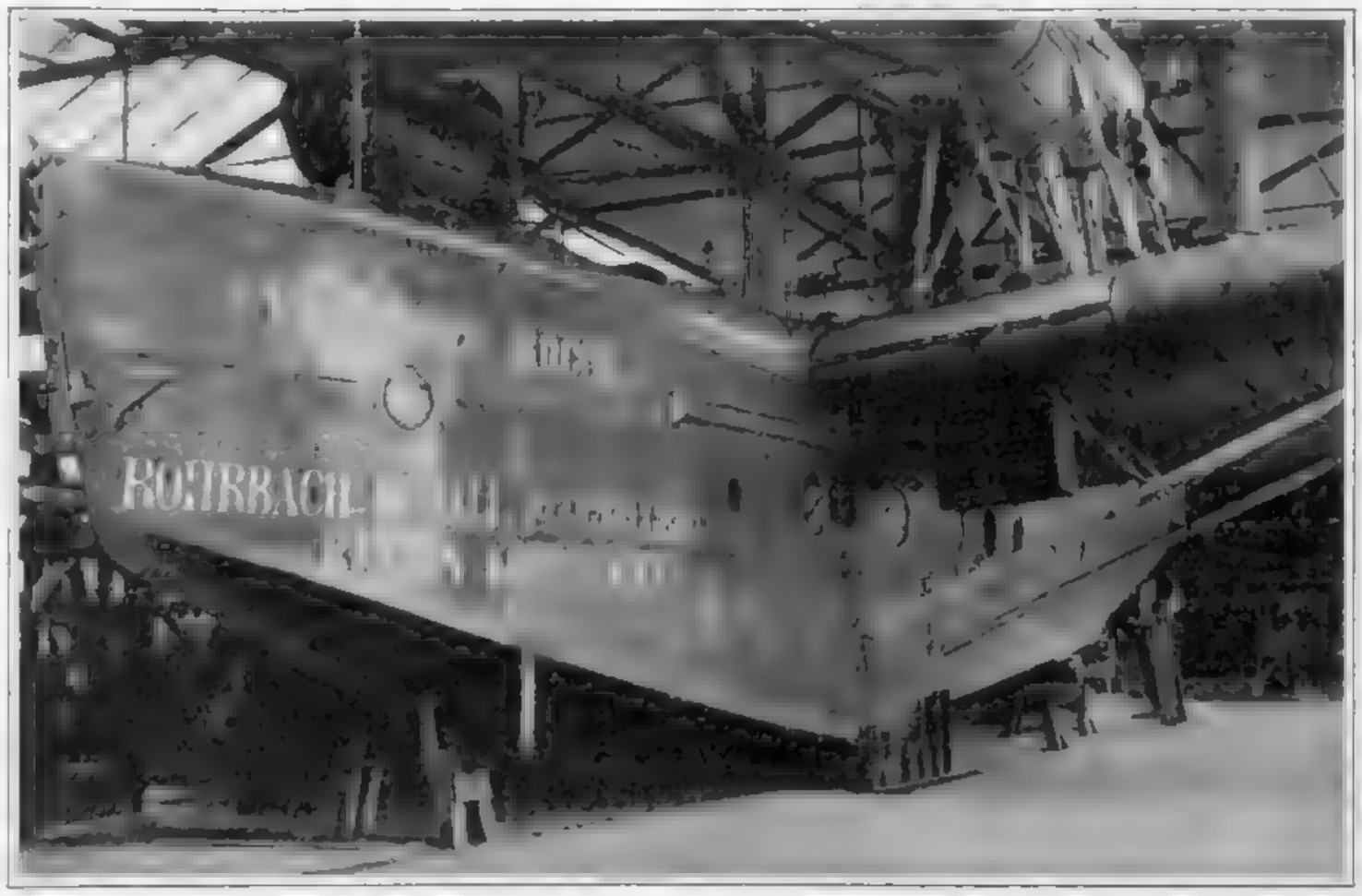


*The Stern Section of a Metal Experimental Airship Building at Detroit for the Navy*

which approaches the vertical. The autogiro has been flown from London to Paris. It is the nearest approach to the helicopter yet seen in the air.

The helicopter is more of a wish than anything else. It represents the desire of every flying man to have something in which to fly straight up and land straight down—slowly of course. Men have worked for years to make a helicopter, and then found that it would hop up for several feet, and that was all. But now and again the idea comes bobbing up, and people have acquired the habit of saying that when the helicopter is invented they will fly.

The up-and-coming members of the aircraft industry do not like that sort of thing. They believe that the airplane as it stands today is a fairly reliable vehicle, and with improvements which are bound to be made it will be as safe as the helicopter or any other fantastic contraption. So a number of the manufacturers are determined to set at rest all speculation concerning the practicability of the helicopter. The Curtiss company, for one, has had such a machine in the making for several years. It is something resembling the autogiro. The entire engineering staff has been playing with the design, utilizing every bit of aerodynamical knowledge it possesses, and before next Christmas the Curtiss people plan to bring forth the finished product, set it before the public, turn on the gas and see just what it will do. At present they are not even guessing.




*A German Metal Flying Boat, the Rohrbach, About to Be Introduced on the Great Lakes*

Another device recently put under construction is the helicogyre, somewhat similar to the autogiro. It has a body and an engine in the nose, but unlike the autogiro, it has no wing—simply the big windmill blades, each of which has an engine set at the extreme end. These engines twirl propellers which may or may not swing the fans with sufficient velocity and lifting strength to take the machine up and off.

"But," as one of the leading engineers put it, "the idea of having a helicopter or autogiro or anything else of that type which will fly straight up and land in the same way will not revolutionize flying in our time. We do not expect it to be of commercial value except in pointing the way for further development of the airplane."

All the machines on the market at present are either biplanes or monoplanes. As in the past, the biplane, with its double wings, is still the favorite by more than two to one.

On the other hand, just as much money is being spent for monoplanes, because the single-winged machine is usually an inclosed-cabin type with some and ultimately all the comforts now found in a coupé, sedan or limousine.

The biplane as a general rule is comparable to a racing or sport car. It keeps the passengers out in the open cockpits, bundled to the ears with weatherproof clothing and disguised in grotesque fashion with helmets and goggles. At that, the biplane is not necessarily an open machine. There are about 200 closed-cabin biplanes in this country. It seems to be a matter of personal preference and the purpose for which the machine is used.

The designer, in his new work of catering to what he hopes will be a forever-growing clientele in the commercial field, is not only thinking of the technical and economical aspects of his job but of the customers—what they will want when they want it. At the same time he is confronted with a number of immediate possibilities for changes in the small airplane. In nearly every case any new device or change in design is first tried on the small plane. That is why all our big machines are big replicas of the smaller craft.

### *Catering to the Customers*

TODAY the designer is folding his wings, installing wheel brakes and dolling up the interior with fancy upholstery. In some instances he is making his craft entirely of metal, with tapered wings and complete radio installation. His engines are more efficient. Development of the light engine for commercial planes is as rapid as the progress with heavy-powered motors. Some of the small engines, such as the Curtiss Challenger, Wright Gipsy, Cirrus, Scorpion, Kinner, Axelson, and a number of others both here and in Europe, are beginning to influence the design of the light airplane. For with engines giving anywhere from 60 to 150 horse power the designer has much more latitude. Formerly he had to design his ship around an engine, usually the only one available. Today he designs his plane for a certain purpose and then chooses the power plant.

The prospects for further development with the very light engines are the same as those which exist in the heavy-motor field. New cooling liquids, new materials and improved methods of construction promise to provide any kind of engine that the designer may require during the next five years. With his power-plant troubles eliminated, he is now going ahead with a variety of new ideas for making small planes that will give better service. He is not worrying much about engine failure in the small planes. As near as the motor builders can judge from several investigations, there is less than one engine failure for every 75,000 miles of flying. That will be reduced considerably as the engine is improved and pilots become more accustomed to their motors. As with

*(Continued on Page 38)*

# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FOUNDED A. D. 1728

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

INDEPENDENCE SQUARE
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA, U. S. A.

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

In the United States and Possessions, Five Cents the Copy; $3.00 the Year—52 issues. Remittances by Postal Money Order, Express Money Order or Check.

In Canada and Newfoundland (including Labrador), Ten Cents the Copy; $5.00 the Year—52 issues—Canadian or U. S. Funds.

In Continental Europe and the British Isles, $6.00 the Year—52 issues.

In Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, Guatemala, Haiti, Isle of Pines, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Republic of Honduras, Salvador, Uruguay and Venezuela, $4.00 the Year—52 issues.

In all other Foreign Countries, $10.00 the Year—52 issues.

Remittances from outside U. S. and Canada by Postal or Express Money Order or by Draft on a bank in the U. S., payable in U. S. Funds.

PHILADELPHIA, JULY 6, 1929


## The Presidential Office

NATURALLY, opinions must vary concerning the functions and duties of the President. The Constitution imposes certain duties upon this office, but we Americans have long boasted of the elasticity of our great charter of government. Besides, it has been the custom for the President to make himself useful to the people in ways not specifically provided for, and the scope of this public service will alter with the times and the man. The temper of the public and the talents of the incumbent must necessarily modify the behavior and activities of him who holds the highest office in the gift of his countrymen.

Whatever else Mr. Hoover may be, he is an administrator, and more than one observer has noted signs of this particular talent in the few months since March fourth. Many of the closest students of the science of government insist that administration is the heart of it, and that much worthless legislation clutters the books because the lawmakers were ignorant of administrative problems. Surely it seems but simple common sense to say that Mr. Hoover should have the time and scope for the exercise of such administrative gifts as he may possess. They are needed now, if ever, in this complex economic world, and side issues should not deflect them.

With conditions as they are, it becomes essential that the President's strength and attention be conserved for really important problems. In a previous issue we spoke of the needless drain upon his energy involved in daily handshaking with tourists and sightseers who file by in endless lines. But there are more serious drafts of strength upon the Chief Executive than this. Too often in the past he has been obliged to see countless delegations of senators, congressmen and others interested in legislation, patronage, politics, and the like. We are convinced that as time goes on more of this work must be turned over, in the first instance at least, to subordinates who can sift out the wheat from the chaff and protect their chief from the necessity of making immediate decisions and promises.

Finally, there seems to us no wisdom in frequent or promiscuous speech-making on the President's part. It is all very well for the kings and princes of Europe to make neat little corner-stone orations. But our President has no prime minister. He should speak on a great occasion only, and when he has something definite and of national importance to say. During the winter Mr. Hoover spoke on law enforcement at the annual meeting of the Associated Press, and on naval reduction at the Memorial Day exercises. The significance of each occasion is evident.

But what is a great occasion, and what sort of subject is of such national importance that the President is warranted in developing it? We admit that on these points opinions must be like the sands of the sea. Each person feels that what he or she is interested in is of the first moment. There are politicians who say that if the President does not show himself often and does not discuss all kinds of subjects about which he knows little upon all kinds of occasions, he will be regarded by the mass of the people as cold, highbrow, intellectual and machinelike.

We have a higher opinion of the public intelligence than this. Surely everyone knows that real wisdom springs from long reflection. It is not fair to ask the President, who must face such serious problems at all times, to scatter his energies in addresses which because of their number and variety cannot possibly represent more than generalities. If Mr. Hoover is to put his own thoughts and convictions into his addresses he cannot in reason be expected to attend every convention or dedication. The American people, in their sober moments, want leadership from their President. It is more essential than his physical presence at a thousand noisy gatherings, and indeed this is no longer necessary, for his voice can be heard in almost every home upon the few great occasions which have come and will occur again. And as for this leadership, it can be ripened, perfected and made worth while only as the Chief Executive is given the opportunity to think out his major lines of policy.

## Foolish Figures

THIS is an age of statistics. Or rather we are suffering from a pandemic of loose and senseless figures. The real statistician is a careful, hard-working scientist, and he is engaged in more important matters than telling the world that laziness costs $5,000,000,000 a year, while enthusiasm adds just twice that much to the country's wealth. The objection to placing a cash value upon everything is that the result is worthless. From the nature of the case these alleged statistics are nothing but the crudest guesses. What do traffic delays cost? How much damage in dollars and cents do insects cause? How much do people invest in worthless securities? In each case the loss is very large, but the attempt to express it in financial terms is futile.

A value of $5,000,000,000 has been put upon the shade trees in streets, highways and city parks. But how and why? We should be a sorry people without shade trees, but so should we be without sunshine and rain and iron ore and a thousand other things. Of course the idea of those who deal so lightly in billions is not to add exact statistical values to the sum of human knowledge, but to impress the reader. When the president of a state bankers' association says in the course of a speech that investors lose $1,000,000,000 a year in worthless securities, he is not so much interested in the mathematical processes by which that hearsay sum was arrived at as he is in the laudable purpose of keeping people from losing money. But as a real financial authority remarks, the figure might just as well be ten times a billion or one-tenth of that amount, as far as anybody knows.

If engineering bodies and public officials can be stimulated to still more constructive action by dangling before their eyes the supposed monetary losses from traffic delay, then perhaps some good is accomplished. If an extravagant and improvident young man can be made to buy more life insurance by showing him nice round romantic figures which purport to indicate the financial value of human life, then, too, some good may be effected. Perhaps it does not matter whether we are told that soil erosion does two or three billion dollars' worth of damage each year; the point is that it does a-plenty, and if people can be made to realize the seriousness of the problem, that is something.

On the other hand, among the most precious of human virtues are accuracy and the moderation which goes with exact methods. The nation should not be trained in looseness, exaggeration and hyperbole. It is well for all to know how painful and tedious are the processes of fact finding. It has taken many decades to bring to anything like completion even the registration area—that is, the official reporting of deaths. Now nothing is more certain or exact than death, and yet the statistics of death are only now becoming worth while. Statistics of sickness are fragmentary, and knowledge concerning incomes, except that furnished by the Federal income-tax returns, is sketchy indeed.

According to the first report in the five-year program of study of the Committee on the Cost of Medical Care, no one knows how many "medical centers" there are in this country. In the whole field of health and medicine, the dearth of statistical data is most striking. It is only with extreme difficulty that any information can be had concerning the capital investment which doctors have in their education and apparatus.

These are merely scattering and perhaps not vitally important examples in a single field, but in almost all directions precise statistical data which might be useful are lacking. To secure such information is a costly and painstaking process, and short-cut guesswork is worth just about what it costs.

## Simple Means to Great Ends

THE forty nations which have signed the Kellogg-Briand Peace Pact have done more than give their official assent to an important diplomatic proposal. They have enlisted, and we must believe whole-heartedly, in the greatest and the most general movement for world peace which the race has ever witnessed. It is not too much to say that they are doing even more. If the pact means what it plainly says, they have united in a concerted effort to lift all peoples now above the level of barbarism to a new and higher plane of civilization. The task they have undertaken is in some respects the most formidable which man has ever set for himself.

The renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy involves the abolition of such ancient traditions, the reversal of tendencies which have so long run in the mind of man that they run in his blood as well, and such a radical change from suspicion to international trust that the whole movement is beset by obstacles so great that they can scarcely be exaggerated. All the world is playing against itself for a stake so enormous that its importance is beyond our common ken.

The one factor which contributes most power to the movement is the fact that the rank and file of forty peoples are behind it heart and soul. To them it is not what has been called "a pious expression of foreign offices, a trick of statesmen on the hopes of humanity." It is, rather, a general admission that the family of nations which we call civilization must either stand together or destroy itself. Only the feather-headed emotionalist can find grounds for hope that any such mighty change in the complexion of world relationships can be effected without a hitch or without grave perils and crises.

Many of those who heard Mr. Hoover's impressive Memorial Day address at Arlington, which was largely devoted to the theme of world peace, thought they detected in it a note of doubt and discouragement. How could it be otherwise? Mr. Hoover is a thoroughgoing idealist, but his whole training and background have made him too practical a man to yield blindly to the hypnosis of his own golden imaginings. He is too hard-headed, he knows too much about human frailty and folly to allow his expectations to run neck and neck with his hopes. He knows that the most exalted ends must be attained by simple and homely means. Witness a striking but common-sense passage from his address at Arlington:

"The smaller the armed forces of the world, the less will armed force be left in the minds of men as an instrument of national policy. Thus we shall relieve the toilers of the nations from the deadening burden of unproductive expenditures and, above all, we shall deliver them from the greatest of human calamities—war. We shall breed an air cleared of poison, of destructive thought and of potential fear."

# AT SEVENTY-TWO

## By Clarence Darrow

AS A MATTER of reason, I know that the chance of adding many years to existence at the age of seventy-two is nowhere near so great as the same chance at twenty-five. And yet, I have no doubt that a large number of the living below the age of twenty-five will reach the end before my time will come. I have no doubt that my faculties and capacities for pleasure will rapidly grow duller as the days go by. But if my joys will be fewer and less intense, so, too, will my sorrows and disappointments be less real as time goes on.

Perhaps in a few years the waning emotions that we name pleasure and pain will balance each other, and the real satisfaction of existence be as great or even greater than when life seemed so serious, grief so hopeless, and joy so unconfined.

If there is any way of knowing what age up to seventy-two brings the most satisfaction, my accumulating years have not disclosed that time of life. Living is not an intellectual process. It is an emotional venture of desires and pleasures and pains; of ambitions realized and shattered; of hopes that bore fruition and schemes that crumbled to dust. All that remains at any age is the instinctive urge to go on; the momentum of a going concern which persists until the power is exhausted and the machine functions no more.

Life is so full of absorbing events that no one checks off the days as he goes along or estimates how much of the vital force is still in store. The flow of time cannot be measured by dots and dashes, each complete in itself. Weeks, months and years are not separately inventoried as they go by. They are not treated by the living organism as a merchant checks up to find what the bygone period has added to his gains. Life is a continuous stream.

### The Life Stream

THE individual existence is a part of the ongoing power that for a longer or shorter time takes the form and substance of the special ego. When for any reason the structure no longer functions, the life stream passes into other forms and entities that are able to distribute and utilize the force which the old organism could no longer house. The individual lives so long as the organism furnishes a tolerable abiding place for the life force as it moves on. Depending upon age and health, on fineness or coarseness, on sleeping or waking, and doubtless on many things of which we are not aware, each living organism persists until its work is done. If this individual ego is the structure that now pens these lines, is there any way of telling whether life is more or less satisfactory at the age of twenty-five than at the age of seventy-two? I am able to look back at the years that have gone by, but I can measure them only by the feelings, tastes and values of the man of seventy-two, even though I can look forward to an age still more advanced.

I can consider the pains of growing infirmities, the satisfaction of modified and tempered emotions, and the relief of shifting burdens to younger shoulders; but this I can do only with the experiences and feelings of the man of seventy-two. As I review the past I feel sure that many of the activities that in youth I counted as pleasures were not worth the cost. I feel equally certain that my deepest sorrows and regrets were exaggerated and magnified by the immature judgment and false values that moved the child and the youth, and even the maturer man. As I now look back, I feel that every sensation was more or less illusory in those bygone years. From my present vantage point they appear to have been magnified, distorted or veiled by the mists and fantastic images that warped the realities into forms and fancies that could not be real. But I have lived my life and viewed my objects and dreamed my dreams with the emotions and experiences that were incident to the age and the reactions that I was passing through.

At seventy-two I am far from sure that life is less desirable than when I was in my teens. I am not convinced that the urges and emotions upon which my organism persists are in any way changed from the emotions of the early years. I well remember the time when I imagined that no pleasure would be left for me when I should be too old to play baseball. I seemed to live through the week's drudgery in school for the Saturday afternoon when we assembled on the public square to play the longed-for game; the anticipated joy was subdued only by the fear of rain. If perchance the awaited Saturday brought the disastrous storm, my disappointment and sorrow were in no way appeased by the knowledge that other Saturdays were still in store; much less were they modified when our elders pointed out that we needed the rain to help the thirsty crops. For me and my companions there was no other time than this vanishing afternoon.

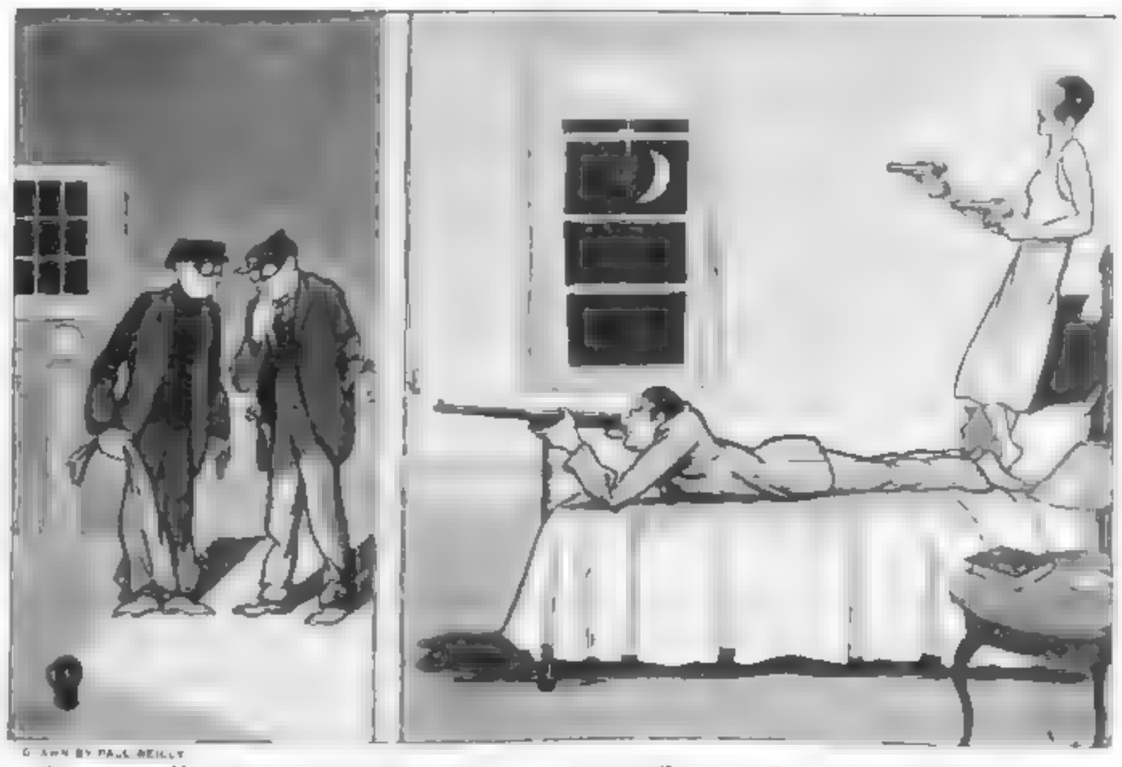
### Over the Dam

LIKEWISE, the childish plans for a boisterous time on the Fourth of July filled all the horizon of the youth. To be cheated on that one day admitted of no hope or extenuation. The fact that in only one more year a new Fourth of July would give us another chance in no way lightened our hopeless grief. The child came nearer to the understanding of life than our elders knew. The stream was flowing on; every emotion and sensation belonged to the present, and the joy or grief of the passing moments was all there was to life. Years and experience may give one a longer look forward, and somewhat temper disappointment, but at seventy-two life has the same essential qualities as it had at seventeen. It is the passing stream that brings feelings of pleasure or pain. The water that has gone over the dam has no effect save to tame the expectations with the memory of the experiences of the past.

*Continued on Page 109*

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

Parent: "Just as I Feared, Little Fawn-in-the-Soup Has Gone Native"



Burglar: "Absolutely Quiet, Bill! We Don't Want to Scare Our Customers"

### Home Life of the Emu

*MEN think the emu hen to blame,*
*That bird of ancient cross-word fame.*
*She has an odd maternal way:*
*She lays her eggs and leaves 'em lay.*

*The emu cock, who has to hatch,*
*Perhaps regrets he made the match.*
*The gentler sex this viewpoint take:*
*That Nature gave the hen a break.*

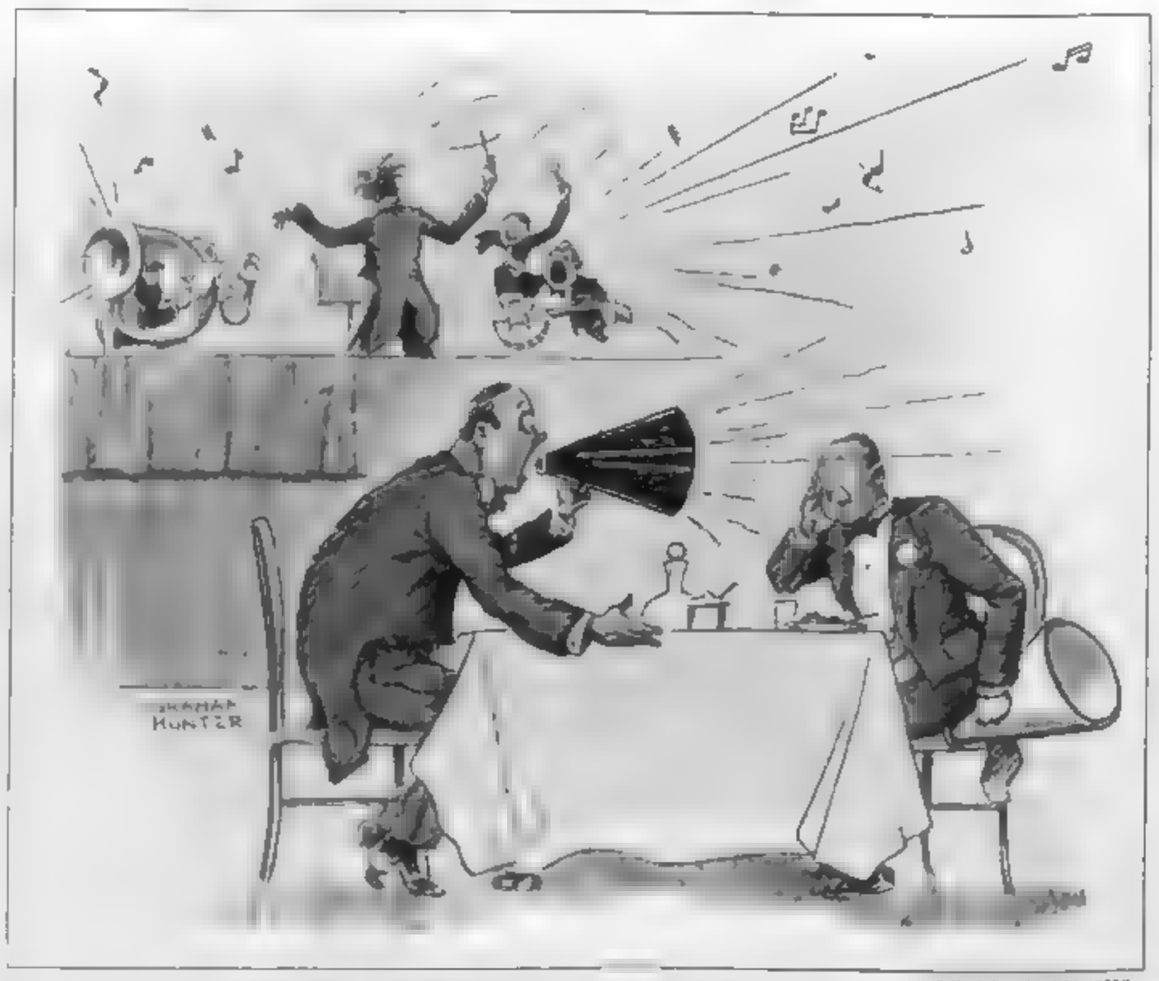
*—Fairfax Downey.*

### A Line

CONTRARY to the dictionary, a line is not a string, a cord or a rope. Neither is it a threadlike mark of pen or pencil. If straight, it is not necessarily the shortest distance between two points.

A line is what makes a beautiful girl leave the dance floor at 10:00 P.M. and sit in the back seat of a broken-down touring car till 2:00 A.M

A line is what makes a beautiful girl roll her eyes at a man who has freckles, big ears and no money.



"I Say, Bill, Thoughtful of 'Em to Equip th' Place With Megaphones"

A line is what makes a chicken cross a road—and get into a strange automobile.

A line is what makes a "no girl" turn into a "yes girl."

A line is what makes a girl forget that a line isn't everything.

But, after all, a line is nothing more than a loose flow of words which doesn't amount to anything.

A line is what you have just been reading. —CLARK ODELL.

### The Grocer

*AND should I care to be a Grocer?*
*With Heart and Soul I answer,*
*"No, Sir!"*
*A Grocer's up before the Sun*
*To meet the Whims of everyone.*
*He purchases at Market Prices*
*The finest Butter, Cheeses, Spices,*
*Asparagus, Potatoes, Beans,*
*Kohl-rabi, Leeks and other Greens;*
*And well-cooked Shrimp from distant Beaches,*
*Tomatoes, Sauerkraut and Peaches*
*In Cans with Labels rainbow-hued,*

(Continued on Page 97)

"Ye Gods! This is What I Get for Being a Comic-Strip Artist!"

First Experimenter: "No, I Don't Think I Want to Grow Up to be a Cigarette Tester"

# This new perfection is making Campbell's Beans more the leader than ever!

A little over a year ago we announced to the public that their favorites, Campbell's Beans, had been perfected to an even more tempting deliciousness.

At that time, and for many years before, Campbell's were the best-liked, largest-selling beans from Hudson Bay to the Gulf, from the Atlantic to the Pacific. And now in all their latest goodness, they not only lead, but have swept to new high records of popularity.

Have you tasted them? Have you given your appetite the chance to revel in their slow-cooked, golden brown mellowness? Each bean is whole, yet tender. Each bean bathed in a tomato sauce which only Campbell's chefs can make!

Beans are among the most useful of all foods. Isn't it the best rule to buy the beans—Campbell's Beans—which more people like than any other kind! Serve hot or cold.

Slow-cooked Golden Brown

# VILLA LAURIER

## By Henry C. Rowland

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

IV

THE dog sensed my approach and looked round. As a rule, the frank, candid soul of a faithful dog finds no need for speech, but Brig now seemed much in need of such a medium to explain to me his presence there beside this lovely stranger.

Clytie, her head resting on her arm, and her face turned in my direction, appeared to be dozing. But I caught a tawny gleam between her long dark lashes and knew that she was watching me.

When a pace or two away from the dog, I stopped and said in a low voice, "Well, Brig?"

He squirmed halfway round, flattening his head still closer against the sand. Fine ripples seemed to run through him, but his tail stopped waving. Clytie's eyes opened and gave me the full of their amber challenge. Aside from that she did not move.

"Pardon, madame," I said, and went on in French: "I hope my dog has not been bothering you."

"Oh," she said in a low-pitched, husky voice, "is he your dog, monsieur?" And then in English, with a curving smile: "He has not bothered me at all. I love dogs, and for some curious reason they like me."

"That," I told her, "is not curious or hard to understand."

She gave me a mocking "*Merci, m'sieu.*" Then: "The old chap seemed to be looking for you. I called him to me and made friends with him. Dogs always make friends with me. Even well-bred, exclusive ones, like this old chap of yours. He came up to me of his own accord."

This was not hard for me to believe after what I had just learned. But I merely said politely: "Brigadier is a gentleman and evidently a bit of a clairvoyant. Perhaps he read your friendly admiration and felt he ought to make it mutual."

"That's it," she answered quickly. "That's it exactly. Animals, even wild ones, can see a person's aura. Once in South America—Maracaibo—a man gave me a young jaguar. I tamed it and taught it some tricks. It was always sweet with me until one day another man brought aboard a baby ocelot. While I was petting it my jaguar got jealous. I pushed him away and he gave me this."

She showed the upper part of a white scar that seemed to run down diagonally across her chest.

"Not so good," I said, "but still it might have been your face."

"Well, that might have saved me quite a lot of trouble since," Clytie said naively, and we both laughed.

Brig seemed to be trying to suppress his joy at this good accord between the master and the lady for whom he had deserted that long-suffering person. His bushy tail waved more rapidly and little whines came out of him. I knew that he would have given a great deal to say: "This pretty lady is an old friend, and she is dear to me."

Clytie gave me a smiling look and said, "You are Mr. Charles?"

"Wonderful. You must be clairvoyant, too—unless you saw my name and address on Brigadier's collar."

She laughed. "Have you seen Mr. Smith this morning?"

"Yes. I think I'd better let him tell the bad news."

"Then there's nothing doing?"

"Not one little thing. Why do you want Villa Laurier so badly?" I seated myself on the sand. "There are plenty of places just as good."

"You would not understand, Mr. Charles. What seems to men like a woman's whim often has a lot more behind it."

"Perhaps I could sympathize with that," I said. "At any rate my philosophy does not accept the maxim: If you can't get what you love, then love what you get."

Clytie laughed. Her mouth was rather wide, teeth strong and an ivory white. She reminded me of the jealous animal that had autographed her breast, though her face was not feline—more that of a sophisticated nymph.

"Well, then," she said, "I fell in love with that jungly old place."

"What was there about it particularly that you fell in love with?"

"Oh, it's so disorderly and yet so sweet. It has an atmosphere that no carefully tended place could have. I loved the big trees and tangled park and gardens nestling at the foot of the rocky slope. Then the sea view is superb. You are above everything, yet sheltered and complete, as if you lived on an island in the sky—a sweet little star all your own."

"You are certainly making a case for yourself," I said. "What about Mr. Smith?"

"Well, he hopes to hitch his wagon to his star."

"Venus was never what you might call a draft animal," I said. And then, at the risk of a snub, I added: "All the same, he'd have been jealous of the souvenirs out there."

She shook her tawny head. "He's too material for that. 'Practical,' he'd call it. Smithy would be more jealous of your talking to me here than of the Villa Laurier, because I happened to pass a season there with Brownie, and the poor kid now three or four thousand miles away."

"He's not, though," I said. "He landed in Genoa day before yesterday, and I'd take odds of five to three that he is out at the Villa Laurier at this moment."

Clytie rocked forward and stared at me with wide eyes that were the color of oak leaves after a frost, a sort of golden bronze.

"Have you seen him? Talked to him?"

"Both," I answered. I was tempted to ask her how she thought her old car, that she had driven off in the night before, had happened to be standing there behind the one with a tire shot down. She could scarcely have failed to recognize it, even if the man with her had driven it. But it occurred to me instantly that her shock at learning of Brown's presence here was genuine. Its symptoms could not possibly have been faked so instantaneously. Pupils do not dilate reflexly at will. In that case, it could not have been Clytie after all whom we had chased. She must certainly have associated the car with Brown.

She was silent, evidently thinking hard. Then she asked slowly, "Then it was Brownie who wanted you to try to buy the Villa Laurier?"

"Yes," I answered, "but we declined to act for him because Mr. Smith had already retained us."

It seemed to me she looked relieved. "I was afraid it was somebody else. Do you think that Mr. Moran will sell it to Brownie?"

"Moran says he will not sell to anybody at any price."

"That's silly of him, when he's so hard up."

"He hopes soon to get a good break," I told her.

"From his perfume invention?"

"Yes, and another invention he has an interest in." I watched her face and said casually, "Paul de Grasse, Moran's brother-in-law, has been working at a new deep-sea diving apparatus, and Moran backed him for a million francs."

Clytie's limbs had one of those rich golden tans that leave one in some doubt as to how much may be racial and how much solar, but her face had been protected from the sun, and was vivid in color, like complexions on the coast of Scotland. It was immediately apparent that this was not out of a tube or box. This rich color fluctuated as I spoke.

"Somebody told me that Paul de Grasse had disappeared," Clytie said.

"Why not? Most inventors prefer to experiment in secret. It might take months, a year or two, for him to perfect his."

I dropped the topic for another that would seem of more interest to me: "There are other villas just as attractive as the Morans', and closer to the shore."

Clytie had been lying on her side, the elbow of the arm beneath dug in the sand and her cheek held in her hand. She now swung round and sat up, Turkish fashion, her long round legs crossed, hands clasped on her knees. She had moved closer to me, and now thrust her head forward, bringing it closer still. She was lovelier than she had been the season before.

"Mr. Charles," she said earnestly in a low voice, "I've set my heart on Villa Laurier. It's to be that property or none. I couldn't explain how I feel about it to a business man like you."

"My partner claims I'm not that thing at all," I told her. "He says I ought to chuck real estate and write sonnets and madrigals and philosophic essays on ethics. That's after somebody has stuck us badly."

(Continued on Page 28

"Look Out," I Warned, "or Our May Party May Finish in the Ditch"

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LIBBY MCNEILL & LIBBY - CHICAGO

(Continued from Page 26)

She gave her curved smile. "Then maybe you might understand me a little after all. I've discovered that I'm frightfully susceptible to rhythm. If the vibrations of my surroundings are not in accord with my own, it puts me all out of key. Those of Villa Laurier are precisely right. That's worth more than you could realize to a high-strung, sensitive person like me."

This statement might have impressed me if I had not thought of what Brown had told us about his young wife's nervous attack on his return from Paris. Clytie must have felt my skepticism, for she went on rapidly: "That's the only place where for years I've found peace. You can't imagine what a life I've had, tossed about the world from one place to another, from one hand to another, often dazed, bewildered, frightened, but always managing to play the game without cheating and to hold on to my bright ideal." She stared at me with a rapt look that went with her theatrical speech. It sounded to me as if she were reciting or rehearsing a part.

I looked down at Brig and stroked his head.

"You're rather young to have been through such a lot," I said.

"It all began when I was very young—about sixteen," Clytie said, and went on to recite a curious sketchy outline of her early life and adventures that sounded like the movies at their worst: A father who was a sea captain and who, after the death of her mother, took her with him on his voyages. He had died of a fever in Dutch Guiana, and Clytie had been taken under the wing of a Lady Audrey Chatteris, who had brought her to Paris and started her to study singing. Then there had been a ruction when Clytie decided that her voice was not enough to get her very far, and had insisted on going to London to study for the stage.

It all sounded fairly wild to me, but as if it might touch the truth in spots. Clytie's English and way of speaking showed that she had studied dramatic diction and that her accent and inflection were more cultivated than the result of birth and breeding. It seemed to me also that the object of all this rather incoherent rhapsody was to win my interest and sympathy and to make me understand how, after all these buffetings, she craved the peace and serenity and rhythm that she claimed to find in the Villa Laurier.

She may have felt then that she had been saying her little piece to an audience of one who, though sympathetic and admiring, was yet making indulgent allowance for dramatic effort, as she finished abruptly: "What I want now, Mr. Charles, is the simple life."

"Are you apt to get that with a man like Smith?" I asked.

"He wants to settle down. He's had his stormy past, I should say, and hauled out with a stack of money. Smithy's not so bad."

She dug her feet into the loose sand, then dropped her hand on Brig's big head. He tried to purr, like a cat.

Clytie looked at me and said, "I don't suppose you would sell him to me?"

"No, because he's not really mine to sell," I answered. "I found him one night on the side of the road nearly strangled by a *collet* he'd run into. He has always been grateful, but I've never felt myself to be his real master. Since he seems to have fallen in love with you at sight, I shall be very happy to make you a present of him."

She looked at me astonished. "But why that?"

"It's not entirely on your own account," I told her. "Mr. Smith handed us three thousand francs yesterday as a retaining fee. We took it because we needed it rather badly. But since there seems to be no chance of our earning it, I'd like to square the account." I smiled. "You can tell him that, so he won't be jealous."

"That sounds as if you thought our interests were already mutual," Clytie said.

"He seems fairly confident they are going to be," I told her.

"Smithy's a good deal of a bluff, Mr. Charles. But you are a dear."

I was beginning to like her, and even before this gift I felt that she liked me. More than that, I felt certain at that moment that if I asked her point-blank why she really wanted the Villa Laurier so badly and promised her my help and confidence she would have told me the truth. She was unmistakably a creature of impulse.

But I did not want to learn what she might tell me in this way. In fact, I was not sure that I wanted to know the truth at all. If it were a criminal secret, I did not wish to share it.

So, instead, I asked, "Don't you think that a couple of million francs would be of more lasting value to you than this old property?"

She shook her tawny head. "No. When I've set my heart on something, then nothing else will do. Besides," she added naïvely, "Smithy wouldn't give me the money. He likes the idea of a *pied-à-terre* here on the Riviera. I don't believe he ever had a home, and the thought of one appeals to him. I haven't thanked you for this sweet dog. If we were alone I'd give you a hug and a kiss." Her eyes glistened.

"Trouble might come of it," I told her, smiling.

"That's so," she agreed, "it might. I've got to go." She slipped her superb self into a peignoir of fantastically modern color and design. Sun and sea bathers at Juan-les-Pins don't bother much with bathhouses. Close to where we sat a pretty girl was changing from little to less inside a big sponge towel, and when ready to leave, she would change back again in the same fashion, nonchalantly and careless of bright salients exposed for an instant in the process. Nobody would care or stare. The object of this beach is hygiene, not coquetry.

We rose, and I walked with Clytie back to the esplanade. She kept one hand hooked in Brig's collar, and a moment later I understood the reason for this precaution. A big car was standing alongside. On the front seat were a man and a woman, apparently chauffeur and maid. Clytie was taking no chances on Brig's making a demonstration over the man, his former and real master, I believed.

Still holding Brig, Clytie gave me her hand. "*Au 'voir*, M'sieu Charles," she said. "*Merci mille fois.*"

"If Brig should come home," I said, "where shall I send him?"

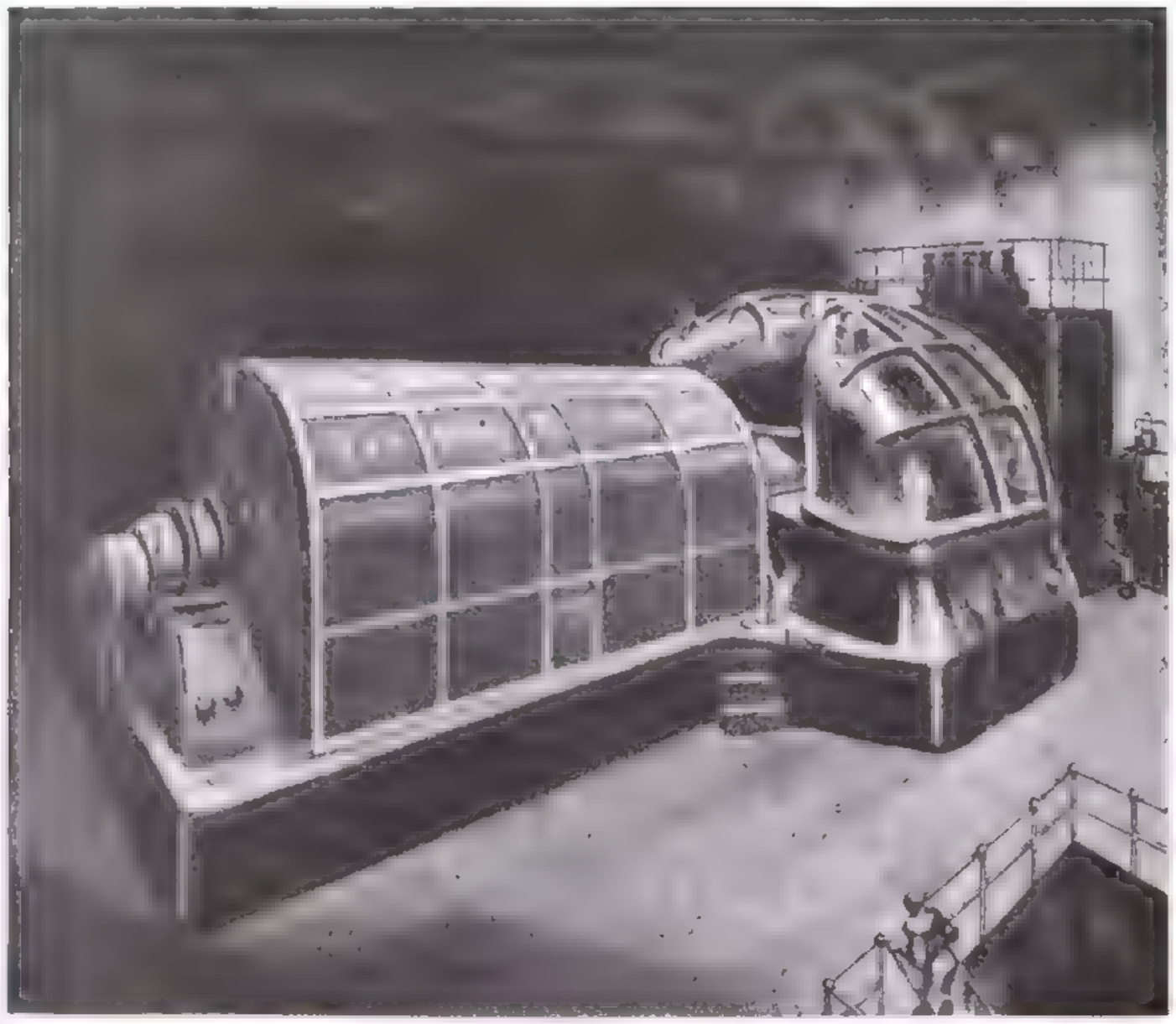
"I shall have to let you know. But I think he will stay with me—if you tell him to."

I issued this order. Brig looked at me and waved his tail. Clytie said, "My chauffeur and his wife love a good dog as much as I do. They are Russians of family, ruined in the debacle."

The chauffeur, at whom I was having a good searching look, said something at this moment to his wife. The car was standing with its back to us, and the pair, watching an

(Continued on Page 31)

*"All We Need Now," I Agreed, "Is a Pan Pipe and a Few Goats and a Tidal Wave to Wash Out Smithy"*



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ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

(Continued from Page 28)

obese lady *en maillot* struggling with a push ball, had not yet seen us. The woman laughed, and any lingering doubt I may have had about them vanished instantly. I had heard that silvery, mocking laugh in the silvery, mocking moonlight the night before, when Jasmin and I stood on the terrace below as the pair had driven off with Brown's car.

So I had been wrong in part about Clytie. It had been the chauffeur and his wife who had visited the grounds of the villa and led us that wild chase. This fact, instead of helping to clear, seemed now to complicate the mystery.

"Did you have this couple when you and Brown were at the Villa Laurier?" I asked Clytie.

"Not until two days before we left," she said. "I had a row with my servants and sent them packing, then wired for these two. They had been in my employ at Deauville one season. Good-by, and please keep on trying to buy the Villa Laurier. Brownie may not want it when he learns my news."

Clytie was evidently in a hurry to get rid of me. I could guess that she was afraid of my noticing Brig's greeting of the chauffeur. She need not have been, as a whispered word would have set the beautifully trained intelligent dog in a silent crouch that expressed nothing.

I left her then, and to avoid seeming curious, turned the other way. Tony had returned to his desk but had nothing of interest to report, so I drove back to Cannes, where I found Tom in a state of repressed excitement.

"Hooray," he said; "it looks as if our rotten luck had changed at last. Smith's given us *congé*, and now Brown has come in and commissioned us officially to take over the purchase of the Villa Laurier, offering three million francs."

*"And That Unlicked Cub Thinks He Can Get Away With It—With Me?"*

"But does Brown know how things stand?" I asked.

"He does. He had just driven in from there."

"Who told him about Clytie?" I asked, all tense.

"Jasmin."

"Wha-at!"

"Yes, she came clean. You were right about the *noblesse-oblige* complex."

"Does Brown intend to give the property to Clytie?"

"I don't know. I hadn't the nerve to ask him. He might, at that. It's a crime to bring boys up in a morally aseptic atmosphere. All wrong to bar them from tough plays and movies, so that they go out into the grimy world with their ethical pores all open. Fortunately, in Brown's case the poison carried its antidote. He's not in love with her any more."

"Clytie's not so poisonous," I said. "I've been talking to her on the beach at Juan. I like her."

"You would," Tom said. "Even in the first rosy flush of pure unselfish love."

"Of the two," I said, "Jasmin's nature is the harder."

Tom stared at me disgustedly. "Yes," he said, "I know all that. Clytie is more sinned against than sinning, the lovely waif blown hither and thither by the harsh winds of circumstance. Let me get out my handkerchief to sob in, then tell me her whole sad life story."

I told him then all that I had learned that morning, which was quite a lot.

Tom did not interrupt the narrative.

"Well," he said, when I had finished, "it looks to me as if the lovely Clytie and her Russian allies scragged de Grasse and planted his remainder somewhere in the park."

"Somehow I can't see Clytie pulling off a murder," I objected.

"Perhaps it wasn't first degree," Tom conceded. "There might even be a plea of self-defense. De Grasse could have gone out there and made a nuisance of himself and started something. Frenchmen have a different slant on their affairs. We brutal Anglo-Saxons go out to get the man when our fond affections are betrayed. A Latin is apt to blame the woman, because he takes it for granted that every man who got a chance would try to get her, just as he would himself."

"The chances are," I said, "that de Grasse knew of Brown's absence and went out there and tried to lure Clytie away. Or he may have wanted money. Clytie would have jewels enough to start a shop."

"Well, anyhow," Tom opined, "it looks as if he'd got his. The chauffeur may have done the dirty work, then planted the corpse where it would be hard to get at. Under a big flagstone or statue or something. But that disposition was only temporary, and they were afraid that if ever the grounds were done over something might come to light. That's why Clytie made Brown try so hard to get their lease extended."

"But why, after a year's time, this sudden carte-blanche offer to buy?" I asked.

"That's easy. Clytie hadn't the money any sooner. Brown's father was alive and limited him to an allowance. Then Clytie got tired of waiting and met up with Smith in London and vamped him. He's crazy about her. Then Brown's father went west, and as soon as he could manage decently, Brown hopped a ship and came over here. Clytie hadn't counted on any of that. Perhaps she'd rather have Smith anyhow. A woman like that might easily prefer a big he brute to a callow boy; get more kick out of Vulcan than from Adonis."

"You've got her wrong, Tom," I protested. "There's a lot of soul in her. She's got a good deal more than mere physical beauty."

"Of course she has," Tom said impatiently. "She'd have to be downright dumb not to have it, with her experience of gentlemen. Her father may have been a sea captain all right, but I don't for a second believe all that caviar she fed you about training wild animals and orchid hunting and being the protégée of a globe-trotting titled Englishwoman. You don't go to the movies enough, Charles. The only wild animals she ever trained were men like Smith, and they bought her the orchids and some tango dancer hove a busted bottle at her. That might leave a scar like one from a jaguar's claw."

"You don't know anything about her ——" I began, but he interrupted me:

"Then I don't know a lot of bunk, like you. No wonder, though; and she in one of those wet decalcomanias on the beach. She told you her early woes and you looked at her knees and wondered how the world could be so cruel to a girl child with a throat like that."

"All of which admitted for the sake of getting on," I cut in. "What are we going to do about it?"

"We are going to sell the Villa Laurier to Brown for three million francs, and no question asked," Tom said. "Then, in due course of time, if things work out right, he will present it to his bride with himself thrown in. But which of the three girls that bride will be, no man can say."

"I thought it was Lili."

"So did I, last night. Today it is Mimi. Tomorrow it may be Jasmin. We can't blame him. It's like trying to pick one of three slave bracelets in a shop, with all alike and all the same price. Lili is extremely young and tender, and Jasmin is, you tell me, hard-boiled. Therefore his choice may fall on Mimi, and I out of luck."

"You take it with Christian resignation," I said.

"Say self-sacrifice," Tom corrected. "Why not? What right have beachcombers like us to get in the way of young King Cophetua? It's not so hard on you, Charles, because you seem to have created a diversion for yourself. But I am apt to wake sobbing in my sleep."

"Oh, let's get busy and sell the place," I said. "With three million francs in the family war chest, to say nothing of papa's expectations, they may not feel so beggar-maidish."

"Precisely," Tom agreed, "and for that reason it's very sporting of Brown to hand papa his check before he has picked out his purchase."

"His bet is safe," I said. "Those three girls have been shown poverty. They are strong in family *esprit de corps*. Any one of them would feel under moral obligation to marry Brown, whether she wanted to or not."

"It's also a pretty safe bet she'd want to," Tom said dryly.

"Well, can you blame them?" I retorted. "Brown's rotten rich, good-looking, well-bred—oh gosh, everything."

"Of course," Tom admitted cheerfully. "It's a shame the law forbids his marrying all three. Fortunately, they look so much alike that you can scarcely tell the difference in a dim light."

"He will hover a bit, then settle on Jasmin," I said. "He doesn't know it, but he will."

"Maybe," Tom admitted. "She's the eldest and has her sisters well trained. I'd say she was the tiredest of the three of being poor."

"Besides," I said, "she wants to live in America."

"Well, then, it's all over but the felicitations."

"Let's go and sell the house," I said.

"Yes," Tom agreed, "that's going to take some time and make quite a local stir. Shove up the market a few more notches." He looked through the open door. "Here's Brown now. They left his car in front of the casino."

Brown came in, saying that he was on his way to the Villa Laurier. He looked a lot better than the day before, and seemed in his quiet way more grown up and positive. His former air of diffidence was gone and it struck me that he was in a state of suppressed excitement.

Tom took some blank forms from the desk drawer and said: "We're all set to start buying Villa Laurier, Mr. Brown. There's quite a lot of red tape, here in France."

"I suppose so," Brown said. "There's no desperate hurry, so far as I'm concerned, and meanwhile there's a delicate commission I want somebody to perform for me. Perhaps you can recommend me a good lawyer here, preferably American."

"About last night's stuff?" I asked.

"No, that's a job for a detective. We'll look into it before I'm through. What I want now is to get Clytie clear of this horrible thug she's in danger of marrying."

Tom's black bushy eyebrows went up. "What's the matter with Mr. Smith besides his sometimes looking like a murderer?"

"His being one," Brown said icily. "I saw him half an hour ago in the casino bar and recognized him instantly from his pictures in the papers last winter, when he was standing trial for the murder of a Chicago police captain. Same name too. I had my suspicions when Jasmin told me about Clytie. That man's a horror. He ran a chain of dives and had a field force of gangsters."

I looked at Tom. It appeared as if our estimate of Smithy in his wrath had been nearly right. "Do you know if the police have anything on him now?" I asked.

"Probably nothing extraditable. But I don't believe he's over here for his health and pleasure."

"Rival head-hunters wanting him perhaps," Tom suggested

"That might easily be," Brown agreed. "My father was working hard to get Smith indicted and jugged or thrown out of town when he had the accident that started his illness."

"What sort of accident?" I asked.

"Motoring. A front wheel came off."

"Did Smith know your father was out to get him?" I asked.

Brown looked surprised. "Of course. Father first warned him."

Tom and I exchanged looks, remembering the murderous expression on Smith's face when he heard that Brown was here. It was not all jealousy.

"The motor accident sounds like sabotage," I said. "Wheels don't come off cars nowadays."

"We had our suspicions, of course," Brown said, "but the chauffeur was killed instantly, so not much could be learned. But even when he was paralyzed from the waist down, father managed to get Smith indicted."

"Did anything come of it?" Tom asked.

"Not to my knowledge," Brown said. "He was acquitted on some fool technicality or lack of evidence or graft or something. He cleaned up and quit. I can't stand the thought of Clytie marrying the brute. She's high-strung and self-willed, but with all her faults she's fine."

Tom asked slowly, "What do you want to do about it, Brown?"

"I want her to get clear of him before it's too late. He might kill her in a fit of jealous rage or get her in some awful jam. I feel a responsibility about her."

"Are you sure that's all?" Tom asked.

"I'm no longer in love with her, if that's what you mean. My feeling about her now is precisely as if we had been married and she had regularly divorced me. But in that case she'd have been provided for and under no necessity to marry such a horrible brute as this man Smith."

"So that's the position you want to put her in now?"

"Precisely." Brown's voice was determined. "I think that she can be persuaded to accept a decent alimony instead of the Villa Laurier."

Tom nodded. "Then, what you now wish is to offer her such a settlement duly secured, on condition that she sends Smith on his way."

"That's it," Brown said.

(Continued on Page 52)

# Look to the

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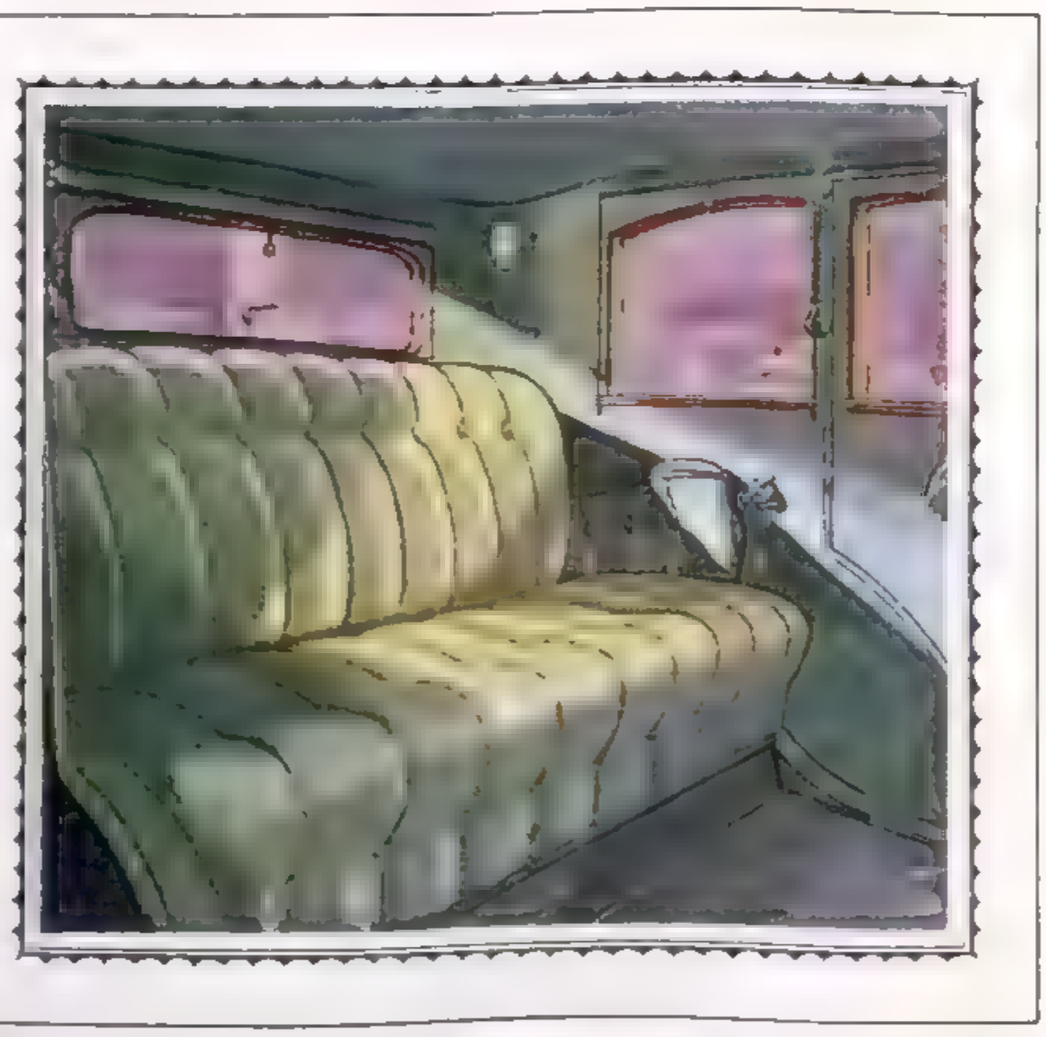

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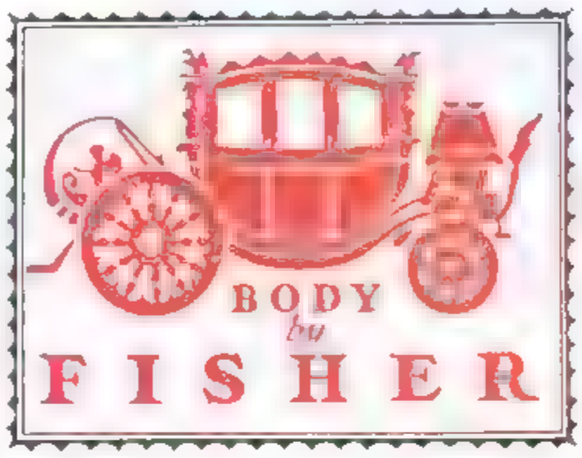
*The Roof*—In every Fisher closed body, the roof is a separate assembly, resting as securely upon the body's pillars as does the roof of a home upon its framework. The roof




THIS EMBLEM . . *is your guide to better value, not alone in the body but in the car as well.*

structure is not used to bind the body together at the top, as in ordinary construction. Neither is the use of screen wire resorted to, as is the practice even in some expensive cars. Instead, bows and slats form the sturdy structure of the Fisher roof-deck. The bows are cut to shape—not steam bent, as when cheaper methods prevail. The Fisher Body roof eliminates rumble, "drumming" and other noise. The exterior covering is extra durable weather-proof fabric—constructed to Fisher specifications, to stand up under all conditions of weather.

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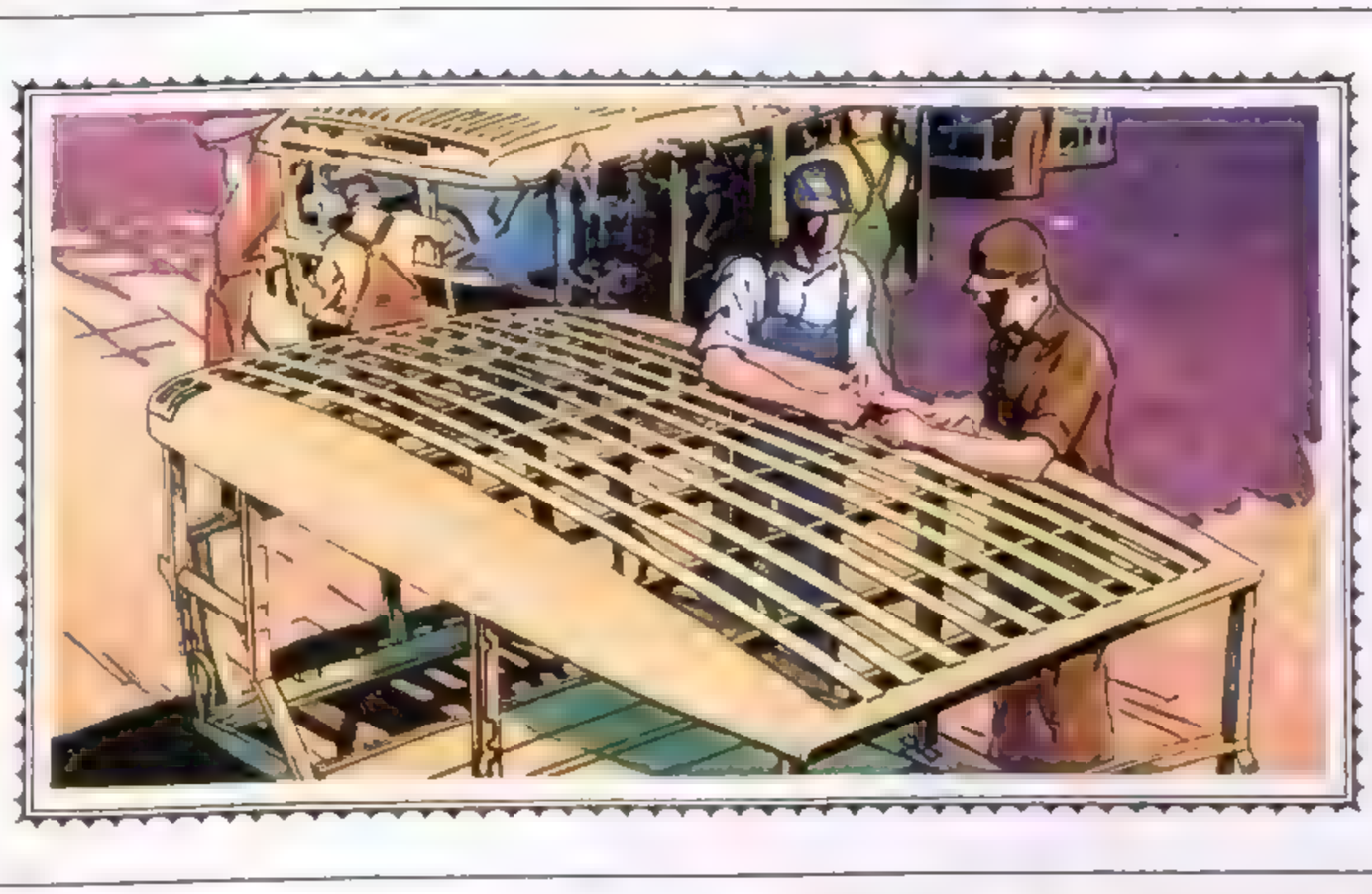

DURABILITY . . *Bows and slats form the sturdy, durable structure of the Fisher roof-deck. Fisher could save millions of dollars a year through cheaper methods of roof construction—as, for example, using screen wire in the roof-deck—but such a compromise with price would be at the eventual expense of the car buyer.*

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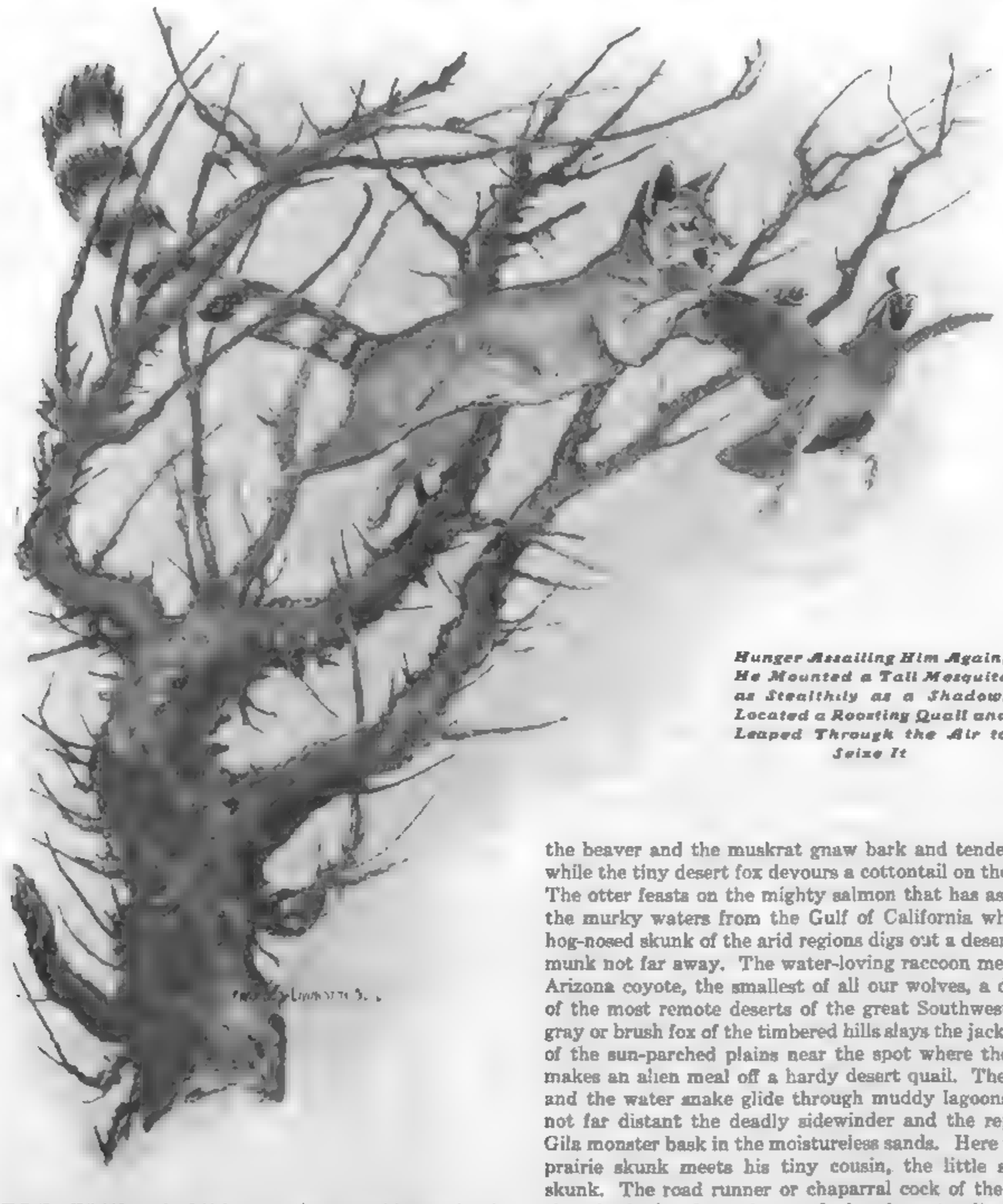
GENERAL MOTORS

# THE RIVER BOTTOM

## By Hal G. Evarts

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL



*Hunger Assailing Him Again, He Mounted a Tall Mesquite as Stealthily as a Shadow, Located a Roosting Quail and Leaped Through the Air to Seize It*

TAWNY and shifting as the unstable sands that flank it, the river eats its way through the barren wastes. Perhaps its waters—having battled for long distances through the wildest and mightiest of the world's canyons—find it irksome even after reaching flat country to compose themselves and adopt the placid habits of other streams. As if recalling their mad turbulence while rushing through the wild gorges of the Grand Canyon, the waters of the Lower Colorado seem to retain a characteristic element of capriciousness after emerging into the lowlands. The river bottom, threading the blazing wastes of the Colorado Desert, is subject to sudden overflows, violent outbreaks of flood waters that strike off across the country; subject also to periods of low water, spreading out thinly to tempt the feet of the unwary into jellylike quicksands. Shifting channels have scoured out lagoons which are left bank full by every overflow.

The river bottom may seem at times as hostile and deadly as the burning deserts that hem it in on either hand. But it is friendly and life-giving nevertheless; for in the river bottom there is water. Flanked on both sides by vast areas of waterless flats and hills—by the most inhospitable of American deserts, in fact—the water has attracted to the river bottom an abundance and variety of wild life that affords an amazing contrast to the sparse life of the adjacent countryside. Similarly, the cottonwoods and willows that crowd densely round its lagoons, the giant rushes of its marshes, the impenetrable jungles of mesquite and other tangled growths of the river bottoms offer sharp contrast to the sparse vegetation of the desert benches, shifting white sands and verdureless peaks of the surrounding landscape.

Water and vegetation in the midst of an inhospitable desert make for strange companions. In the river bottom the beaver and the muskrat gnaw bark and tender roots while the tiny desert fox devours a cottontail on the bank. The otter feasts on the mighty salmon that has ascended the murky waters from the Gulf of California while the hog-nosed skunk of the arid regions digs out a desert chipmunk not far away. The water-loving raccoon meets the Arizona coyote, the smallest of all our wolves, a denizen of the most remote deserts of the great Southwest. The gray or brush fox of the timbered hills slays the jack rabbit of the sun-parched plains near the spot where the mink makes an alien meal off a hardy desert quail. The turtle and the water snake glide through muddy lagoons while not far distant the deadly sidewinder and the repulsive Gila monster bask in the moistureless sands. Here the big prairie skunk meets his tiny cousin, the little spotted skunk. The road runner or chaparral cock of the desert threads the brush to observe flocks of great pelicans and herons fishing in cool waters while gulls and other sea fowl wheel overhead. The hardy valley quail of the arid country scurry along the banks in great flocks while canvasbacks sport in the waters of secluded lagoons and mallards rest on the edge of broad sand bars.

It was toward this region of strangely assorted playfellows that still another odd and little-known creature wandered during a recent winter. The ring-tailed cat of the fur trade, the cacomixle of the Mexicans, the coon cat of some Southwestern trappers, Caco was neither cat nor coon. Apparently his clan was sufficient unto itself without claiming close relationship to others. Also, those of his breed had not been known among the teeming variety of creatures that met and mingled in that section of the river bottom.

Lithe as a mink, active and graceful as a marten, deadly as a weasel, Caco had few of the characteristics of any one of them. Despite his potentialities as a killer, he lacked the bloodthirsty ferocity of the weasel tribe and cared not for deadly combat unless it was forced upon him. Rather, his was the friendly inquisitiveness of the raccoon, whose ringed tail his own more luxurious brush resembled. And, in common with the playful raccoon, Caco was a most dangerous adversary if assaulted. Killing as appetite required, he lacked the blood lust that leads the weasels and the felines to kill for sport after hunger has been satisfied. His body and tail were longer than those of the cat, his shorter legs seeming to ally him to the weasel clan, while his appetite, which led him to include in his menu meat, insects, fruit and vegetables of every description, seemed to link him with the raccoon and the bear.

Caco, wandering across the barren hills, found water sufficient for his needs in rock vats that had been filled by the winter rains and the light snowfalls of the higher desert ranges. Eventually, he found himself one night descending across bleak rocky slopes, and he came out at last into the river bottom, peopled by many creatures whose trails he had not crossed before.

Not in the least abashed by his unpremeditated entrance into this habitat of strangely assorted peoples, Caco penetrated a jungle of twenty-foot-high mesquite so dense that the trunks were tall and slender, the tops interlaced, instead of the customary scattering growth consisting of rather thick trunks and spraddling tops. The floor of this tangle was threaded by many narrow trails, marked out by the feet of the wild folk of the river bottom.

Caco's keen nose informed him of the fact that quail innumerable had pattered over these trails throughout the day. In fact, the eyes of the veriest human novice at sign reading could not have failed to detect such indisputable evidence that every dusty trail had been pattered over by countless birds' feet. On top of the quail tracks were the tiny footprints of the desert foxes. Caco was well acquainted with the little yellow foxes of the desert benches.

Closely allied to the diminutive swift fox of the sagebrush plains, the latter now nearing the verge of extinction, the desert foxes themselves are not abundant. The river bottom, in all probability, harbors more of them than any other area. Twice before reaching the lagoon that flanked the river Caco met a desert fox face to face on the trails, and on each occasion the tiny canine slipped aside and faded like a soundless ghost into the chaparral.

Caco came out on the edge of the lagoon. A rank, humid smell of stagnant water, growing rushes and waterlogged vegetation assailed his nostrils. On the brink of this swampy spot Caco halted. His big eyes, fashioned for night vision, made out a flotilla of white objects resting on the dark surface of the water a hundred yards away—sleeping pelicans. His gaze focused on a dark spot that made a furrow on the placid surface of the water, a V-shaped wake widening in ripples behind it. Caco started uneasily at the loud report as the swimming beaver whacked the water with its flat tail and dived. Lesser furrows on the surface revealed the passage of traveling muskrats.

The ring-tailed cat cruised along the high bank of this lagoon, and as he journeyed his keen nose detected the recent presence on the trails of various desert dwellers in addition to those whose nature it is to follow water courses. He came out presently upon a wooded shore, and beyond him, in the light of a rising moon, the wet sands and spreading channels of the silvery Colorado stretched away toward the desert hills beyond. Caco headed downriver.

He halted with a snarl as he came face to face with a huge raccoon that was engaged in devouring a bird. The coon answered with a defiant, strangled epithet of warning. Neither was inclined to come to grips and the ring-tailed cat circled round the banqueter. Two hundred yards beyond, where a narrow bayou ambled off into the lowlands to rejoin the parent stream farther on, a mink was feasting upon a fish that he had dragged ashore.

The clear cry of a killdeer floated in from the sand bars of the river and the sleepy chuckles of a flock of teal rose intermittently from the rush-grown waters of the bayou. A giant salmon broke the surface of the dark water and left an ever-widening circle of ripples to mark the scene of his leap. A night heron squawked harshly from the moonlit sky.

These wet, swampy lowlands did not appeal greatly to Caco, so the ring-tailed cat turned off at right angles through the dense chaparral and within two hundred yards he emerged into typical desert country. Bare, gravelly shoulders, torn by erosion and separated by sand-floored washes, mounted raggedly from the bottom. Caco followed up the course of a wash. A great bobcat on the hunt for rabbits came prowling down the wash, questing through the sparse vegetation that graced it. Caco veered round the big feline and pursued his way. A badger was engaged in tunneling for a desert chipmunk. He withdrew from his excavation and wrinkled his flat nose and gave vent to a snakelike hiss of warning as the ring-tailed cat wandered past. Caco killed and devoured a scorpion and regaled himself upon a few withered ground cherries.

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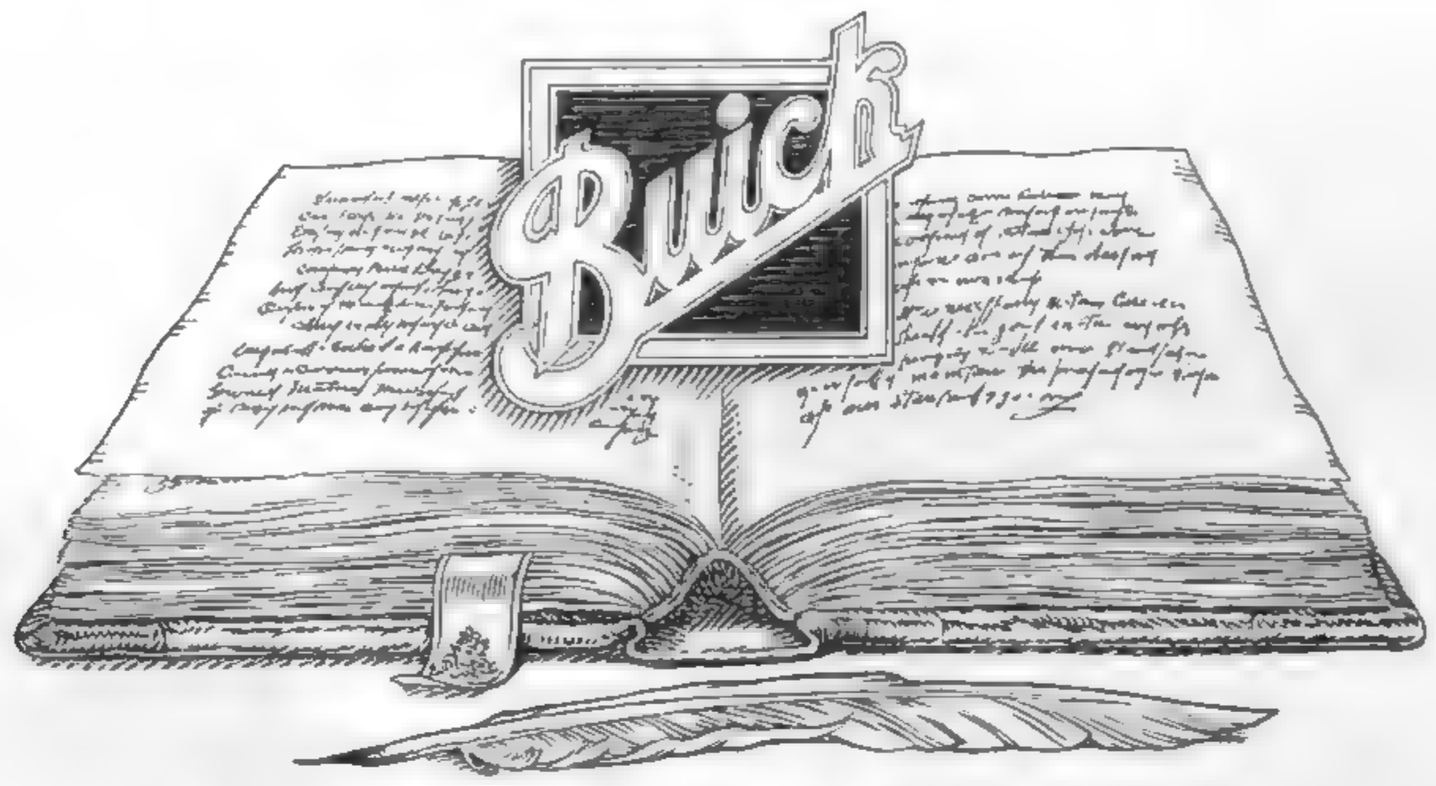
# TRUST BUICK TO HOLD TRUE TO BUICK TRADITIONS

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The ideal of Perfection—the finest goal any man or group of men may seek—is the goal of the builders of Buick and Marquette automobiles.

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It does not alter matters that the Buick Motor Company holds acknowledged supremacy in fine car manufacture...nor that Buick and Marquette automobiles set the standard of value in their respective fields . . . nor that the motoring public honors both cars with the final and unmistakable reward of buyer preference.

These facts bear witness to leadership. But the leader is a *true* leader only when he merges the thought of leadership in the greater thought of continued service and advancement.

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Buick supremacy is more apparent today than ever before in Buick history. Marquette popularity is thrilling America. And yet Buick-Marquette progress has only begun!

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Builders of
Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

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Then he left the wash and struck out across a rough desert bench that supported a scanty, scattered growth of mesquite, smoke trees, cactus, desert buckwheat, occatillo and wind-blown sand and débris that had lodged round the base of each cluster of brush. He arrived presently at the edge of an extensive kangaroo-rat colony, selected a spot with care and crouched behind a stunted plant of desert buckwheat within easy pouncing distance of an intersection of several of the well-marked trails of the settlement. There he waited patiently.

Other hunters were abroad in the village. A little spotted skunk romped playfully about in the moonlight. A weasel emerged from the dense brush of the river bottom and invaded the scene, throwing the colonists into a terrible panic. The lithe murderer darted through the underground galleries, flashed from the mouth of a burrow in hot pursuit of a frenzied kangaroo rat and fastened on his prey with unbelievable ferocity. A form dropped soundlessly from above as a big owl struck its savage talons into the weasel, flapping aloft with both the latter and the stricken kangaroo rat clamped in its claws as the fighting squeaks of the weasel floated back to Caco's ears.

Such typical desert scenes were of commonplace occurrence in Caco's experience and he availed himself of the opportunity afforded by the panic of the settlers. A frightened kangaroo rat leaped along one of the intersecting trails, and with a single pounce Caco struck the life from it and proceeded to make his first hearty meal of the night.

Having finished his repast, the ring-tailed cat headed down the course of a wash and within a very few minutes came out again into the unfamiliar swampy and tangled flats of the river bottom. Through this maze he traveled downriver a mile or two, gradually familiarizing himself with this strange region, the like of which he never before had encountered in all his wanderings.

Toward morning Caco, being addicted to rocky stretches, turned again from the jungles of the bottoms and within a few minutes came out to where the desert shoulders mounted from the flats. Cruising about for a mile or more, he discovered a satisfactory retreat among the broken rocks that had fallen to the base of an eroded cliff. There he curled up for the day. With the first rays of the sun the valley quail commenced calling, and their soft notes floated to Caco's ears. A flock of a score or more of these beautiful little fellows ran scatteringly along the bottoms of the wash outside Caco's retreat in search of a morning meal. The countryside simply swarmed with quails. A road runner galloped through the wash. The owls had sought their retreats for the day, but these hunters of the air had been replaced by big hawks that soared lazily overhead, their keen eyes sweeping the surface of the desert in search of ground squirrels and desert chipmunks.

Not until dusk did Caco come forth from among the rocks. Already the coyote chorus was tuning up in the desert hills. That strange strip of river land, region of swampy tangles and strange creatures, intrigued the ring-tailed cat. Therefore, instead of cruising the desert benches, Caco headed at once for the river bottom.

The quails were preparing themselves for the night. The valley quail depends upon his speedy footwork and his aptitude for taking cover in impenetrable thickets rather than upon taking wing and relying upon flight to escape his enemies, thereby differing from his Eastern relative, the bobwhite. But though he prefers the ground to the air by day, he takes to the trees or tall brush to roost at night, while the bobwhite roosts upon the ground. The tops of the lofty mesquite seemed alive with restless quails as Caco entered the jungle. Busily settling themselves, the quails gave vent to sharp, buzzing notes not unlike the barks of squirrels. In a grass-clad opening Caco met a big prairie skunk engaged in mousing. Caco, too, pounced upon several mice in the meadow, then ate a few mesquite beans and proceeded on to the river's edge.

The gurgle of the current as it lapped against the bank, the voices of the wild fowl from adjacent marshes, the various splashes and commotions caused by swimming creatures, all were mysterious and unfamiliar sounds to the rock-dwelling ring-tailed cat. Presently Caco halted as a mighty splashing occurred close at hand. There were strangled snarls and a tremendous threshing about in the shallows as a dark form and a bright silvery one that flashed in the moonlight neared the shore. An otter dragged a great flapping salmon out upon a shoulder of the bank and proceeded to feast as the ringtailed cat watched from the edge of the brush.

Caco rounded the edge of a shallow, rush-grown expanse on a trail worn by the feet of water-loving animals. A shift in the breeze carried the tidings of prey to his nose at the same instant that his eyes detected motion in the rushes close at hand. Caco pounced. His teeth fastened upon an unwary coot that had paddled close inshore; and Caco found himself in the water for the first time. He held tenaciously to his flapping victim and dragged the coot ashore, where he made a meal of it. Caco, dweller of the arid hills, had made his first kill of a waterfowl.

He was more familiar with the ways of the valley quail. Toward morning, hunger assailing him again, he mounted a tall mesquite as stealthily as a shadow, located a roosting quail and leaped through the air to seize it. He fell to the ground with his prey, feasted and retired to a rocky ledge.

The tree-dwelling marten has been known to turn fisherman. The water-loving mink climbs trees upon occasion. The prairie wolf has taken up his habitat among the peaks of the loftiest mountain ranges. Similarly, Caco, the ring-tailed cat, freebooter of the semi-arid benches, soon accustomed himself to the life of the river bottom. Within a few weeks he was quite at home among its swamps and lowland jungles. He came one night to the cabin of the beekeeper.

Anderson was an old-time prospector. In every desert range of Nevada, Arizona and Southern California he had left his tracks in earlier days. More and more as the years rolled by, the river bottom had appealed to him as a place of habitat from which he could excursion into surrounding desert areas. Therefore, he had fashioned this lonely cabin of poles and adobe, roofed it with poles and thatch, floored it with boards salvaged from among the drift piles of the river. Once he had installed a few goats and chickens there; but he was away much of the time, and during his first absence the coyotes had made short work of exterminating both goats and poultry. Mice gravitate in swarms to every desert cabin. In an endeavor to abate this nuisance Anderson had installed a cat there on three different occasions. Each succeeding feline had fallen victim to the coyotes in short order. But the bees did well.

One afternoon the old prospector departed on one of his rambles. Caco, the ring-tailed cat, arrived in the early evening. Anderson had thrown out the remains of his noonday meal – a few withered potatoes, turnips, apples and sundry other edible refuse. Caco dined heartily. A small orifice in the stone-and-adobe foundation yawned invitingly and he entered it. Many rocks had been used as supports for the long stringers of the floor. Through this attractive maze he prowled for half an hour. Then he thrust his head from the orifice.

A gray fox was warily approaching the scattered refuse that had been discarded by Anderson. This particular brush fox had made many a previous meal upon Anderson's scraps. The ring-tailed cat emerged from the hole in the foundation and launched himself upon the fox with a fighting scream of rage. The fox fled like a shadow to the safety of the adjacent mesquite jungle and Caco proceeded to partake of more food. With the first rays of the rising sun, Caco retired to the inviting recess beneath the cabin floor and slept throughout the day. Gorged to repletion, he had but an indifferent ear for the incessant patter of tiny feet on the floorboards above his head as a swarm of mice made merry in the cabin.

He came forth again at night and wandered up the river, traveling trails that now were familiar highways to him. Two nights thereafter, lured by the recollection of the

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*A Little Later He Met a Great Yellow Cat and Watched the Stray Cougar Threading the Brush of the River Bottom*

*In Automobile Chassis*

# NOTHING ROLLS LIKE A BALL

Like jewels in a watch, New Departure Ball Bearings function in automobile chassis with least friction, wear and waste—never requiring adjustments to take up wear—for *nothing rolls like a ball*—so easily, so accurately, so silently.

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| Elcar | Marmon | Stutz |
| Erskine | Marquette | Viking |
| Windsor | Willys-Knight | |

# NEW DEPARTURE BALL BEARINGS

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delicious food that he had found near the cabin, he returned to it and slept again beneath its floor.

Not being so thoroughly gorged on this occasion, the pattering feet and squeaking voices of the mouse conclave just above his head whetted his appetite. Anderson had cut a hole in the floor near one end to serve as a doorway for his various cats. Up through this aperture slid Caco, stealthy as a shadow. Swift and graceful as the swoop of a hawk, Caco pounced upon an unwary mouse and devoured it. Then he explored the interior of the cabin, eating a few roaches, spiders and other insects during his tour of investigation. Anderson kept his food supplies in mouse-proof tin boxes, but the tempting odors pervaded the place and Caco liked the smell of it.

The cabin became his regular lair. He prowled widely, but always returned to this favorite retreat. The premises soon were devoid of mice and practically free of insects. Jarring sounds from without roused him one day from a nap on Anderson's bunk. Caco slid through the aperture to the sanctuary beneath the floor. At first the thumping noises on the floor boards alarmed him as the old prospector, unpacking his horses, made repeated trips. Discovering that these sounds carried no menace, Caco composed himself for sleep.

Anderson despised mice most cordially. Always, upon returning from an absence, it was to find that mice had chewed up paper, leather, cloth and other matter, scattering the débris all about the place. They built nests in his bunk and behind the cans on his shelves. Also, after an absence, the place was infested with a surplus of spiders and other insects. On such occasions Anderson always searched his bunk lest it harbor a few scorpions, tarantulas, centipedes or other noxious creatures. His practiced eye now surveyed the premises.

"H'm!" he said. "Some varmint sure has been making himself at home in this shack."

This was nothing new in his experience. Having occupied an endless variety of desert shacks and mining cabins, he knew that such premises were tenanted by desert creatures in the majority of cases shortly after man departed from them.

That night Caco slid stealthily up through the aperture in the floor and mounted the table, lured on by the tempting remains of Anderson's evening meal. His big eyes, fashioned to see clearly during the blackest night, were fastened upon the sleeping figure on the bunk. While eagerly lapping the honey from an unwashed plate, Caco dislodged a tin cup and it clattered to the floor. The sleeping man waked with a casual oath, and Caco, like a gliding shadow, departed through the exit in the floor.

This boldness convinced Anderson, who was wise in the ways of the desert, that his visitor was a little spotted skunk. The tiny spotted fellows were persistent lodgers in buildings, even penetrating to the heart of Western cities and taking up quarters in the walls of residences or business properties. The absence of mice and the scarcity of spiders and other insect pests confirmed the old prospector in his belief, for he knew that the spotted skunk was a deadly mouser and a tireless enemy of all insect life. He began to place food—table scraps smeared with honey—on the floor near the hole to encourage the visitor, who had abated the mouse nuisance, to remain. Always these offerings had disappeared before dawn. Then one night, as Anderson lay awake, he caught a glimpse of a large dark form that sported a beautiful tail banded with alternate stripes of black and white as Caco crossed a moonlit streak on the floor.

"A trifling coon—that's what it is!" the man exclaimed in surprise.

The next day he examined the tracks in the sand just outside the hole in the foundation. They were not skunk tracks. And the big-footed raccoon leaves a track that resembles the print of a baby's hand. The tracks might be those of a brush fox or of a stray house cat. He recalled that his visitor was soundless, while a spotted skunk was wont to thump noisily about.

"It's neither skunk nor coon—that's sartin," he said. He decided to have a good look at his visitor, so he placed food in the center of a moonlit area and retired to his bunk to watch.

Soundlessly, there glided into his line of vision a gorgeous creature the size of a cat, but longer and with a more slender body. Its long tail showed alternate bands of white and black in the moon's bright rays.

"There just ain't any such critter," Anderson informed himself. "But anyway, I got me a mouser now that sure keeps them pests cleaned down to nothing."

Early in February the beekeeper left for another jaunt. When he returned two weeks later he was filled with anxiety as to how his strange companion had fared during his absence. He placed food on the floor near the hole, and in the morning found it untouched save by mice.

"I knowed it!" he mourned. "The coyotes got him just like they did my cats. I'd ort to have stayed here and looked after him."

But Caco was not dead. Neither did he stand in need of any man's protection in so far as his natural enemies were concerned. It was the mating moon of his tribe that had lured Caco away from the cabin that had proved such a satisfactory home.

He was filled one night with a strange longing and it led his footsteps away from the cabin. At dawn he holed up in a broken pile of rocks. He fared on again that night, hunting intermittently. The pent-up urge within him led him to stop and give voice to a strange wailing cry. There was no reply and he forged ahead on his restless journeying.

On the third night of his wanderings, a coyote flashed suddenly from concealment and sprang for Caco as he passed through a mesquite jungle in the river bottom. Ever alert against attack by coyotes, the only natural enemies that he had cause to fear, the ring-tailed cat leaped sidewise to avoid the coyote's pounce; and before the little yellow wolf could spring again, Caco had mounted a lofty mesquite. For a space he traveled through the brush tops after the manner of a squirrel, while the coyote, a dozen feet below, followed along beneath him, making hostile demonstrations and futile leaps which alarmed Caco not at all. The coyote ceased his maneuvering and Caco descended to pursue his way.

A little later he met a great yellow cat and watched the stray cougar threading the brush of the river bottom. Again and again Caco voiced his wailing cry. Not until the second week of his wanderings did he receive an answer. Then one night it came, faint from distance, floating down from far up in the desert hills.

Eagerly Caco mounted in search of this female of his kind with the yearning note in her voice. Far up in a brush-clad desert canyon he found her. Doubtless her restless quest for a mate had caused her to drift so far from her usual haunts. Caco led her down across the desert miles to the river bottom. For three nights he consorted with her, sleeping near her chosen retreats by day. On the fourth night he found himself within a few miles of the beekeeper's cabin.

Caco was ravenously hungry, having neglected his hunting somewhat during the period of his love-making. His craving for honey caused him to strike out in a direct line for the cabin, the she cat following.

A lone lobo lifted his voice from the far shore of the river. The wolf howl roused Anderson from fitful slumber. The vague light from the window fell upon the table. A slight movement there attracted Anderson's eye and he focused his gaze upon it. Clearly he made out not one dark form but two engaged in devouring the remains of his evening meal. The significance of it dawned suddenly upon him and he chuckled contentedly.

"Coyotes didn't get you after all. Too smart for 'em. You been off to get yourself a wife, that's what."

With the first sound of his voice one of the shapes vanished soundlessly. The other remained. Caco was devouring everything of an edible nature on the table and was not to be dissuaded by the voice of his friend.

Anderson speculated upon the possibility of a happy family of these strange and beautiful creatures beneath his cabin. But that failed to come to pass. He saw the she cat no more. She had fled from the cabin at the sound of his voice; and Caco, his honeymoon over, did not trouble to follow her.

The she cat found a suitable den and lingered in the vicinity. Later in the spring she gave birth to five young. Caco remained in his favorite retreat under the beekeeper's cabin. He indulged in occasional lengthy rambles and in the course of one of them he chanced across his former mate romping before her den with five playful baby ring-tailed cats. The she cat warned him away with a snarl.

These youngsters, being native to the river bottom, soon learned its ways. By midsummer they had scattered widely, each young ring-tail hunting on its own. Caco crossed their trails here and there throughout the late summer and autumn when prowling abroad on his own excursions.

In December a quail hunter, having heard of the swarms of valley quails that inhabited that region, quested down through the river bottom. Twenty miles from the beekeeper's cabin he found a camp of trappers. The number and variety of their catch were amazing. In two days they had brought in the skins of thirty-five of the little yellow desert foxes with a great variety of other pelts. It seemed incredible that the desert foxes should be so numerous in any locality. Probably that constituted the record catch for all time of that particular variety of fur bearer.

One night the quail hunter stopped overnight with the beekeeper and commented upon the astounding variety of life in the river bottom. During the day he had seen mule-deer tracks, and smashing big tracks at that.

"Oh, yes. There's deer here—big desert mule deer," the beekeeper said. "They get fat feeding on the screw beans—the local name for the bean pods of the mesquite—and there's good cover in the thickets. Hard for hunters to come up on them. If they're hunted much they quit the brush and go miles off up in the desert hills where they can see in all directions. No chance to kill them there. Then they come down at night to the river bottom to get water. Then there used to be antelope on some of the desert flats and the desert bighorn lived up in them barren peaks. They're gone now, the pronghorns and the mountain sheep. Yes, mister, I reckon that every kind of critter that walks, flies or swims lives here in this same river bottom. And right here close at hand," he continued mysteriously, "is a varmint the like of which I've never laid an eye on until he turned up here."

Two trappers just then appeared to secure some honey. Among their day's catch was a young ring-tailed cat.

"Can you give a name to that?" Anderson inquired.

"Sure, it's a ring-tail," the trapper told him. "They're not so rare some places, but it's the first one I ever heard of hereabouts."

"It's a ring-tailed cat—the Mexican cacomixle," the quail hunter told the beekeeper after the trappers had departed.

The next night Caco came up through his doorway to partake of table scraps and honey.

"So you're a Mexican caco ——" Anderson said. Strive as he would, he could not recall the rest of that name. "Too long for everyday use anyway," he said. "We'll call you by the first end of it—Caco."

Thus did Caco acquire his name. He finished his meal and left the cabin, his hunting instinct luring him afield. A mile from the house a yellow streak flashed at him—a coyote up to his usual tricks. Caco sprang aloft and traveled for a while through the tree tops, as was his wont when beset by coyotes. At last Anderson had a mouser who was not to fall victim to the wily little wolves of the desert.

At last accounts Caco still resided beneath the beekeeper's cabin. If not trapped too closely, before they have a chance to get a start, it is probable that Caco and his mate and their surviving offspring may populate those parts with ring-tailed cats, thereby occasioning a most interesting addition to the amazing variety of strange breeds that already populate the river bottom.

# FIVE YEARS MORE OF FLYING

(Continued from Page 21)

motor cars, one must understand his machine. Familiarity with flying will improve the chances for safety.

The motorist familiar with automobile accessories, and who suffered through lack of them in the early days, will appreciate the new instruments which his plane soon will have as a matter of course. One of the main difficulties has been to determine the rate at which the engine is consuming fuel. A practical fuel-flow indicator is now available. Another handicap, and one of the main reasons for motor failure, has been breakage in the gas lines; this is being checked to great extent and in another five years it will be unknown.

The flying man has always wanted to know the actual distance his machine is traveling. Until recently he had to be a mathematician to calculate it from a number of instruments, when he had time, and then the result was usually guesswork. Now he can find it by merely glancing at a single dial. The most important thing for him to know is just how and when he is getting into weather that will freeze ice on his wings. Ice overloads the wing and at the same time distorts its shape so that it loses its aerodynamical efficiency and cannot remain up. It is one of the chief menaces to safe flying in cold or stormy weather, for at most seasons of the year ice can form at ordinary flying altitudes. Today the pilot has an ice-warning indicator which gives him the information before it is too late and he is forced down into a blind landing.

The greatest of all the problems yet remaining to be solved is how to make a safe landing in fog. It will not be long before a pilot can sit in his plane and talk with persons on the surface, procure weather data, advice as to whether or not to change his course, and anything else he may desire to know. As yet, none can tell him where and when to let his machine touch the surface when he is coming in through a thick fog. But there is hope. Engineers believe that the pilot one day will land on a field that he cannot see. They think that the radio may be developed to guide even a joy-riding human down out of the mist in safety.

But why wait for that, the aviation people want to know. Give the pilot another

(Continued on Page 40)

BUILDING
THE FORTRESSES
OF HEALTH

One of a series of messages by Parke, Davis & Company, telling how the worker in medical science, your physician, and the maker of medicines are surrounding you with stronger health defenses year by year.

Poisoned arrows sang the Incas' vengeance through the hot Andean air. But the arrogant steel-armored Spaniards clanked relentlessly on. Then an enemy, far more deadly than arrows, floated out of the night to spread disease and death among Pizarro's warriors—a tiny gnat only a year ago identified as the carrier of Verruga and Oroya fever

# Indicted yesterday—for a 400-year-old crime

In 1870, nearly four centuries after Pizarro's hazardous expedition, another great human adventure was almost wrecked by the same cause. So appalling was the toll of death and suffering among the thousands of laborers hewing a path for the Trans-Andean railway, that the vast project was almost abandoned.

Less than a year ago the world first learned the facts about this deadly foe which for centuries had destroyed thousands of lives in the Peruvian Andes. In November, 1928, Drs. Noguchi, Shannon, Tilden and Tyler issued their now world-famous report, which traced Verruga Peruana and Oroya fever, two closely related diseases, or perhaps different forms of the same disease, to a curious rod-shaped parasite, called *Bartonella bacilliformis*. The crime of carrying this microscopic little monster into the blood of man was at last brought home to the night-flying gnat, Phlebotomus. Science thus tacked up one more portrait in its rogues' gallery.

## The knights-errant of modern science

One by one, the age-old enemies of health are being tracked to their lairs.

The men and women who give their lives to this conquest of disease know human hopes and dreams as glowing as ever burned in the breasts of knights-errant of old.

Some have spent valiant years isolated from civilization in dark and threatening jungles. Others pass thrilling days in quiet laboratories, where every available scientific resource is placed at their disposal.

At the Parke-Davis Research Laboratories our investigators are surrounded with the true atmosphere of research work. They may spend months and even years in the completion of a given task, and the only obligation is that they shall do it conscientiously and well.

## A Personal Invitation

We of Parke, Davis & Company take pleasure in extending a cordial invitation to physicians, pharmacists, and others directly interested in medical science to visit our research laboratories at Detroit, Michigan. We shall be very glad to show you how we are coöperating in the struggle to make the physician's work of greater and greater value to humanity.

# PARKE, DAVIS & CO.

**The world's largest makers of pharmaceutical and biological products**

**Milk of Magnesia**
**scientifically made**

Parke-Davis quality is reflected in even the simplest preparation for household use. For example, Parke-Davis Milk of Magnesia. Because of the exceptional purity and stability of this product you can depend on it to be always medicinally active. It is snow-white, creamy-smooth, mild and agreeable in taste. Ask your druggist for a bottle and convince yourself of its excellence.

A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

Continued from Page 38

airport where there is no fog. Place landing fields every ten miles apart, throughout the country, so he can always find a safe haven. They have been doing some figuring of late and they assert that little public effort would be required to place a safe field at the disposal of a pilot within five miles of wherever he should happen to find himself in an emergency.

They say that about 16,000 square miles would be the total area involved in such an undertaking, with landing fields ten miles apart throughout the United States. And they add, by way of comparison, that the railroads are now using about 21,000 square miles and the roads and highways 28,000 square miles. Today appeals are being made to civic pride, county commissioners, state aviation commissions and whatever else you have to contribute, to the end that a large section of the country may be dotted with such landing fields, quickly, pronto or whenever the taxpayers so will.

### Anywhere at Any Time

The aeronautical interests, though laying plenty of stress on the need for great flying centers to accommodate the air-transport lines, are really depending upon the rapid growth of aerial service to bring about any number of, to them, desirable conditions. Aerial service, the reader should know, is anything in the flying line that cannot be classified as regular air transport or private flying. Aerial service just now threatens to become the great competitor of the motorbus to a larger extent than the private plane will compete with the motor car.

The majority of the five or six thousand airplanes in use here today are employed in different kinds of aerial service, their owners ready to take on all comers except insane persons and drunkards. They are operating flying schools and selling machines. In fact, they are drilling aviation into the public mind just as the early motor-car dealers formerly did it, by demonstration, hacking and private tutoring.

Hacking is their big field. There are about 800 aerial-service operators, and they are carrying everybody that must get to some other place in the quickest possible time without regard to cost. Their rates are rather high. They charge by the hour, but considering what can happen in that length of time in the air, the cost is not prohibitive. Salesmen caught on the wrong side of a mountain range in a storm or blocked by a washout which makes surface travel impossible, salesmen trying to beat other salesmen to a big proposition—they are saving both time and money by hurdling all earthly obstacles. Crop spraying, power line, plantation, forest and orchard inspection, fire patrol, aerial photography for a thousand purposes, prospecting, resort service, sight-seeing—any or all of those purposes can now be accomplished by the airplane. It can take one anywhere that a bus can carry him outside of the city limits, and it very often enters places inaccessible from the surface.

The possibilities of aerial service are just beginning to be realized. Heretofore much of this work has been in the hands of small organizations without the funds for development and very little practical experience to take care of the business that came their way. Invariably they have been gipsy pilots tired of barnstorming and pleased to settle down for a spell of aerial hacking.

During the last few months, however, the larger interests have been taking up the business in a big way. The Curtiss Flying Service, for example, is locating aerial taxi facilities in two score of the principal cities, setting up repair shops, hangar space, airplane sales organizations and whole fleets of machines to be available for any kind of mission at any time, whether it be for a joy ride from Washington to Baltimore or for a business trip from New York to Nome. The Universal Aviation Corporation has a similar project well under way, and about seventy smaller companies are beginning to get into their proper stride.

The little fellows are becoming better organized; they are either expanding their own companies or merging with the new corporations; many are developing a sizable amount of air-transport business all their own—short-line service between near-by cities and towns. At present the aerial-service people are doing much more passenger carrying than the scheduled air-transport companies. But that will not last long. The step between intermittent and regular service is a very short and simple one to take, provided the landing fields and other facilities are available. The communities which now have aerial service soon will have feeder lines extending to the main transport systems. And every town should have its own local flying service within the next five years.

These local companies are comparable to the bus lines of the present, and they will provide plenty of competition in the future. The most undesirable feature of intercity bus service is the traffic on the highways, and the slow schedules. A fifty or hundred mile ride in a motorbus is not so appealing to one in a hurry. A service giving two-miles-a-minute transportation will become exceedingly popular.

Those experienced in the operation of commercial planes say that, like the air lines, once they have the proper facilities and a certain amount of patronage, they can reduce their rates to compete with surface transport. They go so far as to predict that the short-haul air lines within five years will be able to carry passengers at even lower rates than the trunk-line systems. They will not have to give the passengers so many luxuries. They can crowd them a bit more, give them less individual space, feed them less, if anything, and, in short, carry more persons with the same organization.

Like the motorbus, a short-haul plane can make many trips in a single day, while the big transport machine is laid up at its terminal after carrying a single load. Of course that load will pay more per passenger, but it is thought that the volume of business, say on a fifty or hundred mile route, will more than counterbalance that on the longer lines. More persons travel short distances.

### Airports Hither and Yon

At the same time, according to the plans of aerial-service companies, the executive staffs and much of the operating personnel will handle the sales divisions of these companies. Unlike the motor-car dealer, the airplane salesman must do his demonstrating at the flying field and in the air. He cannot run a customer through the park and pocket his commission. For many years to come, selling a plane will be not only a demonstration of everything that the machine can do but it will also involve teaching the owner how to pilot that special machine.

While that system is reducing the overhead and establishing the local flying services on a firm financial basis, it will at the same time develop a market for planes in all communities. And the two branches of flying, aerial service and private, will combine to build up a demand for more and better airports. The motorist now has his highways and the private pilot-owner will soon be strong enough numerically to get his airport, not far out of town on an abandoned farm or in a dismal swamp, but nearer home and office.

Airports of the future must be much better planned than they are today. We like to do things halfway in this country. The railroads at first located their terminals and yards without any thought to the future growth. They provided neither adequate site nor proper location. And one after another their terminals were discarded at great expense as new facilities were required.

The same has occurred with the development of motoring. There are few towns in this country where the main highways have not been changed—straightened out to make motoring reasonably fast and safe or abandoned altogether for a better grade and location. The same kind of weak thought and lack of vision is being applied to hundreds of airport projects. They would not attract a self-respecting hobo off the highway, not even to patronize the ubiquitous hot-dog stand.

Architects and city planners are beginning to realize that they must give more attention to the buildings, their location and style; at the same time they must anticipate the near future, when small planes, at least, can land with safety in small places and in the closest proximity to where the occupants of a machine may desire to go.

Many and varied are the projects for development within the next five-year period. Certain men in New York believe the time has arrived to launch their pet idea—which is to put up a great building on the water front for airport and aviation uses. The roof will be a landing field for planes. Near the top they plan an airship hangar, and under that hotel and club accommodations. At the base they hope to have a seaplane and flying-boat shelter, repair shops and salesrooms for parts. It is a big undertaking, if they do it.

### Who Will Fly Them?

Still, it only contemplates in a striking manner the airport conveniences which all cities must soon provide, either by roofing over their railroad yards to make landing fields on top, devoting space in the public parks or finding plenty of good dry land near the business centers. There is no doubt in the minds of those who have been studying the immediate future of flying that it is developing rapidly in every phase.

"Who will fly all these machines you're talking about?"

A hard-headed business man arose at a recent chamber-of-commerce meeting and put that question to one of the boosters, who had been talking aviation for two hours.

"Well, you may fly one of them, if you do not care to hire a professional pilot," the speaker replied. "You're not too old. You're driving your own car, no doubt, and if you can drive a car you can or you will soon be able to pilot your own machine."

"What about the cost?"

"Broadly speaking, about the same as motoring for the small planes. For the larger, about the same as yachting."

Looking at the picture in five years, the airplane builders believe that they will match the prices of motor cars. For small planes carrying three or four persons and powered with the proper engine, they hope to have the price down to $3000, possibly less. The larger machines will cost in proportion to the equipment, number of passengers carried, cruising range and type. Flying boats and amphibians will cost more for the same passenger accommodations. In price they will range between a motorboat and a private yacht.

Until recently the average person, scanning the horizon in search of a rising generation of pilots, would find a very small number of would-be flying men. There was a reason for this. The airplane was neither safe nor practical and the potential owner soon discovered it when he looked into the matter. Pilots who were seeking jobs in aviation had to take to bootlegging, barnstorming or stunt flying, for all the good positions were filled and a long list of candidates waiting. There are now more than 6000 licensed pilots in the United States. Nearly 300 public schools and perhaps 100 colleges are teaching aeronautics, and the woods are full of flying schools where approximately 20,000 young men and women are acquiring the knack of piloting an airplane. There are other organizations. Aviation country clubs are springing up in every city. Of course they are principally for those who can afford to pay heavy dues. But there are many other societies locating branches in every community, however small.

The younger element is joining these local chapters because they can pool the cost of maintaining one or two planes and instructors to teach them the art of flying. They are coming in from the shops, mills and the farms, joining with clerks and office assistants to put flying over in their town and themselves up in the air. With some of them it is a matter of earning a living in the early stages of their careers. They must begin using planes immediately after they have won their wings; otherwise they never will use them.

More than 10,000 American pilots were trained during the war, and 95 per cent of them went into other occupations simply because the airplane was then not worth flying. It was not a paying proposition. It cost too much both in life and money. But today the well-trained pilot can make a living better than in most other positions that he could fill. The best pilots receive between $5000 and $8000 a year. If they are executives the returns are greater. If they are business men by nature they are the aerial-bus proprietors and air-line managers of the future. If they can afford to maintain motor cars they will be able to own their airplanes inside of five years.

Only a few months ago the manufacturers were wondering who would buy their machines and fly them. Today they are assured of a sufficient number of pilots. They are convinced that the average youngster growing up today will not long be content unless he can pilot an airplane, and they believe that hundreds of thousands of persons will be that interested in flying within the five-year period. They may be mistaken, but one would have difficulty trying to talk an airplane manufacturer out of the idea.

Whether or not private flying will develop so rapidly only time will tell; the aviation interests are depending a great deal on the aerial service organizations to take much of their equipment, and with the air-transport lines also requiring small planes for emergency, inspection and other duties, they are confident that the sales of moderate-sized and low-priced machines will mount rapidly during the next few years.

One finds two schools of thought on the probable number of airplanes to be in use here at the end of 1934. There are the enthusiasts. They have listened attentively to their sales organizations and distributors, and then tripled production during the present year, enlarged their plants and planned to continue pyramiding the output next year and the next. They say that entirely new fields for sales are being opened up to them every few weeks.

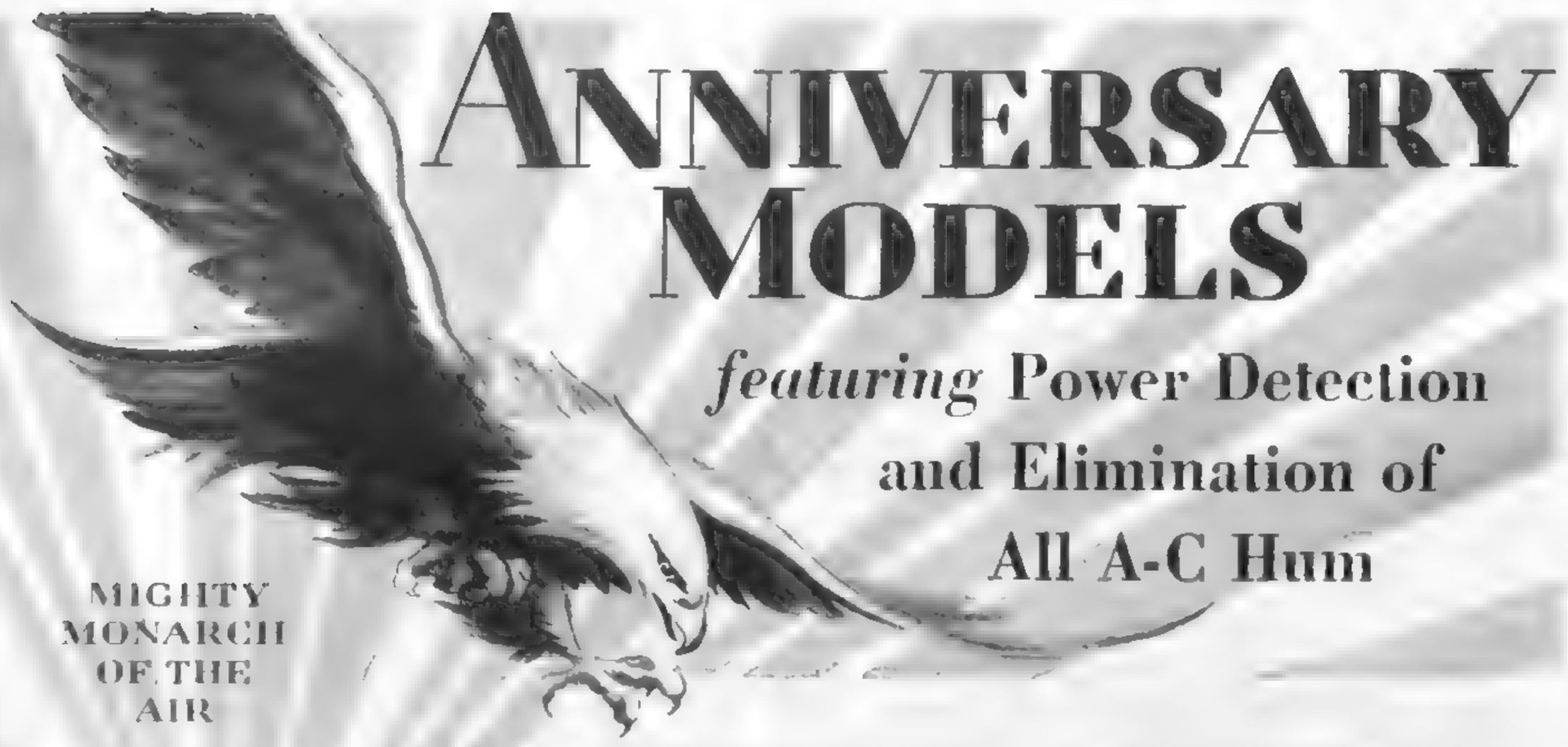
### One Guess as Good as Another

They know that 3500 commercial airplanes were built last year. They are sure that the output will be twice that number this year, and as they hope to sell all they make, they believe that about 175,000 machines will have been sold by the Christmas of 1934. They write off about 15 per cent for crashes and replacement of equipment, and find approximately 150,000 planes in operation at that time.

Then there are the conservatives in the industry, the majority of them older airplane manufacturers who survived the postwar period of deflation. These men have been through a hard school; they have seen the time when they could not sell a dozen planes a year. They dislike to make predictions, and when they do they are usually wrong. For example, few of them bought aircraft stocks with their own money until those securities had jumped sky-high on the market—in other words, they did not buy until the public came in and showed them exactly what a good thing aviation was about to be.

Now these conservatives believe that if 3500 planes were sold in 1928, 3500 are to be sold this year. They are willing to bet that about 8000 planes will be in operation by next Christmas, and they shyly suggest that the number may jump to 12,000 in

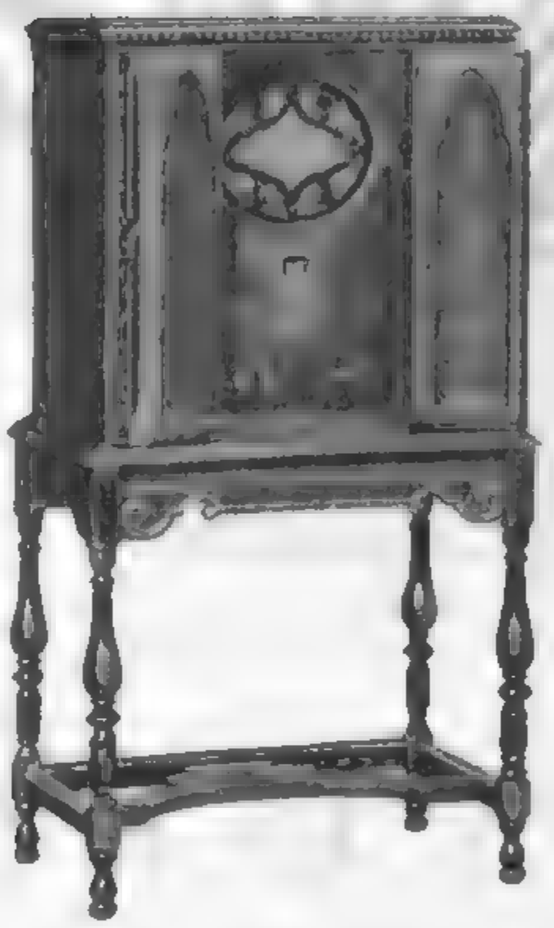
(Continued on Page 44)



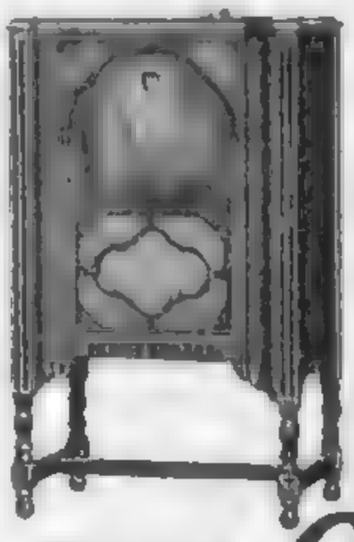
# ANNIVERSARY MODELS

## *featuring* Power Detection and Elimination of All A-C Hum

MIGHTY MONARCH OF THE AIR



**MODEL 92** Absolutely no hum and no oscillation at any wave length. Automatic sensitivity control gives uniform sensitivity and amplification in both high and low wave lengths. Improved Majestic Super Dynamic Speaker. Extra heavy sturdy Majestic Power Pack. Jacobean period cabinet of American Walnut. Doors of matched butt walnut with overlays on doors and interior panel of genuine imported Australian Lacewood. Escutcheon plate, knobs and door pulls finished in genuine silver



**MODEL 91** Power Detection and the new -45 tubes plus four tuned stages of radio frequency enables Majestic to produce a most powerful and selective radio set. Absolutely no hum and no oscillation at any wave length. Improved Majestic Super Dynamic Speaker. Early English design cabinet of American Walnut. Instrument panel overlaid with genuine imported Australian Lacewood. Escutcheon plate and knobs finished in genuine silver

*Licensed under patents and applications of R. C. A. and R. F. L., also by Lektephone, Lowell & Dunmore and Hogan License Associates*

POWER Detection, developed to its highest form by Majestic engineers, enables Majestic to give you a *most powerful and selective radio set*—without the slightest trace of A-C hum, and free from squeals and whistles at all wave lengths. "Background" noises are practically eliminated, so that power detection and the *new* type –45 power tubes can give you

### Magnificent Reproduction —Speech and Music *Only!*

Another triumph of research is the exclusively Majestic feature, *Automatic Sensitivity Control*, assuring equal sensitivity and range at *all* points on the dial, while adjusting only the tuning knob. Now, you can enjoy low wave stations with no "fuzzy," garbled reception—and you secure full range and volume on the higher waves. In the Majestic Anniversary Models, reception is clear and strong, free from hum or distortion, *anywhere on the dial!*

The new Majestic is so amazing that mere words won't tell you the story. Just see it, and try it for yourself. Try it at *any* wave length—give it rough treatment—it will go through every test as the best radio set you have yet seen, at *any price*. Look for a finished job, one that you can bank on to give you *lasting enjoyment* and *lasting service*. That's the new Majestic. It has no experimental tubes nor tricky, untried circuits. It is dependable, solid all the way through. And Majestic's new cabinets are in keeping with the mechanical perfection of the set itself.

Any one of more than 12,000 Majestic Dealers will gladly give you a home demonstration, without cost and without obligation.

GRIGSBY-GRUNOW COMPANY

5801 Dickens Avenue, CHICAGO, ILL.

[*Tune In . . . Majestic Theatre of the Air over Columbia and American Broadcasting Systems every Sunday night, 9 to 10 Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Headliners of the Stage and Screen.*]

# Majestic

## —ELECTRIC—RADIO—

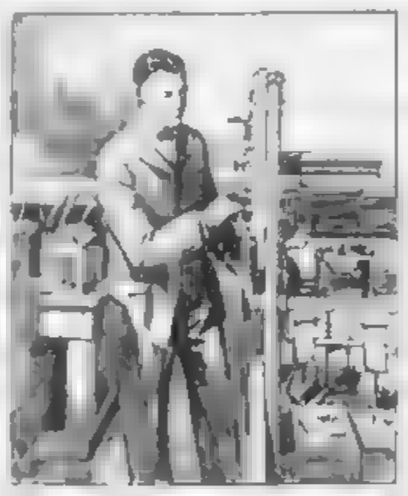
YOU CANNOT BUY A BETTER RADIO SET AT ANY PRICE

*All branches on the same tree; all growing out of the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality*

# MAKING A SCIENCE OF FINE CRAFTSMANSHIP

CHRYSLER MOTORS, with all of its great properties united under one management, has placed every phase of its tremendous manufacturing activities on the basis of an exact science. Nothing in modern industrial practice could be more exacting, or more scientific, than the precautions which Chrysler Motors takes to make sure of flawless quality and fine precision through every step from blueprint to finished product.

The Chrysler Motors system of inspections and tests is at once extensive and *intensive*. There are metallurgical tests, chemical tests and mechanical tests. Every bar of steel, every pane of glass, every yard of upholstery—everything that goes into Chrysler Motors products—must prove up exactly as specified.



*Chrysler Motors engineers put all makes of batteries to exhaustive tests before they are selected for Chrysler-built cars.*

In the great Chrysler Motors engineering laboratories, ultra-scientific devices accurately gauge the strength, efficiency and wearing quality of every part under the most aggravated, abnormal conditions. Delicate instruments check dimensions and measurements to split-hair fractions. Scales sensitive to a pencil mark on a piece of paper determine weight standards. The natural, inevitable outcome of all this care and precision is that every Chrysler Motors product—from the highest priced to the lowest priced—is a finer and more valuable product in every phase of performance, safety and long life.

All of which is borne out and reflected in the ever-increasing prestige and popularity of Chrysler Motors products *in all price fields.*

## CHRYSLER MOTORS

Chrysler "75" -:- -:- Chrysler Imperial -:- -:- Chrysler "65"

Dodge Brothers Senior -:- -:- Dodge Brothers Six

De Soto Six -:- -:- Plymouth

Dodge Brothers Trucks, Buses and Motor Coaches

Fargo Trucks and Commercial Cars -:- -:- Chrysler Marine Engines

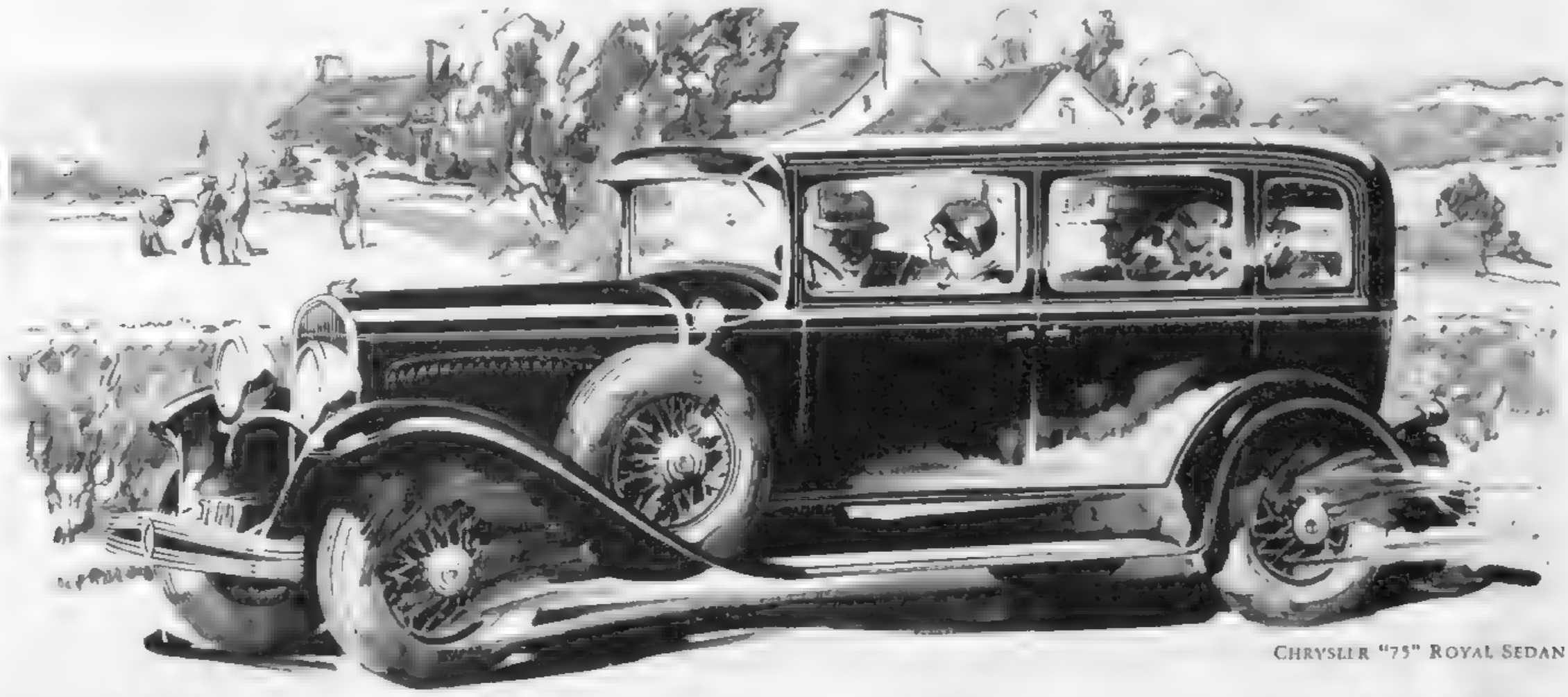
FOR BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE

# STOOD ALONE FIVE YEARS AGO ✣ ✣ STANDS ALONE TODAY

DEC 6 1924

"Chrysler came into a seemingly crowded motor car market and almost immediately swept its way into unprecedented acceptance as a quality product. That which ordinarily takes years to achieve was won almost overnight. ✣ ✣ ✣ Why? Because Chrysler brushed aside outworn traditions in engineering, in design, and in performance. ✣ ✣ ✣ It brought to bear both scientific exactness and artistry. ✣ ✣ ✣ That is why Chrysler has taken the country by storm—why it still stands and will long stand alone—why, if you want what Chrysler gives, Chrysler alone can satisfy you."

—Advertisement, Literary Digest, December 6, 1924



CHRYSLER "75" ROYAL SEDAN

# CHRYSLER'S PLACE IN THE SUN

PRIOR to five years ago there were no Chrysler motor cars. In five years, Chrysler, from a standing start, has overtaken leading cars of three, four and five times its age.

The spectacle of a newcomer so swiftly becoming a leader can bring the logical mind to but one conclusion: There must be something remarkable, something altogether different and superior, in the cars that Chrysler builds.

Hundreds of thousands of motorists the world over today acclaim Chrysler leadership in performance, beauty, safety and value.

There is, in Chrysler performance, a thrilling sense of endless power, a swift eagerness of life and spirit, a feeling of perfect balance and safety that cannot be experienced except in a Chrysler.

Artistic freshness and modern charm in Chrysler design distinguish Chrysler in any company.

There is a smoothness in Chrysler comfort quite without counterpart in present-day motoring.

Drive a Chrysler car today and realize, why Chrysler has won so glittering a place in the sun—and why Chrysler goes on and on to ever-increasing popularity and prestige.

# C H R Y S L E R

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT

# Watch This Column

## Universal's Weekly Chat

{ "Send for copy of our pamphlet describing some of Universal's biggest pictures . . . It is free" }

**THE spirit of the campus enters your blood with a rush, coupled with laughter, mental cheers and exhilaration in Universal's production of "*College Love.*" Listening to the surprising sound effects, the songs and chatter of the youngsters in the cast, you can't help living the scenes yourselves, and you'll thrill at the contest on the gridiron and the love rivalry between the football heroes. I am awfully proud of this picture. I want everybody to see it.** —*C.L.*

The plot of "*College Love*" is human and has the natural flash of the average American College. Two student football idols in love with the same girl - which leads to intense complications in the big game of the year. You'll hear the roar of the crowd, the yells of the cheer leaders, the singing of the students and everything. The cast is the same as in Carl Laemmle Jr's "*The Collegians*"—GEORGE LEWIS, EDDIE PHILLIPS, DOROTHY GULLIVER, CHURCHILL ROSS and HAYDEN STEVENSON.

*Joseph Schildkraut, the Rascal of "Show Boat"*

*Merna Kennedy in "Broadway"*

All over this country Universal's "*Show Boat*" is establishing new attendance records. Strange to say, although purely an American topic, it has created a sensation in Europe, particularly in England. And another of our outstanding talking pictures, "*Broadway*," indicates even at this early hour that it will share honors with "*Show Boat.*"

EDDIE LEONARD, whose name and fame are known wherever a theatre rears its head, will shortly appear in a Universal talking picture, "*Melody Lane.*" Watch for it.

*Dorothy Gulliver in "College Love"*

**Please write and tell me what you think of the Universal pictures you have seen recently. By writing these letters and helping me, you help to build your own entertainment.**

*Carl Laemmle,*
*President*

**UNIVERSAL PICTURES**
"The Home of the Good Film"
730 Fifth Ave., New York City


(Continued from Page 40)

1930, to 18,000 in 1931, to 25,000 in 1932, 35,000 in 1933 and 50,000 in 1934. They say that would be a fair minimum figure.

The enthusiasts and the conservatives have probably gone to opposite extremes. If, as the aviation people tell us, flying is becoming really popular, one may expect a grand spurt in private ownership of planes during the next two or three years; in which event sales will multiply with the same astonishing rapidity as those in the motor-car industry at one stage. We often forget that when ten or twelve persons in every community acquire something, the total throughout the country is tremendous.

It seems only logical to strike an average between the two extreme estimates—150,000 and 50,000—and that would place about 100,000 airplanes in operation here in 1934.

Now if the reader still has a mind for comparative figures, let him reflect that there are about 20,000,000 motor cars in the country. He can secure a picture of flying in five years by counting one plane to every 200 cars.

### *Joy Riders of the Air*

"We are beginning to shudder when we think of that many machines flying about overhead," said one of the veterans in aviation. "An airplane can be more of a pest than 200 cars. It makes too much noise. It is going to create many very serious problems. What right has a machine over another's property? And how can a property owner protect himself?"

Obviously there is no mechanical means of confining a flying machine to certain definite airways. The motor car must remain on the highway. One can set his house far back from the road and avoid the traffic disturbance, no matter how many cars pass in a day or night. But the pilot of an airplane can, if he takes the notion, go anywhere. He can fly high or he can fly low, and he can always have a ready excuse for violating almost any kind of law or borough ordinance, if and when he is caught in the violation.

Many different devices have been made to silence the motor exhaust, and several types have been more or less successful in reducing the sound of the engine. But the most penetrating and obnoxious noise is that of the metal propeller, and so far as known, no progress has been made in putting a quietus on it. The best they can do is to protect the passenger of the plane. The people on the surface are left defenseless.

Rules and regulations calculated to keep an airplane at certain heights over residential sections have been common in most cities for years. A pilot can be fined and his Federal license revoked if he is caught violating certain laws. But with the popularity of aircraft and the increasing numbers of machines, who is to keep a close check? Who will be able to identify a machine zooming about rather playfully and recklessly as it brings in a load of flaming youth long after midnight? And after all, cannot the pilot explain that he had lost his way, his route, his radio guide post or whatever it is that he must have to steer him into his home port?

Some of the wiser heads are even now beginning to think about stratification of the airways, maintaining the machines at certain heights, southbound traffic at 3000 feet, eastbound at 4000, and so on; with a fixed height for the big air liners, another for the fast express planes, and generally a completely charted field throughout that third dimension which is the air.

The pilots themselves will be most anxious to abide by such regulations when they can, for they will not want to risk a collision, and they will run grave risks of colliding in darkness or fog. A surprising amount of mist can drift across the path of a plane flying at night, not to mention cloud banks and occasional electric or sleet storms.

The best that the pilot can do is to follow the rules and consult his instruments. For some time the majority of machines in the air at night will be those flying in air transport or aerial service. And they will be in the hands of competent men. But that is no indication that the private owner will not eventually be taking to the air at night.

The history of the motor car will be repeated in a different element; for while the motorist at first had a very slow car and was a very cautious driver, he became expert with experience and no longer was content with his little puddle jumper; he wanted a big fast car. With the prosperity of the country spinning merrily along at its present rate of progress hundreds of thousands of persons soon will be in the big-plane class.

They will speed through space at well over two miles a minute, seeking favoring winds to lend them more speed at no matter what heights the rule book says they shall fly.

And again, no traffic officer can keep a plane up in the air when its pilot is seeking a landing. He can come in low from any direction. He can even drop things overboard without much risk of detection. He can strike a house or knock over a tall chimney, and unless he or his estate has the necessary funds, the owner will probably have to stand the damage.

The motorist in some states now has to provide himself with various kinds of insurance before he can lawfully go out and begin killing people or tearing up their property. The aeronautical crowd would like to see the same kind of supervision exercised in the air, but as yet they have not been able to get it, for the simple reason that the insurance companies and the underwriters have no liking for the risk involved. As a rule, the man who flies his own plane cannot get any sort of insurance unless he is a veteran pilot with more than 200 hours in the air. At that, the insurance premiums are too high for comfort.

Here we find the old story of the motor car once more. The men who built cars in the early days assert that the handicaps placed against owner's and driver's insurance by the companies and underwriters retarded the development of motoring more than anything else, with the possible exception of poor roads. For years only a rich man could afford to insure himself and his machine against personal and property damage.

### *In With Both Feet*

The various bodies of underwriters, associations and companies, having built up a business in marine, fire and accident insurance, now have jumped into aviation with both feet. They have jumped and they have remained where they first landed, for they have discovered that flying involves numerous elements never before encountered in any other form of transportation. As they sit down to work with their statisticians in an effort to establish codes by which they may control the various phases of flying, they are finding themselves at odds with a little group of serious thinkers, members of the industry deeply interested in seeing to it that the insurance people do not handicap flying as they did motoring. If the industry is strong enough the different premiums are to be reduced first off, then some means will be determined for guaranteeing protection to the property owners on the surface. It may develop into a form of public insurance, group coverage or even war risk.

As conditions are today, a man can take his family out in a plane and they can cast overboard lunch boxes, milk bottles and anything else, including a set of pliers. Unless they go home and tell about it, there is no way of detection. But there is slight chance of aerial picnickers pulling up flower beds and shrubbery, for they must land in places which without question will be policed.

Another problem pestering the enthusiasts in aviation concerns aerial law. For more than two years we have had a Federal system of regulation and inspection of planes, examination and licensing of both planes and pilots. But that applies only to machines and pilots flying from one state to another. The Government has not been able to do anything about flying when confined within state limits.

The states one after another have attacked that problem, with varying results. Recognizing the need for supervision, and at the same time having a new kind of vehicle to regulate, with the art of flying a rather technical science little understood by the lawmakers, the state legislative bodies have passed many confusing laws.

One thing is legal in a certain state and illegal in another. Some laws do not grant reciprocal rights to machines flying in from other states. Other nice and verbose pieces of legal literature have a great deal to say about the rights of the property owner, liability for property damage, and so on. All in all, a man and his flying machine are taking more than one chance of encountering trouble every time that they enter another state.

Now the Bureau of Aeronautics in the Department of Commerce, which supervises interstate flying, has gone into the matter and found that just as the state constitutions vary in the respective commonwealths so must any legislation affecting air traffic or property damage. The laws must conform to the basic laws in the individual states.

### *As You Gaze Into the Crystal*

For months a committee of the American Bar Association has been working with the National Conference of Commissioners on Uniform State Laws, drafting a plan whereby state air law can be made uniform. This proposed law will be submitted to the Bar Association at Memphis, Tennessee, next October. It provides, among other things, for the state to set up effective machinery controlling all flying within that state. It permits a pilot holding a Federal license to fly anywhere, and it leaves a number of minor questions to the individual states, which they can work out in accord with their own constitutions, as they have done with motoring.

Still the great number of agencies which are busily fostering the development of flying are not waiting for every problem to be solved before the public begins to take the air. They are satisfied with having set in motion the machinery which may or may not turn out the proper and beneficent kind of legislation desired. They confidently expect that the inventive genius of the present era will overcome all the disagreeable features which now exist in aviation. They are more than cheerful when they think of the immediate future, for they believe that aviation has passed through its most bitter period.

The majority of sane persons who pause to think about the extent to which flying will change transit conditions in the next five years, or ten, as you please, can see armored planes flying over the routes and warding off some species of aerial bandit which may develop. They can see the railroad stations and the motorbus terminals thronged with passengers rushing to catch the outgoing planes about to depart for all points of the compass; yet they can still see the motor car holding its own as the most important vehicle in the daily life of the people.

But they have an idea that there will be thousands of private flying machines bobbing here and there over the countryside in that time, the occupants listening to the radio and warning the pilot from the back seat that there is a fly cop trying to get his number, if only because his tail light is out. But there is not much chance that he will have to draw up alongside a cloud bank and take a bawling out from the guardians of the sky. Not for many, many years to come.

Editor's Note—This is the second of two articles by Mr. Mingos.

# Hot Weather Breakfasts

*and how children may now have the necessary nourishment of this delicious cereal—easily prepared these hot days*

## ...Now Cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes

CHILDREN who grow like weeds—who play hard and study hard—the "Tom Sawyers" and "Becky Thatchers" of today—feed them, in the light of modern scientific principles.

Dieticians will tell you that a child's breakfast is his most important meal. Coming after the long night's fast, when the system has been depleted by the rebuilding of bone and sinew—a *well balanced breakfast* is vitally important.

Here is a food that tempts children by its rich deliciousness. A food that stands by them through the morning hours till lunch time. A food that contains the *balanced* food elements that breakfast should have.

*Cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes*

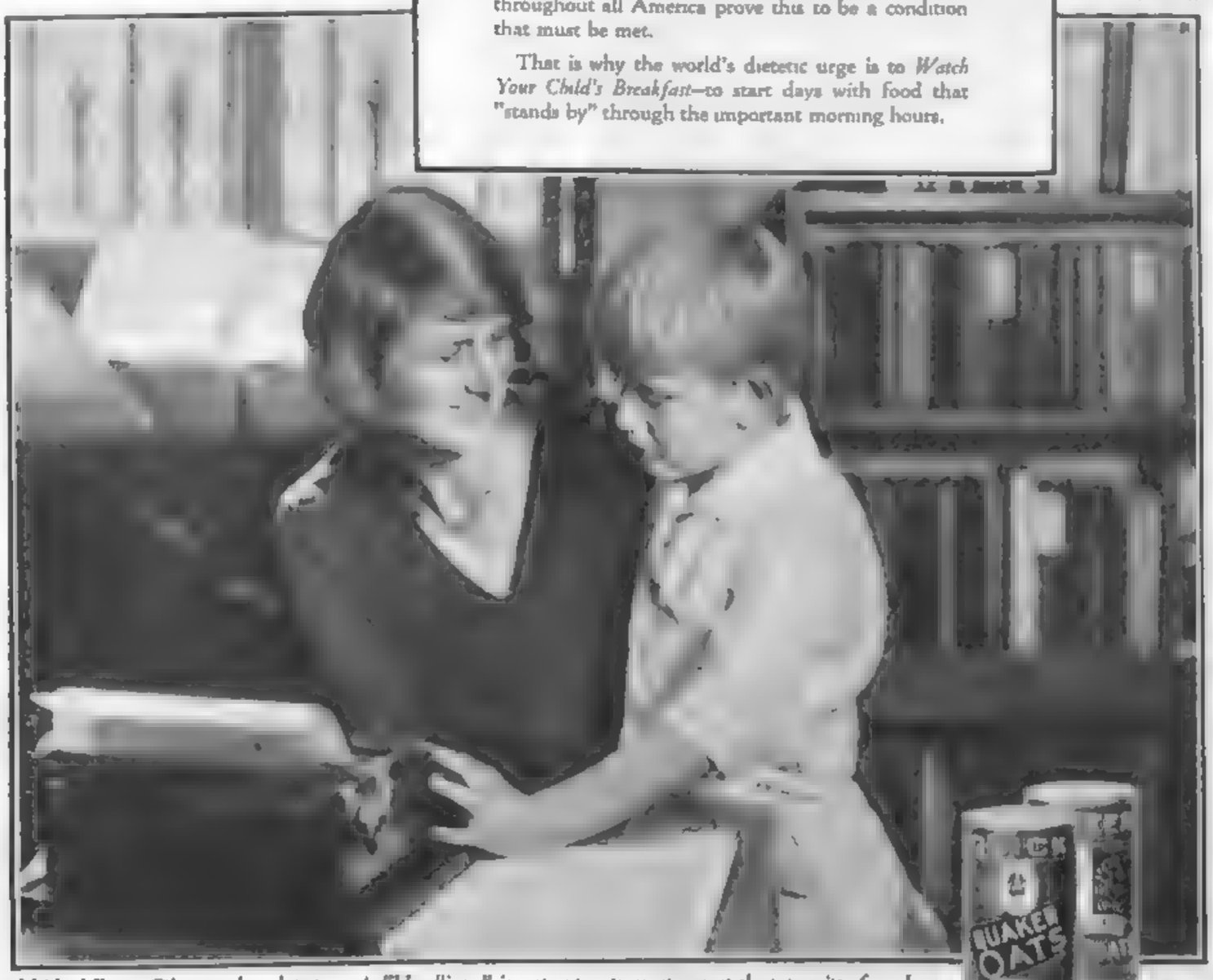
It is Quick Quaker Oats with all the energy value, the rich flavorsome nutrition of the Quaker Oats you have always known. Yet it cooks done in 2½ to 5 minutes. That's quicker than eggs or coffee—as quick as making toast.

*A "right" breakfast of Quick Quaker is the choice of Leonard Pearl, Frank Milhouse, and Charles Dwyer, who are learning a new trick in knot tying from Skipper Jack Holbrook.*

### *70% of the Day's School Work Crowded Into 4 Morning Hours!*

That an average of 70% of the day's school work is crowded into four short morning hours is an unknown fact to most parents—but strikingly well known among educators. Investigations in schools throughout all America prove this to be a condition that must be met.

That is why the world's dietetic urge is to *Watch Your Child's Breakfast*—to start days with food that "stands by" through the important morning hours.




*Mildred Evans Gilman, whose latest novel, "Headlines," is just out, gets assistance at the typewriter from her young son Jimmy. Both Jimmy and his mother enjoy the appetizing advantages of a Quaker Oats breakfast.*

Quick Quaker contains 16% protein—the "stamina element" in food that builds muscle and makes good the wear-and-tear on the human machinery. It acts as a "factor of safety" against disease.

*An abundance of protein*

Quaker Oats provides 50% more of this element than wheat, 60% more than wheat flour, over twice as much as rice; 100% more than cornmeal.

Besides its rich protein element, Quaker Oats is rich in minerals and abundant in Vitamin B. 65% is carbohydrate. It retains, too, the roughage to lessen the need for laxatives.

The oat is the best balanced cereal that grows. It is richer in food's tremendously important growth element than any other cereal known.

Served hot and savory each morning, Quick Quaker supplies the most delicious of all breakfasts—a creamy, nourishing richness that no other cereal known can boast. It makes the *richest* breakfast now the *quickest*, too.

***Quick Quaker—the world's fastest hot breakfast***

Grocers have 2 kinds of Quaker Oats, that which you have always known and Quick Quaker, which cooks in 2½ to 5 minutes.

The makers of Quaker Oats also make Mother's Oats and Quick Mother's Oats, which you may have been accustomed to buying. They use the same care in selection, the same high standards of milling, that have made the name Quaker a household word.

THE QUAKER OATS COMPANY

# BACK FROM UTOPIA

(Continued from Page 19)

sure, one ought to support every strike and go to protest meetings and take part in demonstrations. But to bring about the collapse of bourgeois capitalism in America much more was needed. Roderic had no inclination to literature—he wrote with difficulty—and did not want to see all the bright new ideas in the world clapped into books. It made life unreal. He began to feel that after putting everything into books, people were beginning to take everything out of books; to live by words, not by actuality. The beauty and the gayety and the earnestness of life were slipping away, while stupid conventional men and women seemed to enjoy life on an entirely different scale.

It seemed to him sometimes that, behind the flaming announcements of an ideal world, even the most violent of radicals were hankering for the fleshpots. Once he went to an art gallery where the work of a new painter was being shown. It was painting such as had never before been done in America. The subjects were American cities, and in trying to render their movement and excitement, the artist had stepped out of the art of painting entirely and stuck on his canvas miniatures, in steel and copper and plaster, of everything from skyscrapers to electric lights. The man could paint, and Roderic assumed that he had foreseen his fate when he turned his back on pretty landscapes and Sargent portraits, in order to express his vision of life. He was standing admiring one of the paintings when he caught sight of the artist, and a moment later heard him say:

"Closing in three days, and what do you think the total sale has been? Three hundred dollars! Not enough to pay for the rent and frames. Good Lord, don't you think I'd like to go to the Ritz for dinner, too, and have some decent clothes and go to the opera? Eight months of the year I live in that shack of mine, and when I come down to New York I eat at a wop table d'hôte. That's what it means to be an artist in America."

Roderic, who thought that the Ritz and the opera were terribly bourgeois, bought a small picture for fifty dollars and hastily left the exhibition. He had always thought that even if the political radicals had rather limited views, the artists would provide a superior race.

The solitary social tradition of the Village in those days was not to eat dinner on Thursday night, because that was the night when Mabel Dodge opened her salon and, at the same time, her dining room. Lavish in everything except speech at these gatherings, she provided for every taste and every diet: There were several cold roasts and several salads and both Irish and Scotch whisky. And she carried her hospitality to the rare point of making it and herself wholly unostentatious, for the rooms were so arranged that the hungry could enter directly into the dining room without being caught in any whirlpool of important conversation. It was remarkable how many people could get into the apartment, and even more remarkable that more did not try; for there was no system of invitation, so that anyone could come and be exactly as welcome as anyone else.

Mrs. Dodge greeted such guests as came to speak to her, seated on a sofa, surrounded by modern French paintings which excited comment in that year following the sensation of the Nude Descending the Stairs, and were later to excite frantic bids from collectors who missed their chance. On anything new the hostess never missed; she collected moderns, in art and in personalities, as religiously as other people collected antiques. She created nothing—not even a definite atmosphere—but she was an excellent agent for bringing other people in contact with one another, and either she had an instinct for good things or encouraged so many that a proportion turned out well. Comparing her judgments, ten years later, with those of the average art critic, would have proved her ten times right, or at least ten times ahead of the parade, to the critic's one.

The lights were bright in her salon, the chairs and sofas comfortable, the rooms were spacious, and there was a general assumption of good behavior. The hostess required nothing of this, but automatically people brushed their clothes and put on their natural good manners and talked a little more brilliantly than usual—or at least a little more.

The newcomers in the Village met old-timers, even those old radicals who had become successful muck-rakers in the previous decade and now commanded great sums from magazines; young men from the dying New York Press and the ever-bright Evening Sun, critics with their names signed to their pieces in the paper; more solid men, who were going to advise some of Wilson's advisers, since a liberal government had come to America; some of the more mellow of the philosophical anarchists—the headquarters group generally stayed away, suspecting germs of bourgeois comfort—and, of course, poets and painters and musicians and talkers.

Carl Van Vechten was there, not yet famous, but appearing odd and interesting by being a perfect negative. He did not eat or drink or talk or answer questions unless he was forced, and then always with some evasion which made him mysterious and important.

Outsiders had the impression that the Dodge evenings were a collection of freaks. Roderic found them perfectly normal people. Had he written an account, it would have lacked all the picturesque detail, because he was too familiar with odd haircuts and strange clothes and queer ideas ever to find them exotic.

None the less, he made some distinction between people. Lee Simonson was back from Europe with enormous data about the German stage—cycloramas, lighting systems, and the like—all of which he was to turn to good account in his luxuriant and harmonious work for the Theater Guild; he was aggressive, certain of his material, and knew what he wanted to do. Walter Lippmann came in—seemed to be dragged in, he was so reluctant and grave, and so visibly unimpressed by the zoo. The common saying was that Lippmann had "no emotion"; he was supposed to be pure intellect without feeling. The reason was perfectly clear. Even when he spoke impulsively, which was a rare occurrence, Lippmann gave the impression of deliberating; and in a group where to feel was instantly to speak or to act, this gave the impression of canniness, or even of hypocrisy.

Lippmann was transparently honest; even when he stopped being a socialist—and was called renegade—no one imagined that he had been bought out. So the only other explanation for a man who had the odd habit of checking his emotions by his reason was to say that his emotions didn't exist. He was always calm, listened carefully to people who thought that the Royalist Party in France ought to combine with the syndicalists and overthrow the republic, or to those who imagined that any group of inexperienced men could lay hands on the delicate network of production and distribution without destroying it; never committed himself, was willing to look a little portentous provided he got what he was after. And he got it. From a distance Roderic followed his later career—on The New Republic, one of the chiefs of American propaganda during the war, an adviser to the Peace Commission; then, after a period of lying fallow, emergence as the chief editorial writer of The New York World. It was characteristic of him that in an emotional society he was reasonable and in a profession which was playing more and more on personalities he remained anonymous and tremendously impressive.

On the other hand, there were mental wanderers at Mabel's soirées. One of them was moved to deliver a long lecture on Neo-Puritan morality, in which he proved that the Puritans were all wrong because they attached so much importance to morals, and that the radicals were all right because they were actually more moral than the Puritans. He also said that the philosopher Kant "had got a foothold in the infinite"—which gave Roderic the picture of an old man hanging by one foot from a tree which wasn't there. While lectures like this were going on in the salon, louder and more urgent declamations proceeded from the dining room, where brief announcements of vast upheavals were periodically made as the various excellent bottles were emptied. Here were heard echoes of the dark and ill-fated Donald Evans' creations of the new poetry and detailed statements of the tainted source of all American fortunes, and the first murmurs of psychoanalysis and One Big Union, and a ritualistic group of numbers which stood for Stieglitz, the new photography, and a religion of the soul of America expressed in beauty.

One night the back room was deserted because something of pressing importance was going on in the salon. The crowds had grown, and it seemed to some of the earlier attendants that the harmony of the evenings had vanished. People dispersed into small groups and quarreled; there was no real communication of ideas. The question then was, whether to keep the salon open or to restrict it to those who were invited—not necessarily the same group every Thursday, of course.

The discussion was marked by decisive protestations in favor of exclusion by the very people most certain to be shut out, and by generous moves toward the open door by those who would in any case be sure to come. In the end, everyone was convinced that to be effective—no one said effective for what—exclusion was the better policy; and everyone voted for universal freedom of entrance. Roderic never went again.

He was discontented. His energies were being dissipated, and it seemed that the radical mode of life—perhaps because it had to fight so for its existence—caused as many disappointments, produced as much dreariness and boredom as any other. If any other life had been reasonable he would have turned to it, but the alternative to radicalism was the self-convicted failure of bourgeois life, which Roderic could not abide. He clung to his beliefs and looked only for a new way to put them into action. And precisely at the moment of his gravest doubts he walked into the back room of the Liberal Club and saw a huge man with one eye who sat alone and said nothing, and looked like the emperor of the world.

It was Bill Haywood. Roderic's mind slipped back to his childhood in Templeton; he remembered Clarence Darrow's defense of Haywood in the Idaho trial, and how, hearing the news downtown, he had used a pay station for the first time in his life to call up his father and cry out "Haywood is free!"

Haywood lacked entirely the easy flow of patter which distinguished the anarchists of New York; he seemed to have no theories, and the few words he did say led always to a single object. It was direct action. Like a gust of wind blowing scraps of paper off an untidy table, these two words swept through Roderic's mind. He knew all about Georges Sorel and syndicalism and the theory of violence, but here was a man who seemed almost unconscious of theories and had caught the essential thing—which was to act. The anarchists in the group claimed him as their own, although Big Bill seemed contemptuous of all the babbling about freedom. All he wanted was the triumph of the working class—and not the whole working class, at that, but of the least expert, the untrained—the loggers and shovelers the people whom the American Federation of Labor had failed to organize. One Big Union sounded as clear and loud in Roderic's ears as Single Tax; it always seemed to him that if a thing was one, if it supplied a single cure for every ill, it was bound to be right. He threw over socialism and began to work for the general strike.

Strangely enough, a man who was also throwing over socialism, but going in the opposite direction, supplied him with a clew for his own activities. Walter Lippmann remarked one day that direct action without direct thinking was likely to be disastrous. Roderic suspected this as being a conservative remark, but took it to heart and decided that he would be the thinker for the I. W. W.

It was, in fact, easier to sit at home and study pamphlets than to go to a lumber camp in Washington as an organizer; and Roderic's voice and Harvard accent were never quite convincing when he sang Hallelujah, I'm a Bum. At times he did fieldwork, boring from within by making speeches at gatherings of Socialists or trying to animate the sluggish labor-union locals.

Haywood was unaware of his new ally, but Roderic was convinced that he could do for Haywood what Sorel had done for the practical French syndicalists—work out the application of the theory of the general strike and draw up the blue prints of the new systems of production and distribution which would follow. Direct action was the heaven-sent answer to his doubts. All he needed was to work out the relation of all the other parts of radicalism.

It was spring in 1914. In preparation for his work Roderic drew up a sort of summary of the radical attitude. He left out his personal beliefs and put down only what was accepted in the consensus of opinion. Thus, all thinking men and women agreed:

"That political liberty in America is a sham behind which lies the reality of economic slavery."

"That all forms of patriotism are ignoble and are kept alive by international capital."

"That all religions are false."

"That all private property is the result of some form of theft."

"That marriage is the worst possible form for the relation between the sexes."

"That the whole political, economic and social system of the so-called civilized nations of the world must be overthrown."

"That all profit belongs to the worker alone."

The war swept down on Roderic without giving him a moment to prepare. For years he had been told that the capitalists of Europe were trying to engineer a war, but that the growth of socialism had made it impossible. He foresaw the beginning of the war, the armies facing one another, and then, at the word to fire, the muskets grounded and the soldiers running toward one another with open arms. He was told that this vision was untrue, because things would never get that far and the Socialists in each state would refuse to vote a declaration of war or the necessary credits. Besides, Norman Angell had proved that wars did not pay even the capitalists. Yet it came, and Jaurès was assassinated and the Socialists in France and Germany did nothing.

Deep disgust came over Roderic's spirit, but oddly enough his first resentment was against his college career, which had left him without the faintest knowledge of the forces now in action. He was ashamed of his ignorance, and feeling that he had been misled by his radical friends, he turned to the bourgeois press to see what explanation it could give. In spite of believing that the American press never printed the truth, he

(Continued on Page 50)

# THIS FREEDOM

So much has been said, so much has been written of the circumstances of our nation's birth, that it looms in our minds as some ancient and legendary conflict, a struggle among titans. Washington . . . Franklin . . . Adams . . . these names have an epic quality, a heroic ring. Their courage, their wisdom and tenacity seem more than human. Yet they were men like ourselves, peaceful and self-respecting, devoted and irrevocably dedicated to an exalted ideal of freedom.

This freedom, preserved for us at the cost of untold blood and suffering, is our most precious heritage. The right to come and go as we please, to say what we think, to worship as we desire, is guaranteed by every function of the State. In the common acceptance of the term, we are a free people.

But in an economic sense, from the point of view of lives fully and richly lived, our liberties are expanding day by day. Modern invention, modern manufacturing and merchandising, have won us a wider independence . . . more freedom of time . . . more freedom of action . . . greater freedom from toil, and privation, and care. And in this never-ending process the power of the printed page is strikingly and profoundly demonstrated. . . . For it is only by force of organized public opinion that liberty in any form is won.

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—*wherever*

# pitted against waste *wheels and shafts turn*

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"Timken-Equipped" signifies the difference between waste and conservation, between antiquated and modern—a deciding factor in building and buying mechanical equipment for every purpose—*wherever wheels and shafts turn.*

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Smoke 10 and see . . . It's worth 15¢ to know how good these little cigars are. If your dealer can't supply you, mail 15¢ (stamps or coins) for a package. P. Lorillard Co., Inc., 119 West 40th St., New York, N.Y.

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(Continued from Page 46)

fell a victim to propaganda and somewhat to his surprise found himself an ardent partisan on the side of France. What surprised him even more was that radicals of German affiliations were beginning to talk about Elsass-Lothringen, under which name he hardly recognized Alsace-Lorraine, and that only Russian radicals managed to hate the whole war without taking sides.

Roderic went down to see his father in 1915 and for the first time he was conscious that they were not entirely sympathetic. The elder Temple considered the war an unmitigated calamity, and the crimes of Germany seemed to make no special impression on him. When Roderic spoke of the chances of America's taking part and saving the principles of liberty from the assault of German militarism, Francis Temple put his head in his hands with a gesture of dismay.

"How can you take sides in war which is all evil?" he asked. "Is that what your education has brought you to?" Roderic stammered an unconvincing reply. All the Socialists were taking sides, and all the radicals. Francis Temple said it was the ruin of liberalism in the world.

It seemed to Roderic he was wrong, because in 1916 the liberals of The New Republic were beginning to outline such terms of peace as could come only through an Allied victory and, in the course of the political campaign, the liberal drift to Wilson seemed to carry all the intelligent radicals except those of The Masses, nearer and nearer to accepting war. At the beginning of November, Roderic went to England as private secretary to James ——. It was an unofficial mission, but in reality its reports on the state of mind of liberals abroad eventually came to the knowledge of the President.

In the year that Roderic spent in Europe he became an ardent Wilson man, without losing for a moment his attachment to radical ideals. He made, in fact, the compromise which thousands of liberals were making in America and in Europe, in the sincere belief that the victory for Germany would set back the hands of the clock. He was very much impressed by the drastic militarism of the English Guild Socialists, who heartily hated the war and thought that practically the thing to do was to win it. They had an elaborate scheme for the reconstruction of the whole social system, but they seemed to be willing to postpone operations until the war was won. This seemed intelligent to Roderic and he was rather surprised to hear, after America entered the war, that quite a number of his radical friends had not taken the same view and were suffering in Leavenworth.

There were, of course, a few malcontents in England. Roderic met them and was dismayed to find that they really seemed as pro-German as the jingo press said they were. They said they hated militarism, but they seemed much more conscious of it in England than in Germany and sat gloomily in the gloom of dark offices on foggy London afternoons, drinking strong tea and complaining that the democratic war had ruined democracy. They were all incapable of believing any good of their own country or evil of the enemy. It seemed to Roderic, in his enthusiasm for England, that they were only inverted patriots.

Nevertheless, it shocked him when a patriotic liberal spoke of the Germans as "Huns" and when H. G. Wells said that for years to come the hands of all Germans would be stained with blood. He himself preferred the strict Wilsonian doctrine of the innocence of the German people, which made it so easy to fight the German armies.

He went out to the Front as a guest of the Government and, after a royal entertainment, was allowed to spend a night as a civilian in the front-line trenches of a sector supposedly quiet, staggering through the ghastly swamps around Festubert and reached the moldy front-line trenches. A dim figure stood on the fire step, his cheek on the drum of a machine gun, softly singing Just a Little Love. An excitable lieutenant challenged the guide and, not hearing any reply, drew his gun, and immediately afterward invited Roderic to a spot of rum in his dugout. Roderic felt ill at ease among all these men in khaki, but the soldiers themselves did not resent the appearance of a civilian. They went on through miles of deserted trenches. Here and there the parapets had crumbled and Roderic stood under the glare of Very lights, trying hard to believe that the best thing was to stand perfectly still and that the bullets he heard were already spent. Suddenly a terrific outburst of machine gun and revolver fire broke in front of him. A German raid had anticipated the attack which the English expected to make the next day to win the farther lip of a crater. Roderic was hurried back to battalion headquarters and found that British general headquarters, already informed of the raid, were telephoning madly to discover the fate of the American civilian. At five in the morning the German drumfire began, and Roderic, wakened out of an uneasy sleep, went to the front line again and, feeling too sick at heart even to care what happened to him, got up on the fire step and looked across. The earth was sour and torn and ugly; the balls of tangled wire, the withering trees and the scrofulous crater holes made a foul spectacle. Roderic hated it, and when he came back to London, announced that he was going home to join the Army.

One night just before he sailed, he was on his way to a lecture when suddenly the anti-aircraft guns began to bark, and a few minutes later the air and the earth around him were shattered by German bombs. He was frightened and elated at the same time, shaken by a tremendous sense of the excitement of life. An hour later he was in a little lecture room, listening to the Hon. Bertrand Russell, the great philosopher and mathematician, tell why he had joined the Guild Socialists.

It seemed to Roderic that great men and good men were exhibiting everything trivial in their natures and that only the common and long-suffering man, especially if he was at the Front, was showing any courage or nobility. He was tired of thinking and longed only to get into action.

Just before he left he had the honor of meeting the great prophet of action himself. An American paper, interested in reconstruction after the war, arranged an interview with Lord Northcliffe. Roderic approached his first meeting with a world-famous man, reviving his old hope for illumination, for a single clear word which would set everything right. The world-famous man had forgotten the subject of the interview and brusquely told Roderic so.

Roderic asked, "What do you think will be the most significant change in England after the war?" and Northcliffe answered that football would entirely displace cricket, as cricket had not proved itself worthy behind the lines. Although he felt that he was being made a fool of, Roderic doggedly went on with his questions, but Northcliffe would say nothing about labor or poverty or international affairs, and repeated again and again that Roderic ought to go out and see the armies in the field.

Betrayed by radicals and conservatives alike, Roderic rushed to his local board for immediate induction into the Army, but a doctor discovered a slight heart murmur and delayed him for a month. In that time Roderic discovered unpleasant things about the war in America. The first was the fury of patriots against pacifists. It shocked him after the mild attitude of the British. The second was the fury of pacifists against patriots.

Roderic was at luncheon one day with a friend who knew John Reed, and Reed came to lean on their table and tell them great tales of Russia. He was enchanted with everything that had happened there. Somewhere back of the wavering lines a soviet of soldiers had put on a performance of Hamlet. "It was great," Reed said. "Do you know what they called it? Hamlet, a Study in Danish Imperialism!" The excitement of the war was nothing in comparison with the excitement of the revolution. Conservative people deplored the Bolshevik uprising because it took Russia out of the war; those who knew better saw that the revolution was more important than the war. It was the first full revolution since radicalism had become self-conscious. In France, in 1789, theory had followed success; here success was based on theory. And in spite of their troubles, there was something impudent and bold in the way the soviets talked to the world at large; Russia was the single spot on the face of the world where the war promises of freedom had been made good.

The Russian Revolution colored every radical movement for ten years. The first one with the Kerensky government had made it easier for America to enter the war; the second one, under Lenin, made it hard for liberals to fight for America. Most of the professed pacifists were enthusiastic over the soviet's war against the czarist reaction—that was a holy war and the Great War was not—the liberals who had joined the colors were anxious, hoping that Russia would still return to the field, hoping that Russia would create a democracy, hoping everything that could not happen, and at the same time clasping the revolution to their bosoms.

There were other types of liberals. Many with great names in the Socialist Party had gone completely over to the other side, passing far beyond the generous attitude of the President and condemning Germany and Red Russia as violently as the most violent jingo could ask. Because they had been internationalists, they now became intensely national; because they had hated America and loved Germany, they repented, not in sackcloth and ashes but with banners and patriotic hymns. Roderic was one of them, but he hated them for it. There were other liberals who were very keen on the good peace of the Wilson doctrine, but who lacked the corresponding will to a victorious war. The astounding theory that you could impose a better peace upon Germany without defeating her had been abandoned by the Government, but it was still widely held. Roderic, on the verge of joining the Army, could not understand it.

He went down to see his father. Mr. Temple's fortune had doubled during the war and he was supporting with it every organization and individual opposed to the war. Even the freedom of Russia failed to bring cheer to Francis Temple, who saw the war as a vast calamity from which no good could come. He said little to Roderic, but as the boy was leaving for the troop train, he placed a letter in his hand, and while his fellow recruits were being energetically compelled to sing by a Y. M. C. A. man on the train, Roderic read the following:

I have not, of course, opposed myself to your determination to join the Army. You could have stayed abroad and avoided it, but as you chose to come back to a land where conscription operates, my wishes are not likely to be taken into account. But I think I can ask you to reconsider the spirit in which you are undertaking your service. It is better to go freely than to be compelled, but I wonder whether it is better to go with a confused mind. You may be a better soldier for your Government if you believe that all virtue is on one side; but you will be a better soldier for humanity if you know that humanity has no such divisions and that war is damnable. Go with a light heart, if you can honestly believe that this war will help to prevent others and if, when it is over, you will still have courage to fight against war. I cannot say one word to excuse Germany or to blame the Allies; I blame all alike for allowing us to live in a society which inevitably brings us to this bloody argument. Whatever you do, don't come to love war, and try not to hate humanity too much. I pray for your safe return.

The train had stopped near a factory siding, and Roderic puzzled over the meaning of his father's last injunction to try not to hate humanity too much.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Seldes. The third will appear next week.

# THEY SAY

Yes, they talk about Oldsmobile . . . it's the kind of car that commands interest and discussion . . . good words everywhere, as a result of the good will owners have for this fine car of low price.

They're coming in from Oldsmobile owners in every section of America—thousands of expressions of enthusiastic approval of the Oldsmobile Six—the fine car of low price.

These owners speak from actual experience, without prejudice or partiality. They know this car because they drive it and depend upon it, day after day and mile after mile. They give the plain, uncolored facts about its performance, its stamina, its restful riding comfort, and its thorough satisfaction in daily use.

Read what they have to say—their reasons for buying Oldsmobiles—and the enjoyment they find in owning and driving Oldsmobiles.

This emblem identifies the fine car of low price

One owner writes from Winslow, N. J.—"After a detailed inspection and comparison of specifications of many cars listed at the same, or nearly the same, price, I selected Oldsmobile. Its developed horsepower, lubrication system, piston displacement, and general appearance all influenced my decision."

Another, from Grand Rapids, Mich., says—"I like my Oldsmobile Six because of its sturdy mechanism, because it is peppy and easy to handle, and because of its good, but not 'faddy' lines. I need a good, substantial car in my work, yet one that is economical to run."

From Elmira, N. Y., comes this message—"I decided to buy an Oldsmobile because of its riding and steering qualities, full equipment, value offered for dollars expended—and finally, because it is sold and serviced by a reliable dealer."

A Fairfield, Conn., owner gives these reasons—"The following features won me to Oldsmobile: 1—Pressure lubrication of the main, connecting rod, and camshaft bearings—and of the piston pins through the rifle-drilled connecting rods. 2—Sturdiness of car without being too big to handle. 3—Good grade and design of upholstering. 4—Fair price of car. (I consider the construction equal to the . . . . . which is $200 or $300 more.) 5—Dealer's ability to render me service, being equipped with tools for doing the work correctly. 6—General performance of the car. Power on the hills, acceleration, and riding qualities."

From Creswell, Ore., an owner writes—"I like the speed, comfort and handling ease of my Oldsmobile and the way it stands up under continued use."

And again, from Madison, Kansas—"I consider the long life of Oldsmobile cars and durability under hard driving very important. Also the Fisher Body and easy steering of the car."

From motor-wise Detroit, Mich., comes this—"I have checked specifications of all cars listed in *Motor* and find that Oldsmobile has more desirable features than other cars in the same price class. I particularly like the Fisher Body and the method of engine mounting. I found my previous Oldsmobile altogether satisfactory."

A Trimble, Ohio, owner registers satisfaction—"My previous Oldsmobile was driven 56,000 miles and gave me good service up to the day I traded it in."

An owner from San José, Cal., says—"I like the quiet, smooth running of the motor—its easy riding—the power the engine displays on the hills—the convenience the engine affords for service—the leg room in the Fisher Body."

This Allentown, Pa., owner finds—"Oldsmobile is a great hill-climber. And it is roomy and comfortable, even for a tall person such as myself."

The expressions quoted above have been selected at random from the thousands which have been received. They are typical of the feeling Oldsmobile owners everywhere have for their cars. Check them yourself. Go to Oldsmobile owners in your own community and ask them about their cars. Then visit an Oldsmobile showroom. Study this car in detail. Drive it yourself and compare it with others in its field. And you, too, will understand why owners praise it so wholeheartedly.

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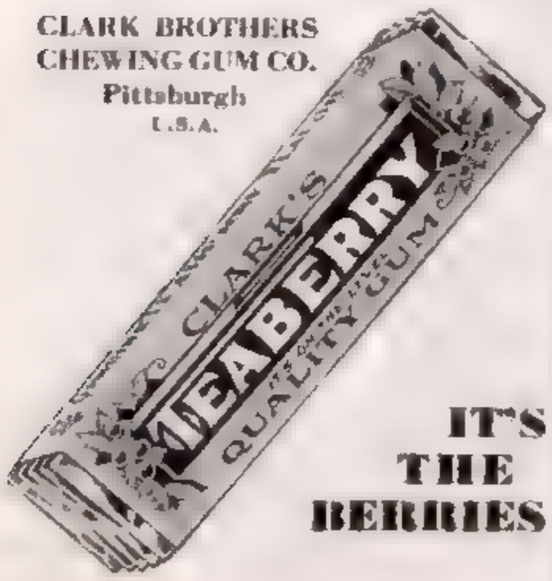


IT'S THE BERRIES

CLARK'S TEABERRY GUM

*. . . a different flavor*


# VILLA LAURIER

(Continued from Page 31)

"Why don't you see her and make her that offer personally?"

"I've thought of that," Brown said. "I'm not afraid of Smith. But I'm not yet sure of myself."

"You mean that if you were to talk to her alone she might break down your resolution? Persuade you to remarry her?"

Brown nodded. "That's it. In some respects I'm pretty soft. You don't know Clytie, or do you?"

"Yes, I do," I said, "and I'm not surprised that you don't dare trust yourself with her. She's got quite a lot besides mere beauty."

Tom filled and lighted his pipe, then looked across at me. "Well, Charles, it looks as if you were elected."

"For what?" I asked sharply, though what he meant was plain enough.

"To act as Brown's agent in this matter. Why look farther afield?"

"It's not real estate," I objected.

"No," Tom assented, "more in the nature of personal. But you like Clytie and she likes you and would be more amenable to you than to a stranger. Mr. Brown is now our client, though he needn't have been, and it's up to us to give him service in any way we can."

"Oh, come now," Brown started to protest, then stopped.

"It's all right, Brown," Tom said easily. "Charles is bound to see it as I do. Anyhow, it's more or less of a piece, because we can guess what Clytie's pretty sure to tell him"

"Not so hard," I admitted. "She will agree to give Smith the gate if Brown gives her the Villa Laurier."

"Gosh." Brown looked dismayed.

"It's a safe bet," Tom said. "But Charles is a persuasive bloke and has a way with women. He might possibly persuade her to accept a decent alimony instead."

"Call it the interest on a million at 5 per cent," Brown said. "All properly secured in trust, but payable only on condition that she sees no more of this wholesale assassin Smith." He gave a faint smile. "She can have any other assassin she may take a fancy to."

"There you are, Charles," Tom said. "Your duty and your orders are plainly set before you. The sooner you start the better. Just sling a gun under your coat and go."

It looked as if there was no help for it. Then, as I was about to agree, there came the whine of brakes outside, and I looked through the window to see Smith stepping out of Clytie's car. The face of the chauffeur looked curiously set and white and in strong contrast to that of Smith. The man's color and expression had been forbidding enough when he had learned of Brown's presence here. But now it struck me as far worse, because of its curiously mottled appearance and the gleam of yellow teeth clenched under his heavy but closely cropped mustache.

Tom, looking through the door, got this sinister aspect of the man as he stepped off the car.

"Stand by, Charles," he said softly. "Somebody told him of your philandering this morning on the beach."

V

SMITH'S big bulk stopped on the doorsill. He was not a fat man, but heavily framed and thickly muscled. He stood there for a moment glowering at us like a fairy-story ogre. His deep-set eyes that bulged a little were congested, and his face had a sort of pallid congestion also. This time his rage seemed to be a white rather than a red one.

Tom said pleasantly, "Come in, Mr. Smith, and sit down. We were just talking about you."

"Oh, were ye? Ain't that funny?" Smith said. "Mental telepathy, maybe. I been thinkin' a whole lot about you too. 'Specially this here fly partner of yours." He glared at me.

"What's the trouble, Mr. Smith?" I asked, and rose. "Sit down and tell us all about it."

"I'll tell you from here," he snarled. "What license you got to butt in on my fiancée there on the beach, and to give her that mutt?"

"So that's what it's all about," I said. "Well, then, I happened to see Mrs. Clytie there while looking for my dog, and found that he'd made friends with her. She seemed to have taken a fancy to him and asked if I would think of selling him. I told her that he wasn't mine to sell, strictly speaking, as I had found him on the road, so I asked her to accept the dog."

"Well, the next time you feel like making my fiancée a present you better consult me first," Smith growled.

"She's not yet that," I retorted, "and you are carrying jealousy too far. In fact, if you weren't in my office I'd say that you were making a fool of yourself."

This tonic speech seemed to quiet Smith's rage instead of further inflaming it. He merely glared. I was still angry enough to add: "Any man might offer to give a woman a fine dog. She didn't have to take him."

"She took him all right," Smith growled, "and then the mutt took me. In the leg. Look here."

He tugged at the hem of his bags, which were loose, and displayed a large triangular rent just above the knee. The white folds of a gauze bandage showed beneath. "I just come from the doctor's. He slapped on some iodine and advised me to get rid of the dog. I'll get rid of him all right. You got a gun?"

"Yes, I've got a gun all right," I told him, "but I'm not lending it to kill my dog."

"He ain't your dog. You just said you don't know whose dog he is. You're responsible f'r what's happened to me and I'm here to see you square it. Right out behind this office."

I stared at him in disbelief. Then, noticing the hard set of his face, I asked: "Where's the dog?"

"Out there in the car. Muzzled and under the chauffeur's legs."

"Tell the chauffeur to bring him in here," I said.

Smith gave me a wary look, then called the chauffeur. "Hey, there, D'meetry! Bring that dog in here! Step lively now!"

The man touched the visor of his cap, slid out of his seat, then said a low word and Brig poured down onto the sidewalk in his fluent, sinuous way. The chauffeur took him by the collar—though I knew this to be a mere gesture—and led the dog into the office. Brig carried himself in a shame-faced fashion that was not cringing but more of embarrassment, I thought. He may have felt himself lacking in loyalty to me for having gone so gladly with people who were strangers to me and whose relations with himself he could not explain.

But at the moment I was more interested in the chauffeur. He was a dark, good-looking man of about thirty-five, with Slavic features that, though pronounced, were not of the muzhik class. I should have said he had some Tartar strains, remotely, as some of the nobility of the Ukraine possess. At this moment his features were set tight as a drumhead, pale, inscrutable, but with a slumbering gleam in his greenish eyes.

As Brig passed close to Smith I saw his lips quiver under the tight muzzle that was too small for him, and the long hackles lifted on his back. But no sound at all came from him. He did not even look at the man who for some reason he had seen fit to attack.

"Let him go," I said to the chauffeur in French. He loosed his hold of the dog's collar and stepped back against the wall, standing at attention like a soldier.

"Why did he bite you, Mr. Smith?" I asked. "He has never bitten any harmless person before."

"Maybe," Smith snapped. "What's a whole lot safer bet is that he ain't ever goin' to bite anybody again."

"This is the finest-trained police dog in France," I said. "A French cop told me that, one day when Brig collared a pickpocket. He seems to understand anything you say to him. He knows too much to go biting people like a fool. I'll bet I can tell you why he bit you."

"Well, shoot," Smith said.

"You were probably rough with the lady—playfully perhaps—before Brig found out who you were."

"What of it? Have I gotta be introduced to a stray pooch to keep from gettin' dog bit?"

"I'll say you have, when he's a trained police dog acting bodyguard. He didn't try to bite you anyhow. If he had, you'd be lying in bed hamstrung. He merely held you and barked the skin a little."

"Well, all this ain't gettin' us nowhere," Smith said harshly. "The mutt grabbed me and I said I was goin' to have him shot, and I'm goin' to have him shot. If you won't do it, then somebody else will. I got the right. The doc told me so." He turned to the chauffeur. "Stick him back in the car, D'meetry."

The chauffeur glanced at me. There was an appealing look in his jade eyes. Then, before I could protest, Brown said in a thin voice:

"You had better not waste any time shooting dogs, Smith. If you are still in this neighborhood after today, you are fairly certain to get shot yourself."

Smith swung round and stared at Brown. He was no more surprised than were Tom and I.

Brown's threat had been direct enough, but it was not impressive because of the voice in which it had been delivered. This was steady enough and without a quaver, but slender and cultured and clear.

The scowl on Smith's face was malevolent but puzzled. "Say, what's struck you, snipe neck? You keep outa this. Maybe you think I don't know who you are?"

"If you didn't," Brown said in the same youthful voice, "you would be apt to die in ignorance. After today I shall kill you on sight."

Smith turned to me and asked in a tone that was almost friendly, "Say, what's this picked-before-ripe baby babblin' about?"

"It makes sense to me," I said. "Mr. Brown seems to be in earnest."

"And that unlicked cub thinks he can get away with it—with me?" Smith asked in genuine amazement. "And over here on the Riveera?"

Brown said, in the same tinkling voice, like water dropping off an icicle into a pan: "That's just the point, Smith. You've got no heelers to bodyguard you here. I may not be much to look at, but I can shoot."

"Oh, can you?" Smith blazed out. "And then what?"

"That would not matter to you," Brown said. "But if you want to know, I'd be tried for what the French call a *crime passionnel*—that means a killing about a woman—and of course I'd be acquitted."

Smith glared malevolently but a trifle less contemptuously. "Oh, is that so? And spose I was to beat you to it, smarty?"

"You wouldn't." Brown's voice now held the contempt. "Try it and see. It wouldn't help you any if you did. You'd get no hand-picked jury over here."

Smith looked appealingly at Tom. "Say, is this little shrimp crazy with the heat?"

"Better not call any more names, Smith," Tom advised. "It's not all about the lady. Mr. Brown has reason to believe that his father met his death through your agency.

(Continued on Page 54)

# GOOD NEWS

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*Genuine Alemite-ing Stations*

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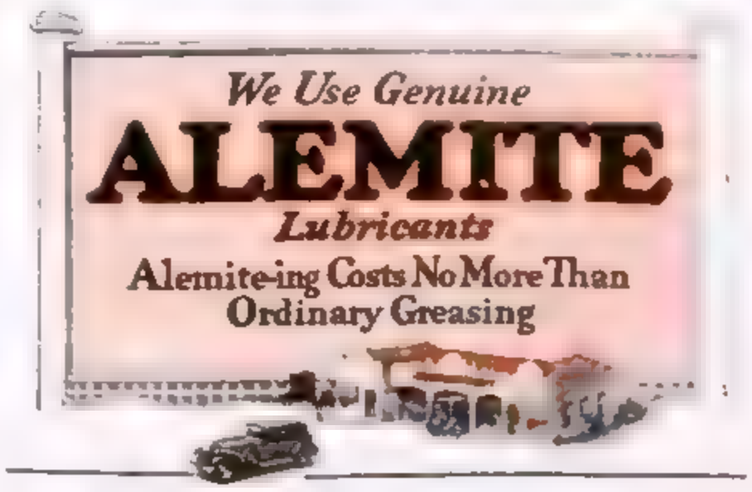

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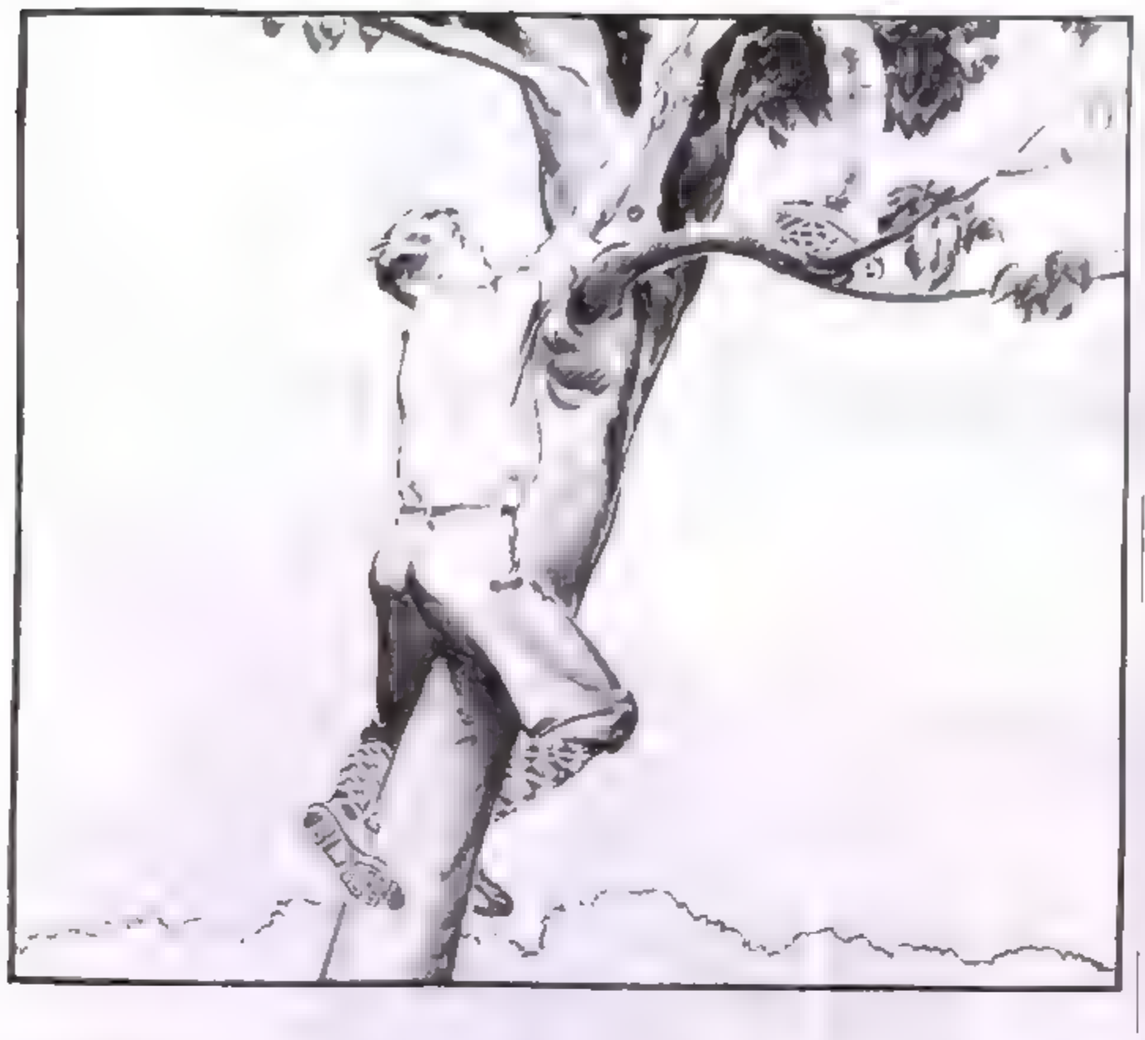

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A smart oxford made with upper of bleached white duck. Also black duck. Comfortable and cool for semi-formal wear. For women and misses.


(Continued from Page 52)

If he could be sure, you would not be living now."

"And," I contributed, "Brown has decided to take a chance."

"Say, ain't there any law in this country?" Smith demanded.

"Yes, that's the trouble for you," Tom said. "You're in the gravy now. The French law makes hired killers hard to find. I don't know where you could find any."

"Those that haven't been kissed under the ear by *la veuve* are shark bait on Devil's Island," I said.

Smith goggled at me. "This crazy kid was never kissed by Laveuve or any other French guy of a general."

"You've got me wrong," I explained. "*La veuve* means 'the widow,' and it's apache slang for the guillotine. I didn't mean that being kissed under both ears by a general and then having a medal pinned on you makes it possible to get away with murder."

Brown said, with a sudden gust of impatience, "I'm telling you that after tomorrow I'll kill you on sight. If you beat me to it, you wouldn't have a chance. They'd put you through on the run, with your police record."

"Oh, is that so?" Smith repeated, but he looked a bit shaken. "Say, if you think I'm the sort of guy to get run out of town by a pretty little collar ad like you ——"

"Then stay here and get it," Brown interrupted, his voice shrill and quivering a little, but not with any indecision. He was evidently keyed up close to the snapping point. "That's all for the present." He went out with a rush.

Smith stared after him. His face looked damp and mottled.

"What was that crack about your record, Mr. Smith?" Tom asked.

"A lot of bull. Nobody's got anything on me." He looked down at Brig. The dog's eyes were fixed on him somberly. "There, I guess I lost my temper and made a fool of myself, like you said. They say every dog's entitled to one bite."

"You take a chance, to lay hands on anybody who's protected by a dog like this," I agreed.

"Well, how'd I know he was protectin' her? All I did, anyhow, was to take her by the arm. I wanted her to take a ride with me. I must have been rougher than I meant, because she let out a little squeal and then the dog nailed me."

Tom said briefly: "We are sorry about all this, Mr. Smith." He took out his pocketbook and drew three bank notes from it. "Here's the retainer you so kindly advanced. We never had a chance to earn it, with Mr. Brown in the field. I hope you understand."

"Sure. That part's all right." Smith took the bills and crammed them into his pocket. Evidently Tom had managed to raise a small loan somewhere. "Well, so long, boys." Smith's supple return to his bluff good nature was amazing. No doubt experience had taught him to trim his sails quickly to a head wind. "Come on, D'meetry. Take the dog back to his missis and tell her it's all right with me." He gave us a nod and walked out as jauntily as if nothing unpleasant had occurred.

The chauffeur stepped over and hooked his fingers in Brig's collar. I asked in French: "Do you think the dog is safe?"

Dimitri looked at me with a dark green glare in his eyes. "He is safer than that pig, monsieur."

I did not know whether this covert threat referred to Smith or to Brown, who had been so plainly in a state of nerves that bordered on hysteria.

"Where is madame?" I asked. "It is very necessary for me to speak to her alone, as soon as possible."

He hesitated for a moment, then said: "She has gone out to the Villa Laurier, m'sieu. In a hired car."

"*Bien*," I said, and he went out, holding Brig by the collar. I walked over and took my hat from the hook.

"Whither away?" Tom asked.

"Villa Laurier," I said. "Clytie's gone out there for some darned reason. The chauffeur just told me so."

"Not so good. It looks as if she meant to gum things up. About our sale to Brown. That kid's in a bad way, Charles. He will do with some watching. Sane sense gone glimmering."

"He's gone out there too," I reminded him. "He said he was on his way when he came in just now."

Tom's frown deepened. "Perhaps I'd better go with you. Then if Smith guesses where Clytie's gone and runs out with Brig and the chauffeur, we'll have the stage all set for tragedy or comedy or farce, as things break. Brown meant business, I think."

"That's how it struck me," I agreed. "You never can tell about these tenderly sheltered lads. Especially with millions back of them."

"He could kill a man with a record like Smith's and get away with it—here or anywhere else," said Tom. "Why not let Nature take its course?"

"Smith might take a chance and beat him to it," I said. "He's got money, too, and it's the survivor that gets the decision in a *crime passionnel*."

"Well, there's something in that," Tom admitted. "Smith was puzzled and a little startled, maybe, but he wasn't scared. Too hard an egg for that. He was thinking fast. He reminds me of a boar. A wild one. Savage but wary, and cunning as you make 'em."

"That's just it," I agreed. "He looks like a *sanglier*." The French word for a wild boar is exact. A blood letter.

"It's all bally confusing," Tom complained. "Now what about this chauffeur, Dimitri? He's the bird you chased last night, and Brig's former master."

"And he and his wife are Clytie's and de Grasse's former maid and chauffeur," I reminded him.

"Well, you tactfully returned Brig to his old pals, then bluffed Smith out of having him shot. I happened to look at Dimitri when you were defending the case so ably, and his eyes were burning green, like a starboard light. That fellow's a *bashi-bazouk* or Janizary or something. But what camp is he in?"

"I don't know whether it's de Grasse's or Clytie's or Brown's," I answered, "but one thing is certain—that it's not Smith's. He'd love the job of bleeding that wild hog of the slaughterhouse jungle. I'd best be on my way."

"Perhaps I'd better hold myself in reserve," Tom said. "One of us ought to be out of jail to get counsel and bondsmen."

I went out and fired up our tin car and hit the road for Grasse. It was impossible to guess why Clytie should have gone to the Villa Laurier. The danger now was that Dimitri might tell Smith that Clytie had gone out there. The chauffeur would not miss a chance, I thought, of getting Clytie rid of Smith, whether through a jealous outbreak or a bullet from Brown. It seemed most likely that the two Russians were devoted to Clytie and very possibly to Brown, hating this coarse interloper and ardently desirous to see him suppressed in any fashion.

At any rate, it appeared to be the perfect moment for executing Brown's commission to get Clytie rid of Smith—if only Smith kept away. She would be doubly sore with him for having laid a rough hand on her, then trying to have Brig shot. Clytie's experience of men must by now have told her that she could not stand this ruffian much longer, no matter how rich and devoted he might be.

Driving fast—for our little car could skip over the road like a rabbit—I reached the Villa Laurier not many minutes after Smith or even Brown could have got there. No car was standing on the road outside. I got down and tried the iron gates and door, and, finding them locked, I was about to ring when I heard the thrum of a high-powered car coming rapidly up the grade.

(Continued on Page 57)

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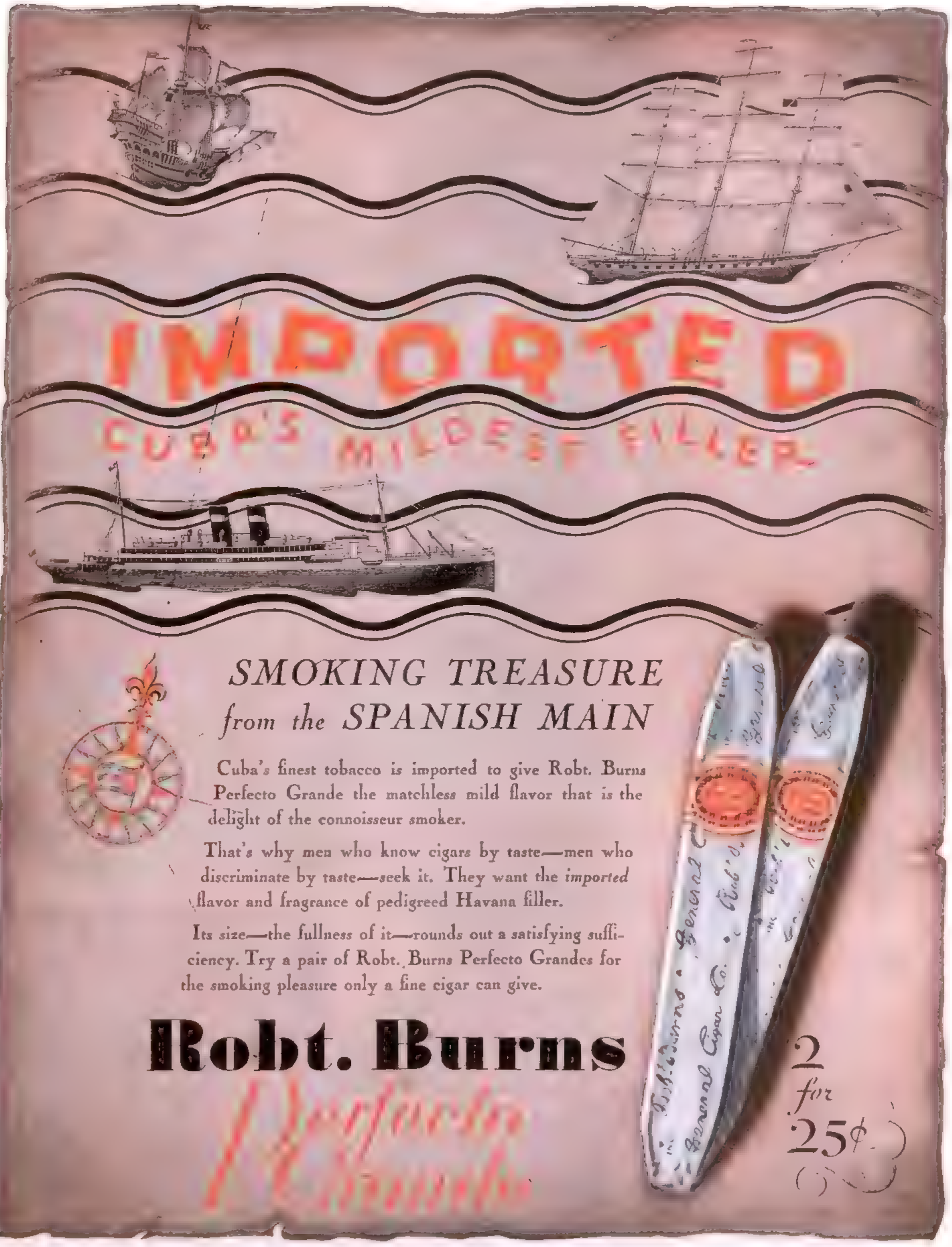


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(Continued from Page 54)

As it swung round the turn I saw that it was Brown.

He rolled past me and turned in a little ahead, just under the steep, sheer rock on top of which was the terrace.

I walked over to him and asked, "Have you seen anything more of Smith?"

"No. You seem to have got out here pretty quick. What was done about the dog?"

"He's reprieved," I said. "I think he's safe enough in Dimitri's care."

Brown nodded. "You might as well know that he was Dimitri's dog before you found him."

"Yes, I'd guessed that," I said. "It was Dimitri and his wife that we were chasing last night. That accounts for Brig's behavior. What do you know about it, Brown?"

"Nothing," he answered. "I'd tell you if I did. A year ago when I got back from Paris I found that Clytie had fired the servants and sent for Dimitri and his wife, who were in Nice. They were here, and the dog with them. He seemed very fond of Clytie, but paid no attention to me. When we left a couple days later, Clytie and I went to Paris by rail and Dimitri and his wife in the car. I don't know how he came to lose his dog."

"Did you see them again?" I asked.

"No. Clytie was in a fearful ragged state of nerves. She seemed to want to get rid of me. I put her in a sanitarium near Geneva and then, as I had got disturbing news about my father's state of health, I took a ship for home, expecting to be gone only a few weeks."

"Did you keep in touch with Clytie?"

"I tried to, but she stopped writing. My cables were undelivered. The lawyers were going ahead with the annulment of our marriage. I was rather ill myself. Clytie never wrote. She didn't seem to care what was done. Avarice was never her trouble. Clytie's not the adventuress type one bit."

"Look here, Brown," I said, "Tom and I want to serve you the best we can, all business interests aside. I'm going to ask you a straight question and it's up to you to give me a straight answer. Just why do you offer to buy the Villa Laurier for three million francs, three times more than it's worth, if you no longer intend to give it to Clytie?"

Brown stared at the road ahead. "I've taken a sudden, strong, friendly interest in the Morans."

"Not good enough," I said. "If your object was to help them in a money jam, you could back his perfume process for a hundred thousand francs. The girls are charming, I'll admit, but I don't think you're in the state of heart and mind to fall in love at first sight."

He gave his thin smile. "Well, that wouldn't be so hard, would it?"

"Not for another man," I admitted. "But scarcely for one still sore and raw from a marriage gone wrong."

"It was all wrong from the start," Brown said.

"Yes, for a quiet chap like yourself," I agreed. "But it is still too soon for the sudden cure. You are not buying this property as a *beau geste*, even if you are rich enough not to notice the cost. So what's the idea?"

He turned and gave me a level look. "I should say that you and Tom have guessed it, Charles."

His friendly, informal use of our names pleased me.

"We have," I said, "but I want to get it straight from you."

"Well, then, I believe that something dreadful happened here during my trip to Paris and that Clytie wants possession of the property so that she can try to obliterate the evidence, whatever that may be."

"Thank you, Brown," I said. "That is precisely our idea. Everything points to Dimitri being involved. I believe that he got rid of the dog to avoid notice that might have led to identification."

"It looks that way," Brown said. "I want to help Clytie. All she's got to do is to tell me just what happened. I'd rather do what is necessary myself than risk having her making a mess of it. She is too emotional for morbid, sinister stuff. She's apt to give her game away."

"Perhaps she has already," I said.

"To Smith?" He gave me an understanding look. "I thought of that just now in your office, when he admitted having got rough with her. That and his determination to have the dog shot. No man living could manhandle Clytie and take a dog she loved to be shot unless he had something pretty bad on her."

"So that," I said, "is why you threatened to kill him."

Brown nodded. "It's rather more than a threat. Look here, Charles, you had better not ask me any more. Let's forget what I've said. No use in making yourself accessory before the fact."

"That's precisely what you are doing in buying the Villa Laurier," I said. "You are not responsible for anything that happened in your absence."

"You know better, Charles," Brown said quietly. "I've heard all about you and Tom, not only over here but at home. We belong to the same class and have the same traditions, though your records are way and above my own. But you know just as well as I do that a man who has been married to a woman is in honor bound to stand by her through thick and thin, no matter what happens or has happened while she is living with him and dependent on him."

"And true to him," I appended.

"Clytie was always that," Brown said. "She broke with me before I sailed."

"But she wanted you to buy her the villa," I objected.

"That was for my sake too. She didn't want me mixed up in what had happened there. Apparently there was no other way to make sure. The family were here the year round, never absent even overnight."

"Yes," I agreed, "and this research work of Moran's made him watchful and suspicious. They had a watchdog. A few days ago somebody poisoned it. What about this Englishman who came here with an offer to buy?"

"That looks as if somebody suspected something and was after evidence for blackmail," Brown said.

I looked him straight in the eyes. "And what," I asked slowly, "do you know about Paul de Grasse?"

His face looked even more strained. "So you know about Paul de Grasse too. I'd hoped nobody suspected anything in that quarter."

"The suspicion is limited to Tom and myself, I'm certain," I assured him, "and I don't need tell you that we are safe. Well, it looks as if the best course is to carry on as we are going. Buy the Villa Laurier and then get the Morans out of here and make Clytie come clean. But meanwhile you must absolutely drop this side scrap with Smith."

"The filthy swine needs killing," Brown said passionately. "Either in a duel, or if he won't fight, anywhere in his tracks."

"No, that won't do, Brown," I said positively. "The duel idea is out of the question. It's not as if you were both French. At the best you would have to clear out and stay out or get locked up. Under close examining Clytie might blow up and spill everything. You would undoubtedly get clear as the young, inexperienced, American millionaire victim of an adventuress. But the French law lands hard on that type."

Brown looked distressed. "I hadn't thought of that. But now that I've told Smith I was out to get him ——"

"He didn't take that seriously," I interrupted. "He put it down to jealous hysteria. We told him, you remember, he'd better lay off you or he'd get a close haircut and make his bow to *la veuve*, or feed the sharks at Cayenne. We made it entirely clear to him that he was far from home and a hand-picked jury."

"What do you think really happened here?" Brown asked.

"Let's not discuss that now. One thing at a time. Let's buy the villa and clean it up. Leave Clytie out of it. I think Dimitri can be induced to tell us where to start."

"Perhaps you're right," Brown said wearily. "But I don't want you two good chaps mixed up in it."

"Don't worry about us. We've seen too much raw stuff to walk into any deadfalls. Our *dossiers* are above reproach and we've even got a decoration or two in a cigar box somewhere."

Brown reached over and gripped my hand as it rested on the rim of the door. I avoided looking at his face, knowing that the poor kid must be on the verge of breaking down, what with all the strain, past and present, he had been under.

"You go for a ride," I advised him. "Lunch somewhere on the road and drop into the office the middle of the afternoon. Why not take one of the girls with you?"

"Would she be let?" he asked, brightening a little.

"Yes—if she neglected to ask papa's permission. He likes you, but his ideas are French. Suppose I ring and try to catch you one. Which would you prefer?"

"I wonder if Jasmin would care to go?"

"Of course she would. I'll go ask her." And then I paused, remembering that Smith might arrive at the gate while I was gone. On the other hand, Clytie was perhaps inside. It was a sort of fox and goose and bag of corn problem. I did not want Smith and Brown to meet out here, nor Brown and Clytie to meet inside, nor Smith to find them there together. But something had to be done, so I rang the big bell.

There came presently the familiar crunch on gravel inside, and Jasmin herself opened the door. This looked like a stroke of luck, the more so as she was not in her working blouse but daintily dressed. Still more fortunately, Brown's car was far enough ahead of mine so that he could not overhear us.

I glanced toward him and stepped inside, drawing Jasmin after me.

"Who is at the house?" I asked.

"Mrs. Brown, or Mademoiselle Clytie, or whatever she calls herself," Jasmin said shortly. "In conference with papa."

"Well, Brown is here in his car, and I don't want them to meet. Smith may be on his way here, and I don't want him and Brown to meet."

"Why not?" Jasmin asked.

"Because they are apt to start shooting at each other with pistols."

"That's none of our affair," Jasmin said coldly. She gave me a malicious look. "But I suppose you don't want Brown killed before he buys the place."

"Precisely," I agreed. "Business has been very dull. I've persuaded him to take a ride, but he doesn't want to go alone. He wants you to go with him."

Her heliotrope eyes brightened. "That would be nice. Did he really ask for me and not for Lili?"

"Honor compels me to speak the truth," I told her. "He asked for you."

"But why me?"

"Seniority, perhaps. You might ask him. He is terribly low in mind and you must try to cheer him."

Jasmin stiffened. "If he is jealous of his Clytie ——"

"He is not," I interrupted. "He merely hates this *salaud* Smith as a successor. The Clytie affair is burned out, as always happens with such." And I could not help adding: "Here may be a rich husband for a girl who wants to live in America."

She gave me a cool, impudent look. "I believe you, Charles. You are an admirable agent, matrimonial as well as for villas. I'll get my hat."

"Never mind the hat," I said impatiently. "You'll pass for an American girl and they don't bother with 'em. Get going before Smith comes and we have a battle."

She riposted quickly: "You had better take care that you don't have one yourself. Your friend Clytie told me that she had a

(Continued on Page 60)

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(Continued from Page 57)

nice talk with you this morning on the beach, and that you had given her a lovely dog. I hope he will be more *fidèle* to her than he was to me. Some dogs are almost human." And with this stinging slap she breezed past me like one of our little Mediterranean brigs under full sail, which full-bowed vessels always reminded me of a pug-nosed girl with a pencil in her mouth. I stood watching the exchange of greetings. Then Jasmin stepped in beside Brown, who started ahead, having at least the decency to turn and salute me.

So there went Jasmin and all her French upbringing with the *aplomb* of an American summer girl who has found a new, rich beau.

It looked to me as if she would keep right on going and travel far. She had shown me that she knew perfectly what she wanted, and likewise proved that she knew how to go about getting it. I wondered if, after all, there might be such a wide chasm, beyond that of circumstance, between herself and Clytie.

This immediate danger of a clash removed, it remained now for me to learn, if possible, what Clytie's errand here might be. If Jasmin knew, she had not seen fit to tell me. I was inclined to believe that at least she had guessed, and that this had something to do with her reception of me. Jasmin had inherited, undoubtedly, a hard streak, whether from her seafaring French or from her likewise seafaring Puritan New England ancestors, for the Moran family had been shipping folk. But I did not believe that the girl would have treated me as she had just done through sheer self-interest or caprice. The facts of my having talked to Clytie on the beach and giving her a dog that had betrayed us both the night before did not seem cause enough for her about-face.

I was now saved the trouble of going to the house by hearing the car that had brought Clytie starting off, and the next moment catching sight of it. I stepped outside the gate and waited. Then, as it moved through the gate, Clytie saw me and told the driver to stop.

"How long are you going to be here, Monsieur Charles?" she asked.

"No longer, madame, now that you are leaving."

"You followed me here?"

"No, not immediately. Dimitri told me you had come out here. I have a pressing message for you, so I came as soon as possible."

"Dimitri!" She seemed astonished, as if Dimitri had been talking in the wrong camp. Clytie looked at my little coupé. "Will you take me somewhere for luncheon, Monsieur Charles?"

"I was about to suggest that," I told her.

She stepped out, then took a bank note from her bag and gave it to the chauffeur. "The change is for you," she said, and had no need to add: "to keep your mouth shut." She did not say that.

I put her into my handy little hack and asked, "Where shall we go?"

"To Gourdon, please. You can get some bread and cheese and a bottle of *vin du pays* at the café, and we'll find a sheltered corner in an olive grove and have a picnic."

"Perfect," I said and started off, not immediately for Gourdon but for the nearest *charcuterie* in Grasse, where I could find caviar and *pâté de foie gras* and pickled artichokes and things. I explained this move to Clytie, who said: "No, I'm fed up on hors d'œuvres. I'd rather have bread and cheese and ripe olives and a bottle of *rosée*." So I compromised.

Jasmin's behavior had made me indifferent to whatever happened. I did not care whether or not we ran into Smith, would rather have welcomed any sort of run-in with the brute, and I felt a sardonic satisfaction to be heading for the high hills with his girl. Clytie herself seemed to be also in a reckless mood, ready for anything, and gay.

"I wasn't a wild-animal trainer for nothing, *mon ami*," Clytie said presently. "Besides, I've finished with this one. He's for sale."

"Really? You mean to chuck him?"

"I have chucked him," Clytie said calmly, "only he hasn't yet heard about it. No man can brutalize me and drag my dog off to be shot, then square himself with a bracelet."

"The dog hasn't been shot and isn't going to be, and Brown has told Smith in his teeth that he meant to kill him on sight and you are to be settled for life with about fifty thousand dollars per annum," I told her. "There are no strings on it except that you drop Smith in the rubbish. That's what I came out here to tell you. Brown loathes Smith. He says you can have any other man you want."

"My—word—" Clytie breathed. "Does Brownie want me back?"

"No, he doesn't, hard as that is to understand," I said. "He wants to keep you clear of Smith and similar thugs in perpetuity. He says you are to consider this settlement as alimony."

Clytie drew a deep breath. "Where is Brownie now?"

"He drove up to the Villa Laurier just as I got there. I persuaded him to lay off Smith, and now he has taken Jasmin Moran for a ride."

"So that's the answer," Clytie laughed. "You are a messenger of good news, Charles. What a perfect way to start on a picnic."

She threw her arm around my neck and kissed me on the cheek bone.

"Look out," I warned, "or our May party may finish in the ditch. Now what were you doing out at the Villa Laurier?"

"You are responsible for that. On the strength of what you told me this morning on the beach, about Moran working at a perfume process that he hopes will make his fortune, but just now hard up for money to carry on, I offered to finance him. My jewels will fetch a lot."

I laughed. "There's an idea. What did he say?"

To my amazement, Clytie answered calmly, "He agreed."

"Wha-at?"

"There was a reason," Clytie said. "Two of them, in fact. Mr. Moran's wife and her brother, Paul de Grasse, inherited the estate jointly. Paul wanted a lot of money for an invention he was working at—a diving apparatus—so he persuaded Moran to buy his equity in the property. Later on Paul needed as much again, and this time Moran advanced it, taking a half interest in the invention and whatever it might earn."

"Scientists," I said, "are apt to be suckers."

"Then," said Clytie calmly, "Paul and I got acquainted and he spent all that money on me." She looked aslant, as if expecting a leading question.

But I merely asked, "Did Moran know that?"

"Not until I told him a little while ago. I put it to him in a business way that got under his guard, because he thinks that he is a business man. I said that since he had financed Paul's invention and Paul had spent a lot of that money on jewels for me, I should like to square Paul as much as possible by taking an interest in his perfume process. Moran balked at first, but I managed to get his consent."

I sighed. "There goes our sale of the Villa Laurier glimmering again."

"Yes, it's hard luck," Clytie agreed.

I asked abruptly, "What's become of Paul de Grasse?"

"Nobody seems to know," Clytie said in a cool, even voice. "When his money was all gone he disappeared."

"What about his diving invention?"

"That disappeared with him. Until this morning I was afraid he had met with an accident or foul play. But Mr. Moran does not think so."

"Why not?" I asked quickly.

"He would not tell me that. At least, he would not give me any particulars. He merely said that he had good reason to believe that his brother-in-law was still alive."

"Curious," I mused. Then returning to a present serious consideration: "Smith's not going to let you go without a fight."

"I never shirked a fight," Clytie said coolly. "No man living can maul me and get away with it. Some day, Charles, you are going to be surprised to learn that I've always been both well behaved and self-respecting."

"That couldn't surprise me. I've felt that you have some good reason of your own for whatever you see fit to do. Including Smith."

"Thanks, *mon cher*. His part is finished. I've a better plan now."

"Are you going to stay here?" I asked.

"Yes."

"Where will you put up?"

She gave her low throaty laugh. "You'd never guess."

"Not under Brown's protection?"

"Oh, dear, no. Even the Riviera has its limits. Besides, it looks as if Brownie's heart was in a fair way to be repaired. Jasmin is lovely. I always felt as if I were Brownie's nurse. He's a dear boy, but such a kid. I tried not to do him any harm."

"I don't think you have, so far," I told her. "He might have had lots of worse matrimonial experiences. You certainly shot square."

"Thanks, *mon ami*. I like you better and better, Charles. In fact, I like you so much that I want to put myself under your own protection."

She pressed my arm and I felt the blood pumping into my face. Here was rather more than I had counted on. Then I thought of Jasmin's cool insouciance, and the fact that she was at that moment careering over Provence with Brown.

"I'll protect you from this swine of a Smith," I said.

Clytie laughed. "Smithy's a good deal of a fraud. A bully, I should say. He fooled me for a while. I thought he was just a big, raw, good-natured parvenu, but this morning he unmasked. I've always fancied strong grown-up men and haven't minded their being rough diamonds. But Smith is low water. Full of flaws." She flung out her arms. "Let's talk of something else this lovely day. I'm so happy, Charles. I feel like a—a pearl diver rising to the surface." She inhaled deeply the warm fragrant air.

The simile struck me. "Because you have reason to believe that de Grasse is still alive?" I asked.

She gave me a quick sidelong look. "Why do you say that?"

"Isn't it the truth?"

"Well, why not? I've never been cold-blooded about my affairs. There's a lot that still puzzles me. I've got to think. You won't mind if I don't talk? My head's in a whirl."

"Rest and relax," I advised. My own head was none too clear. We were on the narrow winding Gourdon road over which I had chased Dimitri and his wife the night before. I wondered if Clytie knew anything about that. She fell silent, but there was nothing aloof about her silence. On the contrary, she pressed against me slightly, so that I was as fully conscious of her as when she had been speaking.

The problem of her consuming desire to buy and to occupy the Villa Laurier began to resolve itself. Clytie had been given reason to believe that this estate held the secret of a crime committed there just before she had been obliged to leave the place. So far, it looked as if our reasoning had been correct.

But now that Moran had assured her of his belief that de Grasse was still alive, Clytie was evidently buoyant with hope. This fact could only mean that she was not herself *particeps criminis*, though she might have been led to believe herself an accessory after the fact, for having withheld her suspicions and rendered aid and protection to the guilty person or persons.

(Continued on Page 62)

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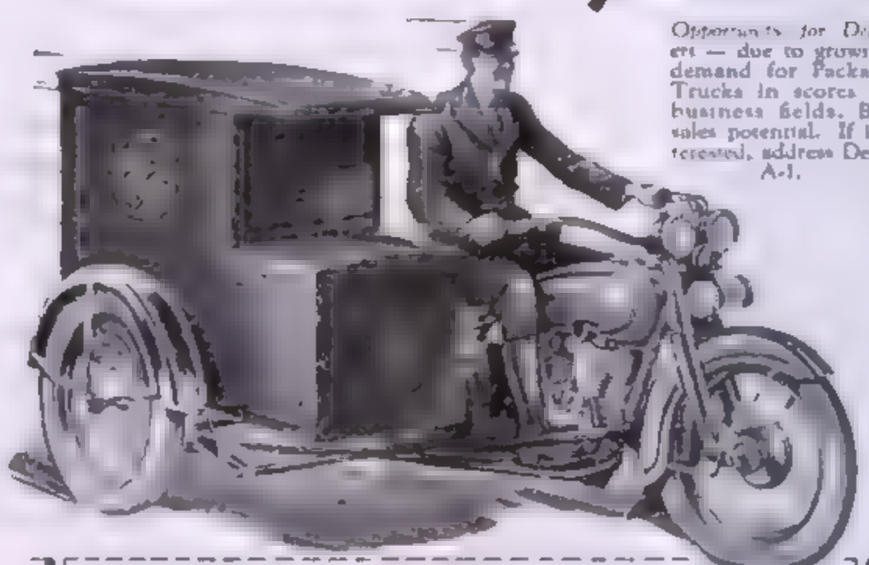

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(Continued from Page 60)

The deduction here was obvious. Clytie had suspected her chauffeur Dimitri of foul play, possibly in what the man considered to be her own interest. And now, after what Moran had said to her, she was strongly in hope that her suspicions had been unfounded.

But I, for my part, could not share in this belief. I was thoroughly convinced that the striking down of Moran, with the presence of Dimitri and his wife in the park and my pursuit of them, with its silly finish, had nothing whatever to do with Moran's perfume process. What could Dimitri know or care about a perfume process? He was after something else, and that looked certainly to be the removal of the evidence of a past crime committed by himself, and of a sort to require considerable time and effort. Also, the man who had been listening under the window while I had been talking to Moran in the salon was undoubtedly the chauffeur.

At any rate it was now a tremendous relief to me to feel assured that Clytie was at least not morally involved in any ugly crime. I could not bear to tell her what I knew, and thus cast her into the depths again. Evidently Moran had given her strong if mistaken assurance that Paul de Grasse was still alive, and now she was trying to puzzle out the problem of why Dimitri should have led her to believe the contrary. One thing was certain, however: Dimitri knew the truth about the business and had not been out there for nothing.

My sympathy for Clytie was growing rapidly. Much contact with the world and people, during and after the war, enabled me to classify her pretty closely, unprejudiced by the bitterness of a man who has suffered at the hands of women or a woman, and at the same time free of the illusions of youth and inexperience.

I had known women of the Clytie sort before. One finds them in all the ports and capitals of the world. I do not mean the keen-witted professional adventuresses or the restless, ill-balanced wanderers, but fascinating, intelligent and often cultured women who seem to be the shuttlecocks of circumstance. Young girls who through the fault of others, even themselves, appear to be struck adrift, straying derelict in vagrant currents, thrown like castaways on some tropic island that may be filled with bounties and privations, fruits delicate and poisonous, lotus growing near the upas tree, kindly beasts and savage ones. In such a struggle for the physical best that seems to offer as opportunity presents itself, the aspects of sheltered civilization become indistinct of outline or completely blurred. Like a lost child the wanderer grasps at what promises to supply her needs. If sufficiently equipped in mind and body she may learn to employ her gifts to her material benefit, to flourish where the incomplete would fail. Clytie impressed me as this sort. She was no vampire or tigress or hyena.

Also, she was by nature gay and optimistic. She roused herself suddenly from her reverie and said: "There, Charles, I didn't invite you on a picnic to mope. It's a crime not to be happy in such a lovely place on such a lovely day."

"Have you solved your problem?" I asked.

"No, but it can wait. Let's find a pretty place to eat our luncheon. After a swim and a sun bath and a fight and an argument and a ride, I'm famished. What about up there?"

We were approaching that part of the road where it runs for a short distance along the flattened top of the high, rocky ridge that flanks Grasse. The hard, clear gale had stopped at about noon, like an electric fan when the current is switched off. It is sometimes like that on the Côte d'Azur—as if the sun, on reaching meridian, cut off the wind automatically. The sky indorsed that name, though it needs the Spanish pronunciation, "athoor," to express its melting softness, a solvent for the bright sun. A high place is no good in a tormenting wind, but when the air is absolutely still the altitude excels all other locations. One's soul rises to the surface. Mountains are great magnetic centers, and emanate energy, spiritual as well as physical.

"Here's our sky salon," I said, and turned off onto a patch of thin, verdant sward laid down like a bright green carpet to the brink of the steep declivity. We got out, walked to the edge and found just beneath it a flat, grassy shelf that was screened from the road by a low ledge. There were a couple of gnarled old wild olive trees, planted unwittingly perhaps by some goatherd who had munched his ration there and dropped the pits in this drift of loam when Napoleon first sailed across from Corsica. In their sun-flecked shade there was a flat rock, on which I spread our luncheon.

Clytie stretched out on the soft turf. "This is divine, Charles. No tiresome waiters or peering tourists or gloating nuisance across the table making boresome plans for the afternoon. Just the sea below, this hilltop and the high mountains beyond." She raised her head, cupping her chin in her hand and smiled at me. "And us."

"All we need now," I agreed, "is a Pan pipe and a few goats and a tidal wave to wash out Smithy." I uncorked the wine, poured out a glass for Clytie and offered it, with a *petit pain* and some *thon à l'huile*.

She began her luncheon with relish. I had provided heart of lettuce and a cold roasted chicken and mayonnaise and cheese and jam. We ate like castaways.

"I should say most people could do with the tidal wave sometime or other," Clytie observed presently.

"Yes, if the washout could discriminate," I agreed. "The Atlanteans had one, but it took the whole works. That's apt to be the way."

She laughed. "What claim for exemption could I make, Charles?"

"Well, why not put in one for loving your neighbor as yourself?"

She choked with laughter. I patted her between the shoulders. She looked at me with streaming eyes, molten golden eyes. "That's a wonderful idea. Write me as one who loves her fellow men. I love you, Charles."

"It's too soon to talk about that," I warned her. "We can't buzz in the sunshine until we get our legs clear of the fly paper. Now is the time to think about that."

"Yes," she agreed, "I suppose a little fly does its deepest thinking on the fly paper. What do you advise to start with?"

"That you check me up on what I suspect. Remember that I'm a real-estate man, not a policeman, so nothing you may say shall be used against you."

"I know. I've learned to recognize my friends. Go ahead."

"Wasn't the dog I gave you formerly Dimitri's?" I asked.

"Not exactly. He was given as a pup to Paul de Grasse. Paul trained him wonderfully. He used to say that Loup was the *beau idéal* of the military idea, because he obeyed orders at any cost."

"So his name is Loup," I said. "Was Loup obedient to Dimitri?"

"Yes, perfectly. When Paul and I quarreled and separated he left me Loup, but the dog was usually with Dimitri. They were the best of friends."

"What did you and Paul quarrel about?" I asked.

"He spent all his money, then refused to let me finance us. He told me none too politely that it was bad enough to be a defaulter, but that he drew the line at becoming a broken one. Naturally, that made me angry."

"Naturally," I agreed. "What did Paul do then?"

"He left me and went back to experimenting with his diving apparatus, somewhere off Belle Isle. He was very secret about it. I suppose he was afraid that

(Continued on Page 65)

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# The Broadway meets The Broadway • •

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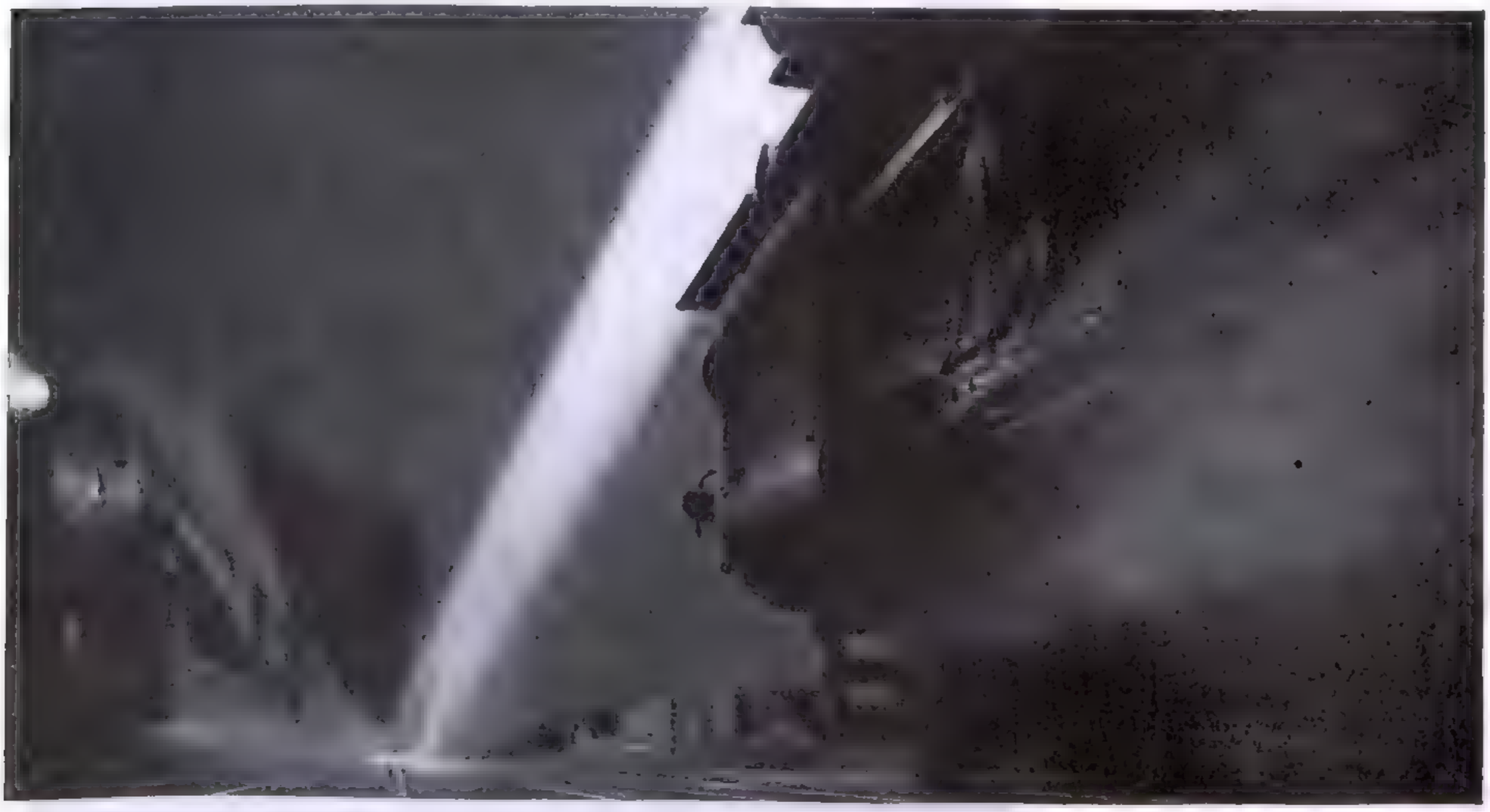

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| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Leave New York | Pennsylvania Station | 1 55 P M |
| | Hudson Terminal | 1 55 P M |
| | North Philadelphia | 5 40 P M |
| Arrive Chicago | Englewood | 8 56 A M |
| | Union Station | 8 55 A M |

EASTWARD DAILY—*Standard Time*

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| Leave Chicago | Union Station | 11 40 A.M |
| | Englewood | 11 57 A.M |
| Arrive North Philadelphia | | 6 54 A M |
| New York: | Hudson Terminal | 9 42 A M |
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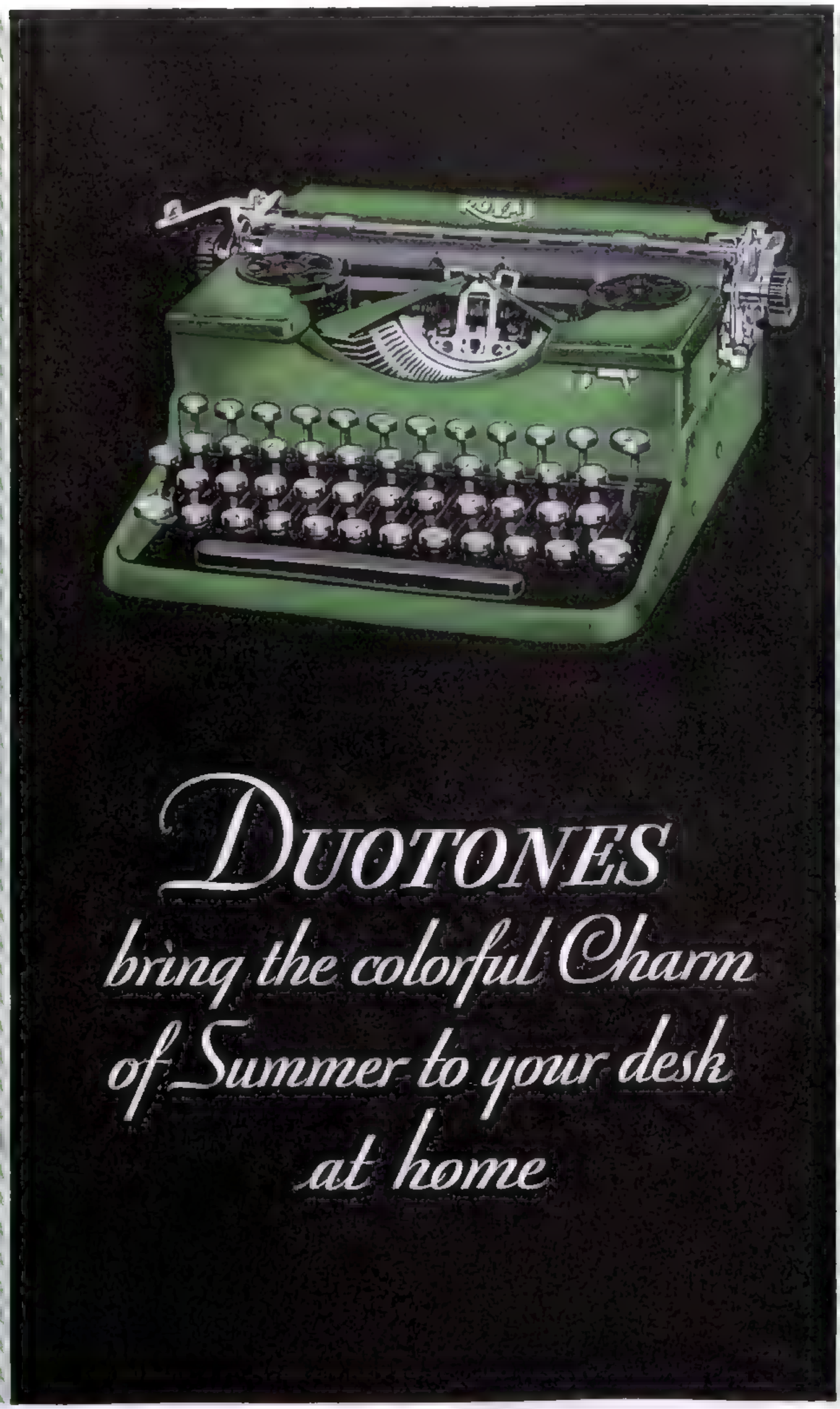



# ROYAL TYPEWRITERS

*Portable*

(Continued from Page 62)

somebody might bribe some of his crew to describe the way it worked."

"Now we are coming to the heart of this questionnaire," I said. "Did de Grasse come to see you at the Villa Laurier when Brown had gone to Paris to visit his aunt?"

Clytie's rich color faded. Her amber eyes darkened as their pupils dilated. She looked like a wild girl caught in a trap.

"Why do you ask that?" Her voice was sharp.

"Because I think he did. That was immediately before he disappeared. I have reason to believe that he went to see you there and you quarreled violently. Then he went out and had a row with Dimitri, and you heard it or were told about it, possibly by Dimitri's wife. Paul disappeared. Either you or Moran got worried about his disappearance and advertised for him in the Nice papers. Nothing came of that, and you began to suspect that Paul had been done in by Dimitri, who looks like a Tartar, anyhow. Dimitri's answers to your questions failed to satisfy you, and gradually you began to suspect him of having killed Paul and hidden his body somewhere in the grounds of the Villa Laurier. That is why you tried so hard to get your lease extended; and as soon as you were able to manage it, to try to buy the place. You were always haunted by the dread that somebody might find the remains of de Grasse."

I paused and looked at Clytie. She was still pale, but appeared to have got herself in hand. She even smiled faintly.

"If it is true that you are not a policeman, Charles, then you should have been. Or a fiction writer. You might have more success as a detective or an author than as a real-estate agent."

"Wait until you've heard the rest," I said. "You hadn't much hope of Brown's being able to buy you the property, because his father was still alive and had put him on a generous but limited allowance, all of which you two had probably spent. Then Mr. Brown, senior, was taken ill and Brown returned to America. You told him that you were going to leave him, but said that you would return if he would buy you the Villa Laurier. He promised to do that if or as soon as he could manage it. Neither of you, especially yourself, expected his father to die so soon. Then you heard something that gave you a bad fright. You decided that you must get possession of the villa at any cost. You met Smith in London at about that time. He was rich and a spender and infatuated over you to the degree where it did not seem likely that he would refuse you anything. You were desperate. All the same, I don't believe you ever had the slightest intention of marrying him. Not for a dozen Villas Laurier."

"*Merci, monsieur,*" Clytie said. "Please continue. This is most amusing"

"And mostly true," I said. "You may even have had reason to fear that somebody suspected something of what had happened at the Villa Laurier and was trying to secure evidence to blackmail you. At any rate, you persuaded Smith, who was crazy about you, to buy the villa at any price. I'll say for him he did his best. And now Brown appears unexpectedly on the scene, to mess things up. At first you thought he meant to give the villa to you if he could buy it. Or at least you hoped for that. But when you suspected that he would do nothing of the sort, it seemed better to you that the estate should remain the property of the Morans. Brown would have started in to overhaul the grounds, and then something might come to light."

Clytie tapped her pink mouth with two fingers, covering a yawn. She was quite self-possessed again.

"Have you nearly finished, Charles? Your story's getting a bit tedious."

"Be patient, please. I'll promise you an exciting end."

Her forehead knit in a puzzled frown. "Very well. But get on with it. The wine—or maybe it's your soothing voice—is making me sleepy. I want to catch a cat nap before we start back"

"Well, then, you called on Moran this morning and offered to finance him with the money he had advanced to de Grasse, and considered therefore to be rightfully his own. Then, to your infinite relief and surprise and delight, he told you that he had reason to believe that his brother-in-law Paul de Grasse was still alive. I don't know what sort of evidence he may have given you, but whatever it was I'm dreadfully afraid that it is false."

Clytie was startled out of her affected indifference. She sat up suddenly, amber eyes wide, and the pink flush faded again.

"What do you mean? Why? Tell me." And then, realizing that I had got under her guard, betrayed her by a ruse, as she may have thought, the hot blood poured into her face.

"You rotten trickster ——"

"Shut up!" I said harshly. "Your sneaking Dimitri and his cat of a wife were in the park of the Villa Laurier last night. They came in Smith's car, that is the same as Brown's. First he sneaked up behind Moran and knocked him senseless with a slung shot or sandbag, then slipped into the park. He had been skulking there that afternoon. We saw him."

Clytie's rage faded, and with it every vestige of her color. She stared at me as if she had been shot and was dying.

"Is"—she wet her lips—"is that true, Charles?"

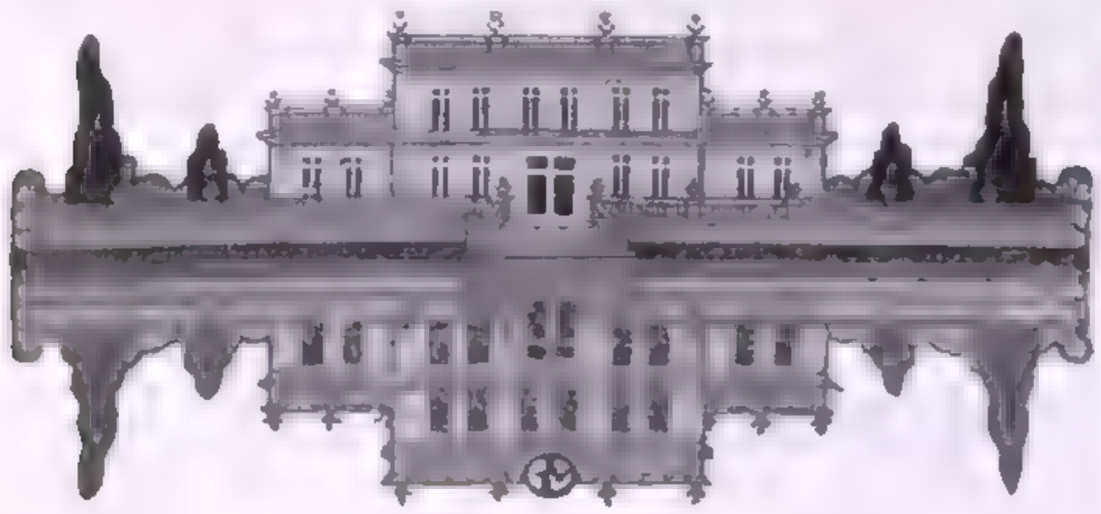
"Of course it is. I hate like the devil to hand you such a jolt, Clytie. It hurts to spoil your happiness, but there's a reason. I chased Dimitri with Brown's car. His wife was with him. Right over there" I pointed to the road where it passed along the hillside across the deep chasm to our left—"I caught him up. I had shot into his tire."

Again her eyes opened to amazing width. "So it was you who did that."

"Yes. He and his wife had got out and gone down those olive terraces. I followed and would have caught them—or got shot—if he hadn't set Brig, or Loup, on me. The dog obeyed the master that ranked me in seniority. He didn't try to bite me, but just hung on and hampered me from catching Dimitri before they were able to scramble back up the terraces and drive away in Brown's car," I finished, with a smile.

But I stopped smiling quickly. Clytie gave me a white, stricken look, then sank down on the green turf in a dead faint.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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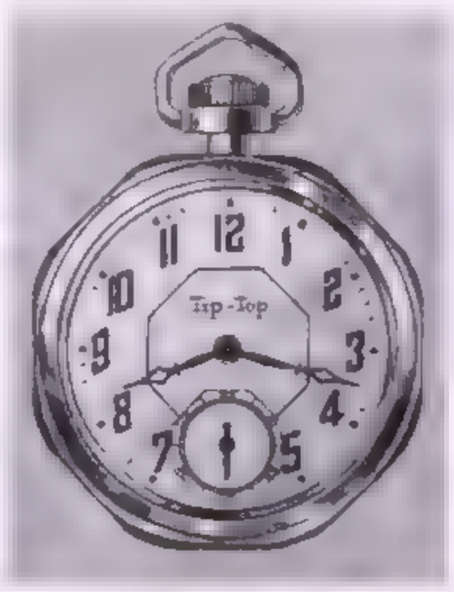


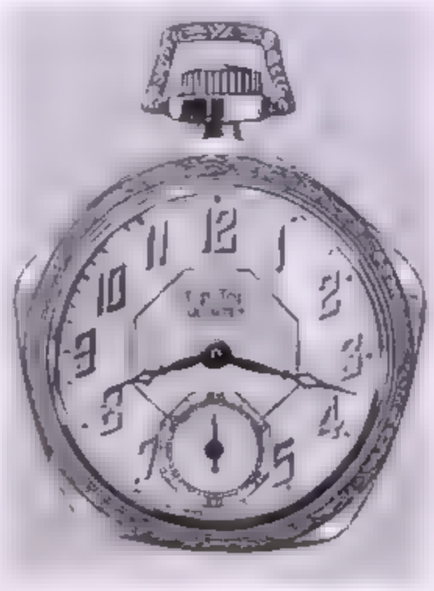

$2.00 Tip-Top Quintet with silver face, full *chromium-plated* case, raised numerals and Krack-proof Krystal is the handsomest pocket watch at anywhere near its price. Radium dial, $2.50

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## The New OAKLAND All-American Six

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

# HAPPY ENDING

(Continued from Page 7)

her to buy the book for $2.98; when she could spare the money she would buy the book for her boy. She didn't want the girls for her John, but she wanted him to be a social success. If his father had lived, little John would certainly have gone to high school and college; and that was a good way to become learned, too, though less likely to get him into the newspapers. They had talked it over, looking down into the cradle, and had decided finally on Yale.

And there was a picture of Mrs. Lois Vaniday, a social leader whose name was familiar to Mrs. Boker, taken in the privacy of her palatial private home and catching her in the act of admiring a Wooloid rug on her inlaid parquet floor. Mrs. Vaniday was a real aristocrat, with barrels of money, and a social lioness in her own right. Mrs. Boker studied Mrs. Vaniday's hair and gown and tried to appraise the double string of pearls about her neck; they were probably real and worth hundreds and hundreds of dollars. Mrs. Boker scrutinized the cross-section of Mrs. Vaniday's palatial private home. When Mrs. Boker was fifty, as Mrs. Vaniday apparently was then, John would be a man and would be a social and business success, and—who could tell?—perhaps Mrs. Boker would have the picture of her own palatial private home in the newspapers. Everybody said that she was a real aristocratic type.

Mrs. Boker's large black eyes rounded in delicious reverie and she looked through the privacy of Mrs. Vaniday's palatial private home.

She wasn't an aristocrat by birth and money, as was Mrs. Vaniday; in her house of life no distant footsteps echoed. She had had a father and mother, and back of them was the drop. She had a picture of her parents in their wedding finery, her mother holding the photographer's beautiful wax flowers in gloves of white, while her father endured strangulation by his collar with a pallid smile; the picture was next to the blue flag of Yale. But she was the aristocratic type, lacking brawn and bone; having John had nearly killed her. She was five-feet-two in height and weighed one hundred and seven pounds by her favorite scales in the One Hundred and Eighty-first Street Subway station; her hair was thick and black, prematurely silver-threaded, and her eyes were like black plums. They were friendly and timorous eyes. Hers was not the black-velvet and white beauty of the Spanish—to be known from the dark Irish by the aloofness and lack of twinkle—nor the dusky ruddiness of the Italian; her parents were Rumanian, but she was commonly taken for a Jewess.

She eddied in and out of the car at the several way stations and stayed out at Times Square. She looked to see that her dollar and twenty cents was still in her hand bag, which had been wedged in the pack and out of her control, and ascended to the street level. She walked east and south to Tischbein's Department Store on Fifth Avenue.

She was a saleswoman in Tischbein's, receiving a weekly wage of nineteen dollars. That wasn't at all a poor wage; Tischbein's, like most New York department stores, recruited its sales force largely from floating and occasional labor, the unskilled female labor that won't go into a factory and can't go into an office, that will work at anything that is honest and ladylike. Mrs. Boker's associates were girls who were saving up to get married, girls whose husbands were out of work, girls who were helping their husbands to save the down payment on a car, girls whose husbands had sold off the furniture and vanished; she was one of the stiffening of regulars. Had she given her problem adequate thought, she would have managed somehow to go to an evening school of business and thus have got herself into employment that didn't expose her to the murderous competition of the occasional and subsidized worker, but she learned, as do most people, by experience and not by meditation. She would be wise after the event and would live to say, "If I knew then what I know now."

"About what, Mrs. Boker?" demanded the section manager when she asked leave, later in the morning, to telephone for a noonday appointment with Mr. Carr. "Oh, dear me, I hope you're not going to start that all over again. You were absent twelve days last fall on account of that Tiger Lily trial; I know it's not your fault, but it's not our fault either. We can't do business on that basis, my dear girl. Oh, yes, go ahead."

On the stroke of twelve she raced from the store and to the Subway, and rode down to the Criminal Courts Building on Center Street.

"I didn't want to see you particularly, Mrs. Boker," said the reddish and freckled Mr. Carr, pushing back his chair to indicate that the interview must be brief. "You got the customary notice to witnesses to hold themselves in readiness for the new trial. Hold yourself ready, Mrs. Boker."

"What trial, Mr. Carr?"

"People against Reece—the Tiger Girl case. It's coming up again any day now."

"You mean that woman who shot my husband? But, Mr. Carr, that case was tried and she was found guilty of manslaughter, and the judge sentenced her to twenty years in jail. Why, the judge said right out in court to the jury that they ought to be ashamed of themselves and it was a cold-blooded murder."

"Reversed on appeal, Mrs. Boker. The Appellate Division set the verdict aside and ordered a new trial."

"But what for, Mr. Carr? Everybody knew she did it; she didn't deny it."

"Now, Mrs. Boker, please. Why argue with me? Everybody knows it was a cold-blooded murder, and the Appellate Division knows it, too, but they set the verdict aside, and we can only go ahead and do as we're told."

"But why did they reverse the case, Mr. Carr, if they knew she was guilty?"

Mr. Carr heaved a patient sigh. "Because it turned out that one of the jurymen was a foreigner—an alien, as we call him in law. And it was squarely decided in People against Van Every, 222 N. Y.——"

"But what did that have to do with whether she was guilty or not?"

"Now, my dear Mrs. Boker, that's a typical layman's question. If all that's to be decided is whether a prisoner is innocent or guilty, what happens to due process of law? Why, our courts would degenerate into vigilance committees. Just to give you a bird's-eye view, do you know that there are over twenty thousand volumes of American law reports? Do you know that we have on the statute books in this country over two million laws? With all that mass of learning available, the question isn't so simple. It comes to this: Presuming the prisoner is guilty, has he had due process of law? And for that we look into the statutes and reports, and if it's not there we look into the mind of the legislature. Do you understand, Mrs. Boker?"

"No, I don't," said Mrs. Boker discouragedly. "Oh, Mr. Carr, has it all got to be done over again? Oh, I hope not."

"If we can get the witnesses again," said Carr cautiously. "You could help us out a lot if you saw more from the window."

"I didn't see anything. I told you, Mr. Carr."

"What about the motive? Her claim was that she shot your husband because he refused to marry her."

"She knew he was married already, Mr. Carr. She means, because he refused to leave me and the baby and go and live with her! And she was living with another man already. That was all brought out, Mr. Carr; it wasn't as if Jack was meeting her outside and pretending he wasn't married. I was the one brought her to the house first. I met her at a party in a friend's house, and I thought she was a nice person that had got into trouble, and I thought I would try to help her. And now I know that she must have been making love to Jack from the first."

"Mrs. Boker, you still think that Jack wasn't interested in Lily Reece?"

"Well, Mr. Carr, he was a man. He must have taken some notice. . . . Well, good day, Mr. Carr."

"Good day, Mrs. Boker. And hold yourself ready."

"Mr. Carr, I don't think I'll bother with her any more. I'm very much obliged for all you did, but I won't bother with her any more."

"What's that? Wait, Mrs. Boker. You say you won't bother with her any more? You mean you won't appear against her? I don't know what you mean by this. Here's a creature shoots your husband down in cold blood—and you don't want to avenge him?"

"No. No, I don't want to bother with her any more. I never did want to bother with her. It's no use. It won't do any good."

"Come, Mrs. Boker, you can't take that attitude. You'll have to appear against this woman, and you can make up your mind to it. It isn't a question of what you like; it's a question of the law and your duty as a good citizen. That antemortem statement of Boker is vitally important, and the law insists that you testify to it. I'm sorry to speak harshly to you, Mrs. Boker."

"Well, Mr. Carr, then look at it this way: I was as good as told this morning that if I had to be absent from the store so much I would lose my position."

"Give me the name of the man who told you that! I'll make him sorry he ever opened his mouth. Why, that's plain contempt of court. You can warn him from me that his business interests are not going to be let interfere with justice. Mrs. Boker, this case has been put back on the trial calendar and will be brought up within a week, and you are to hold yourself ready and be there when called."

"All ten times, Mr. Carr? Won't it be enough if I just go the last time? They know in the store that I got to go to the trial and they don't mind, but they don't see why I got to go so many days before."

"You mean the adjournments. Well, you can tell them from me that we're not going to rewrite the rules of practice to suit Tischbein & Co. You'll come every day that you're subpœnaed for or we'll send the sheriff with a bench warrant for you. Hold yourself ready, Mrs. Boker."

And Mr. Carr shoved his chair all the way back and walked out to his luncheon. He sympathized with Mrs. Boker, but not with her vain complaints against due process of law. He was a lawyer and he knew that the law was something to which people had to accommodate themselves; their government was of laws and not of men and women. The appellate judges had certainly given a new trial to this red murderess with keen regret.

She might now murder somebody else, regrettably. Coming down to work that morning Mr. Carr hadn't bothered with Arthur and Pearl, but had read the current chapter of the exploits of the three condemned murderers in Joliet prison. There had been seven in the beginning—lifers, mostly for murder—they had killed the warden and escaped. Six had been recaptured, sentenced for murder again, but while an appellate court was considering their appeals, they had broken jail again, killing a policeman. Five had been caught this time; while still waiting for the decision on the appeals, they burst forth again and killed another policeman. And four had been sternly haled back to jail. In the last try at escape, chronicled that morning, they had only succeeded in wounding a jailer, and one of themselves had been killed. The history of the willful seven had troubled Mr. Carr and he had been more curt and peremptory with Mrs. Boker than was his amiable wont.

Mrs. Boker left the store as usual at six o'clock. She was fagged out, but there was joy in her; she was going home, and it would have been a long day for lone little John. She pictured him lying over the arm of the overstuffed chair, limp and slight as a Spanish shawl, yawning candidly, utterly bored, suffering little because not repining against his condition, but so touchingly expressive. She would buy him something against the next day and would give it to him when she was leaving. He would receive it with ecstasy, and she would have the memory of his leaping gladness, and would tell herself that he wasn't like other children and would not weary of it quickly. He certainly wasn't like other children!

She was coming from a Five, Ten and Twenty-five-Cent Store, with the best toy that money would buy wrapped up and under her arm, when she was tapped briskly on the shoulder; she looked about.

"Oh," she ejaculated, controlling her recoil. She forced her voice, not only against the sullen thunder of the Elevated overhead but against the coldness at her heart: "We-ell? What do you want?"

"Remember me, do you?" The man who had accosted her was smiling down at her—smiling with his lips, but his eyes were as hard as stones. "Remember what I told you before, don't you?"

"You keep away from me! You mind your own business!"

"Come here—come here. They're going to try Lily Reece again. And I told you before and I'm telling you now—keep out of it, understand me? If you go to court, it'll be the worst day's work you ever done."

"You can't scare me, mister."

He glanced aside at the store and at the toys in the window.

"Now I'm going to tell you something. If you take the stand against Lily, I'm going to take that boy of yours and throw him in the river. Throw—him—in—the—river."

She wasn't afraid in the least then. She moved close to him and put her hand on his arm and looked up into his eyes.

"Honest, you wouldn't harm a little boy. You wouldn't harm a little boy, would you?"

"You heard me." He turned on his heel and went with long strides into the crowd. She didn't cry out after him; the police couldn't catch him. She had told Mr. Carr about this man and he said that he would inform the police and that they wouldn't let the man harm her. She knew that the police would protect her if they could. Mighty men, tall, invincibly strong, standing like bars against such people; only the bars were too far apart and such people could come and go. He was gone. Which way had he gone? Not toward the uptown station? She ran.

"John!" she gasped, laughing, when the lad opened the door to her at last. "See what mamma brought you, flower. Take it. . . . Oh, John."

In the morning she called across the court: "Mrs. Slivek! Oo-hoo!"

"Good morning, Mrs. Boker."

"Could you take John today?"

"Not today, I'm sorry, Mrs. Boker. Today I got to go to my sister's in Flatbush. She is having a new baby, Mrs. Boker."

"Then could I use your phone?"

"Come right over. And if it's a New York call you don't have to pay me till Saturday, unless you got the nickel convenient."

(Continued on Page 70)

# KNOW YOUR

# CAR DEALER

YOUR car dealer's service department exists primarily for *your* benefit; not for *repairing* your car but to keep it fit and enable it to deliver its full measure of trouble-free mileage.

Your car dealer is sincere in his desire to help you avoid repairs. Take your car to him regularly for inspection—get acquainted—ask his advice and follow it.

Get the service manager's recommendations on motor oil. He is an authority on lubrication and wants you to use an oil that will best protect your motor.

Striking evidence that car dealers *are* interested in recommending fine lubricants is found in the ever-increasing number of service managers who are supplying and recommending HyVis Motor Oil to their users.

HyVis is a completely super-refined pure Pennsylvania lubricant that carries the approval, by name or specification, of every leading motor car manufacturer in America. It is natural that HyVis should be found in the service departments of leading car dealers, as well as at better independent filling stations and garages from coast to coast. The correct retail price of HyVis is 35c per quart. Slightly higher in Far West and Canada.

Fred G. Clark, Inc., Established 1882, Home Office: Cleveland. Branches at Atlanta, Chicago, Minneapolis, Los Angeles and Seattle. Refineries at Warren, Pa.

HyVis MOTOR OIL

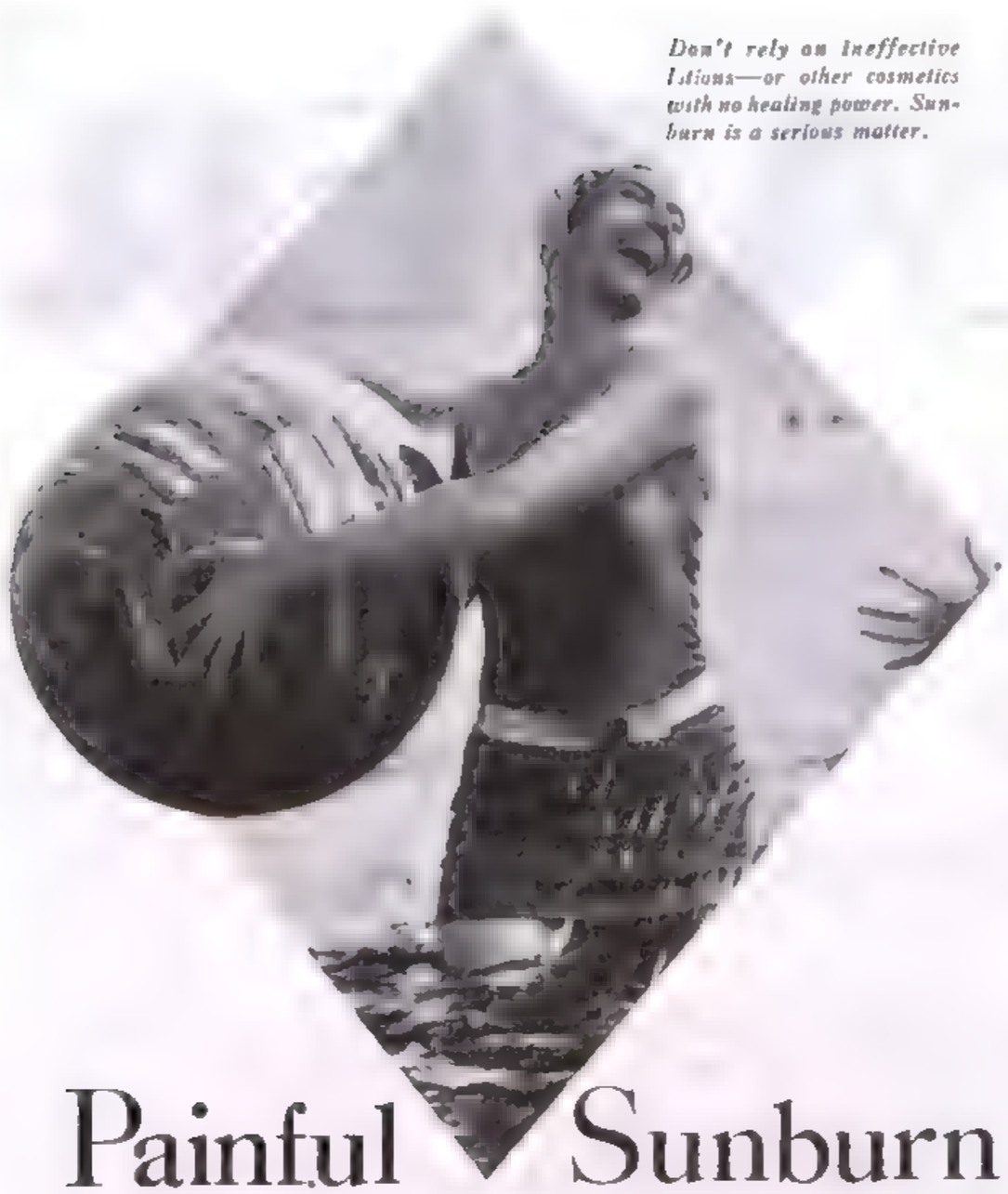
Super refined Pure Pennsylvania

PERMIT No. 4

Guaranteed 100% PURE PENNSYLVANIA OIL

*The Completely Super-Refined Pure Pennsylvania Motor Oil*

*Don't rely on ineffective lotions—or other cosmetics with no healing power. Sunburn is a serious matter.*



# Painful Sunburn

## *demands a serious remedy*

GLORIOUS sunshine and bright water! Play in the sparkling outdoors these vacation days.

But doctors say, "Be on your guard." Sunshine is vitally necessary, but too much sun—enough to burn you—is dangerous.

Like all burns, sunburn kills the living cells on the skin's surface, and from the destroyed skin area spreads poisonous waste products through your system.

Severe cases show all the distressful symptoms of a deep burn—a high fever, a feeling of weakness, extreme nervousness.

Don't let sunburn spoil a single hour of your summer playtime. At the very first sign of redness use plenty of Unguentine, the famous *antiseptic* surgical dressing, standard in 8 out of 10 hospitals for all burns.

The soothing antiseptic oils of Unguentine sink into the burned tissues and remain there. The pain stops. Healing begins.

Get a tube of Unguentine today and have it ready. Take it to the beach and on your vacation. Always keep a tube in your auto kit. At your druggist's, 50¢. The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Norwich, N. Y. Canadian address: 193 Spadina Ave., Toronto.

*Don't let cruel sunburn spoil bright vacation days. Rub on a thin coating of Unguentine before you go out into the sun. You'll tun smoothly without painful burning.*

UNGUENTINE SOAP, bland and pure, is the perfect soap for tender, sunburned skin. And because of its Unguentine content it rapidly clears up blemishes.

# Unguentine

*Continued from Page 67*

Mrs. Boker crossed the hall, bringing John with her, tightly held, and called up Tischbein's; if she lost her position, it wasn't to be helped.

"I can't get down to work today. Honest, I can't put a foot out of bed, I feel so perfectly awful. . . . No, I don't know what's the matter with me, but it is something frightful. . . . Oh, sure, I'll be all right tomorrow. . . . Oh, sure! Oh, thank you, Mr. Ransom."

"And now," she cried liltingly to John, and was as pleased as he, "we're going to Bronx Park to see the animals!"

"And the tiger, mamma?"

"Never mind the tiger, flower. What makes you always talk about the tiger?"

"It was in the paper with the funnies, mamma."

She found it in the paper with the funnies—the picture of a tiger that had thrilled and delighted her boy—it was a line drawing in illustration of a shouting headline and showed a striped beast leaping from a cage:

TIGER LILY GETS NEW TRIAL!

She was astonished that she had not seen it before. She crumpled the paper and flung it onto the dresser, and went with her boy to see the sights of the Bronx Zoo.

"Oo-hoo!" called Mrs. Slivek the next morning. "John could come to me today if you wanted, Mrs. Boker. My sister's doctor got to go away till Wednesday, so my sister won't have the new baby till Wednesday. . . . Hello, Jackie boy; come over to Aunt Sadie!"

That stilled Mrs. Boker's terrors until Tuesday. On that day the process server called at Tischbein's and handed her a subpœna entitled The Case of People of the State of New York Against Lily Reece, and ordering her to appear in General Sessions at half-past ten of the following morning. Returning home that evening, Mrs. Boker debated whether she should take John to court with her the next day or try to confide him again to the kindly Mrs. Slivek; but she found that she was troubling herself unnecessarily, as the problem had been settled for her.

"Hello, Mrs. Slivek," she called, knocking on the lady's door.

The door to a neighboring flat opened and a housewife popped out her head. "Is it Mrs. Boker? Mrs. Slivek had to go to Flatbush this afternoon all of a sudden, but she says you shouldn't worry and she gave me your little boy to mind for you."

"Thanks ever so much. Is he there? . . . John, mamma's here!"

"I gave him to your brother, Mrs. Boker. He came asking for him."

"I ain't got a brother."

"It was your brother. Wasn't it your brother? Well, Mrs. Boker, I'm sure I couldn't know if it was your brother or not. He said it was your brother."

Mrs. Boker opened the door to her flat. "John! John, mamma's here!"

"It's all dark. The lights don't work. Have you got bulbs, Mrs. Boker? . . . Oh, my finger! I cut my finger. . . . Look out for your fingers, Mrs. Boker; the lights are broke. Wait up and I'll lend you my bulbs."

The lights were restored, but they did not disclose little John Boker. The little home had been wrecked, thoroughly and at leisure. Mrs. Boker's clothing had been brought out and shredded and thrown in a ragged heap. A short row of books had been ripped from their covers; pictures had been smashed over an upright of the bed; the furniture had been pulled apart; the cherished overstuffed chair had been slashed until it hung in ribbons and festoons.

"Well, Mrs. Boker," gasped the neighbor, "all I got to say is whoever done this ought to be arrested! If I was you I'd go right out and call a policeman."

Mrs. Boker was already on her way to the police, flying. "My boy is gone! They took my boy." She was pulling at a traffic officer in the middle of crowded St. Nicholas Avenue.

He gestured to the traffic. "Child missing, ma'am? A Hundred and Eighty-second Street and Wadsworth Avenue. . . . No, no, I'm busy. Go over there to the house and report it."

Mrs. Boker pressed frantically through the shopping crowds on One Hundred and Eighty-first Street, and so to the precinct station house. When the story had been drawn from her, an alarm was sent out and a detective returned with her to the flat.

Mrs. Slivek returned from Flatbush at half-past twelve that night and, bursting with glad tidings, hurried into Mrs. Boker's flat; her joy was sunk at once.

"But, Mrs. Boker, you should be ashamed of yourself to think that anybody would hurt that dear little child. Speaking to you as a friend, you should be ashamed of yourself! Get up now and come over with me. Come on! It don't do Jackie any good his mamma should sit here and look in the dark. You won't? Well, I'll make you the bed. Oh, what they done to this bed! Never mind, Mrs. Boker, you will have a nice home by me and I don't care if Jackie never comes back. Well, I got to do my work and sleep quick and go back to my sister's in the morning. I'm telling you, Mrs. Boker—nothing happens to Jackie!"

Mrs. Boker left the flat time and again and went to the station house, only to be sent back empty of news and to sit again and stare into the dark. It wasn't always dark; the shadows shifted and showed her the turbid river, the immense river, as wide as Manhattan and as deep as a tenement house. Mrs. Slivek came to her in the morning before leaving for the house of joy in Brooklyn.

"And what did you find out, Mrs. Boker?"

"John is in the river."

"They found him? Oh, my poor girl, did they find him?"

"They didn't find him. I'll never find him again. I'll never find even one of his little shoes. He's in the river. I saw him there last night."

"Mrs. Boker, you are a wicked woman to say this! Don't sit there, my poor child, looking like that! You will get crazy, I'm telling you. Well, I'll be back as quick as I can."

On Mrs. Boker's return from a trip to the station house she heard that a man had been seeking her. "Some kind of policeman."

"A policeman!"

"No, it wasn't about Jackie, but about going to the court."

Mrs. Boker went into her devastated flat and to her chair.

She sat there until three in the afternoon and then lurched up and went to the dresser for the crumpled newspaper. She spread it and looked steadily at the picture of Tiger Lily. Her black eyes, ringed by the twenty hours of strain, of hoping for news that she feared to hear, were those of a sleepwalker. Without looking away from the picture, she found a match and struck it and held it to the paper; her fingers were insensible while the flames licked them.

She put on hat and coat and left the flat, without looking back, without closing the door behind her. Her pace increased as she went until she was running.

Down in the Criminal Courts Building the jury in People against Reece had reported; Lily Reece had been found not guilty. The judge, pale and bright-eyed with resentment, stared a moment at the smiling jurymen, tightened his trembling lips, struck his desk heavily, rose and left the bench.

Lily Reece colored, smiled at the jury, and, prodded up by her chuckling counsel, swam gracefully to the jury box and gave her hands to the twelve good men and true who were filing from it.

She was a pretty woman of the stationary type, of a fullness of figure that promised to become obesity in a few short years, but that was still elegant; she was twenty-two. Her green eyes were large and heavy-lidded and set slightly aslant, giving her a sleepy look, like a sleek and pampered cat. Her

features were beautifully molded, though small and heavy; the lips of her small mouth were thick and curved out redly. She was dressed in close-fitting black with a touch of green relief, half-sleeved and low-necked, showing the full round arms and the full white throat that was youthfully innocent of fat. She had the poise of a beautiful woman becomingly attired and had yet an appealing timidity; her voice as she thanked the jurymen was guttural and musical, as it had been while she was on the stand. She did not show to the best advantage while paying her tribute of gratitude; she was not at her best while doing anything overt at all; like a cat, she showed best in repose—seated, reclining, looking at a man. This indolent, passive female, who had yawned openly during the trial and recovered herself prettily, had shot a man to death. The revolver, a pearly and silvery thing, a piece of furniture for a pretty lady's purse, was there; a court officer was examining it before taking it to the police museum.

The foreman of the jury, a fleshy and well-appointed gentleman of middle age, came last from the box; he took the lady's hand, held it, swung slowly into place beside her, and his other hand went to her slim waist and glided about it.

"You weren't frightened, little girl?" he said benignly, smiling fully on her. He pressed her waist encouragingly. "My dear, you were never in danger. And what are you going to do now, may I ask? Don't hesitate to call on me, if there is anything I can do for you."

His glance traveled slowly and calmly from man to man of the group that was pressing in on her, and then his hand went from her waist to his bosom; he drew out a wallet and handed his protégée his card. Nobody, fronting the sure-eyed foreman, could quarrel with that; she had been declared innocent, he was old enough to be her father, and he chose to take a paternal interest in her. Her heavy lips curved and her eyes met his with confidence.

"Don't hog it," grumbled one who elbowed his way in, holding up a paper and fountain pen. "Sign here, Lily, and make it snappy; I got to get word to the press-room in ten minutes. Fifteen hundred for fifteen hundred words."

"Who's in charge here? Where's that lawyer? . . . Hey, Lily! Six weeks in burlesque at a thousand per—what do you say?"

"Give us a crack at her, will you?" pleaded the photographers. "Hey, officer, get this crowd back. All right, hold it, Lily! Who's the fat party? The foreman of the jury. All right, fat fellow, you qualify. Hold it!"

Flash powder squibbed. "Another one—Lily by her lonesome. Get back in your box, fat fellow; where you popped out of. You said your piece, so take a bow."

"Have a heart, will you? The pressroom is waiting for the word. Sign up, will you, Lily?"

"Where's the money?" asked Lily Reece musically. Her cajoling glance went past the pleading newspaperman, dwelling without change of expression on man and man indifferently; and then it suddenly went quite to pieces. She became old and ugly; her mouth fell open and awry, channels appeared in her cheeks, she wrenched herself aside, throwing up clawing fingers. The men twisted, too, cowering, twitching around to see what threat had so appallingly disordered her; and in that instant the explosion of a revolver filled the chamber, struck and rang in their ears. It was repeated.

Benches went over and dust lifted as the throng in the room came down from the points of vantages whence it had been grinning at Tiger Lily; all its cynical mirth subdued in it, it drove toward the exit and recoiled on itself. There were screams and shouts and ghastly faces, and a hubbub of stifled queries and explanations.

"She grabbed it out of my hand! I was ——"

"He was showing the revolver to me, and she ——"

"—— asking for her boy. And the officer was showing the gun ——"

"Said her boy was dead!"

"Who done it? Who is it?"

"Is she dead? Hey, call a doctor out there!"

"Not dead yet, but a mighty sick woman. Ain't there a doctor?"

"She did it. Get back there! Clear them out of here, officer."

Mrs. Boker, her mouth open and shriveled, her hand pushing back the hair from her forehead and causing her narrow black eyebrows to lift, was looking fascinatedly toward the spot where the statuesque Tiger Lily had stood.

She hadn't come there to kill anybody. She couldn't remember how it had happened; it had happened so quickly. She had come to beg for a word of the fate of her boy; she would get down on her knees and beg for it. . . . Please, where was Jack? . . . She had asked the policeman at the door to let her in, but he wouldn't, and he said it was all over. And the other policeman was showing the pistol. She knew that pistol.

"Honest," she said to the officer who was holding her wrist, "I was only going to point it at her and make her tell me where my boy was, and I was pointing it at her and trying to tell her she had better tell me, and the policeman was running after me, and it went off. It just went off."

"What's your name?"

"Mrs. Fay Boker."

"The wife? You're the wife of the party that ——"

"She shot him down in front of our house."

"The widow? What about your boy, Mrs. Boker? Got a picture of him?"

"Order!"

The judge, returning, with an austere glance at the dead Tiger Lily, mounted the bench.

Mrs. Slivek ceased speaking and poised judicially over the silver tray of French and Danish pastry that the waitress had put at her elbow.

A tale of cumulative misery crowned with horror. I could see the judge on high, haloed with grimness, the sullen crowd pressed back from the forlorn little figure held up by the officers. A tale for Victor Hugo to embroider, one of Les Miserables, a wretch brought to final catastrophe by a frantic thrust against an inexorable ring. I shook my head.

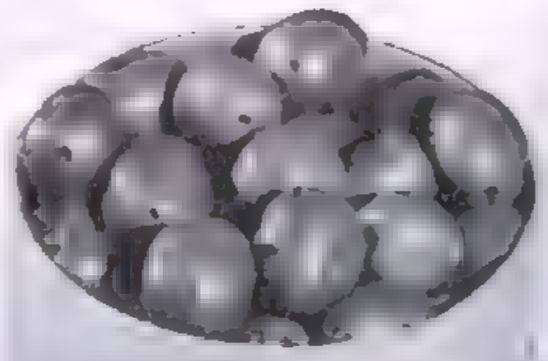
"A man in Tarrytown was reading all about the Tiger mother," said Mrs. Slivek, having chosen, "and he looked up from Jackie's picture and there was Jackie himself sitting across the aisle, and when the loafer with Jackie seen the man looking he ran away. Jackie goes to the public school around the corner and when he grows big he will go to the City College."

"But what happened to the poor woman? Not worse than imprisonment, I hope."

"Five thousand dollars the newspapers give her for her life, and she could have ten thousand more for going on the stage if she liked, but she wouldn't bother; she had enough to buy a nice business and stay home with Jackie. She was let go! You want her to tell you, Burnsey? The judge gave her a good lawyer for nothing, and the Prisoners' Aid Society helped her, and ——"

She waved her fork at the proprietress of the F. & D. Snack Shop. "Oo-hoo, Mrs. Boker! Come over!"

# Try This Better Way to Buy Moist Foods



ALWAYS buy olives, pickles, sea foods—all moist and liquid foods—from dealers who use Sealrights. These modern paper containers are sturdy and tight as a drum—easy and safe to carry as a box of crackers! They save your clothing from spots and stains. They keep flavor and freshness in, dust and odors out! Ideal for picnicking. Great for summer foods. Sealrights have the clean, natural wood color, inside and out, of the pure spruce paper of which they are made. Always accurate in measure. Used by progressive stores everywhere.

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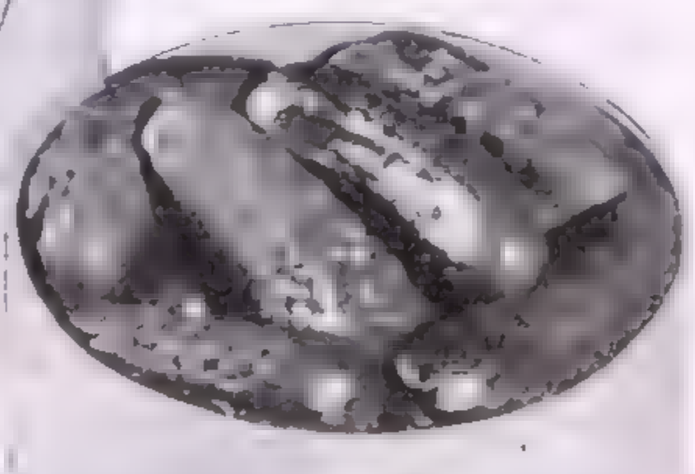

BUY IN SEALRIGHTS

Oysters, Clams, Fish, Shrimp, Salads, Olives, Pickles, Sauerkraut, Sausages, Pigs' feet, Baked beans, Cottage cheese, Butter, Lard, Vinegar, Jelly, Honey, Ice Cream and All Moist and Liquid Foods.

Take this precaution—If it's a Sealright, it can't leak! Look for "SEALRIGHT" on the top or bottom of every container. Made in all popular sizes from one-quarter pint to one gallon.

SEALRIGHT
*Liquid-Tight Paper Containers*

# Thousands of improvements in central office equipment in 5 years

*An Advertisement of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company*

IN THE last five years there have been hundreds of improvements of major importance in telephone central office equipment in the Bell System, and lesser improvements by the thousands. Improvements have been made in switchboard cable, in relays, in cords, in condensers, in selectors, and in the development of new and better materials for all kinds of equipment used in the central offices.

These improvements have not only helped to meet the steadily increasing complexity of telephone requirements. They also make possible the high-speed service which is eliminating delay from the personal contacts of people anywhere in the United States, whether they be separated by three floors of a building or three thousand miles of country.

There is no standing still in the Bell System. Better and better telephone service at the lowest cost is the goal. Present improvements constantly going into effect are but the foundation for the greater service of the future.

# A YEAR TO WAIT

Continued from Page 13)

Kate stuck a tiny gummed square with her number on it, to identify her packing forever. Everything was arranged conveniently before her.

"Any of them that are incomplete will come back to you," Mrs. Kerr said. "You don't get paid for them until they're right, and if you have more than one sent back in every ten, you get docked a cent on the package to make up for the inspector's time."

The widow at Kate's right worked with such speed that Kate was fascinated. She could not do her own work for watching the other's flying hands, and turned at last, a little dizzy, to glance at the short girl, who returned her look sympathetically.

"Don't pay no attention to her, Miss Marsh," she said at once. "She's just showin' off. She works that way whenever there's a new girl at the table. But she don't always put in her top cotton, and that only makes one grab and a snatch for her, when what you have to have is two grabs and a snatch. Like this." Smoothly her plump short-fingered hands took up and filled a box and slid the cover into place.

Kate felt helpless. She could never achieve such deftness. Never! And she had not even asked what she was to get for the work. The little girl beside her knew her name—a compliment Kate could not return. Looking about, Kate decided with some astonishment that there were plenty of people in Hilltown that she didn't know. And they stood here all day and did this work and got paid for it. The tables were a comfortable height, and Kate was provided with a stool to use as she liked. She tried to concentrate on the boxes, becoming positively cross-eyed in her efforts to go through the ritual smoothly. Indeed, not one of her boxes came back to her, but by noon she had filled her basket only once, as compared to the widow's ten times and the short girl's seven. She had not earned enough to buy her luncheon.

Lucian joined the throng streaming out of the big door just as she came by, and he walked out into the street with her.

"How'd you make out?" he asked.

"I'm slow," she told him. "I must be the slowest person alive. I've always had time to do everything leisurely and nicely. I'll take days at home to make a dress that someone else would run up in an afternoon. When I get through with it, it's just as I want it, but —— Do you suppose I'll speed up, Lucian?"

"Well, now," he said, as they drifted toward the corner; "no, some folks are just slow. You'll speed up some, of course, but if you're one of these painstakers you'll never get rich packing, Kate."

"How you encourage me!" she said, and he grinned at her a little. He still had his hat in his hand, as though he had forgotten what it was for. "Have to find somethin' else for you to do, I reckon. Place for every fellow's gifts in a business. Go ahead where you are till you get the hang of it, and we'll see." How comfortable he was, thought Kate. He made her want to smile as he told her: "I'm not good at hurrying or at making other people hurry, so I put them on their own time and let them set their own paces. It seems the fairest way to me." And Kate reflected that Lucian knew how to adjust his own temperament to his business, which was more than many a man more ambitious than he could ever learn. "You'd better not work all day your first day or two. Half a day's enough till you get used to it."

"The sooner I get used to it, the better," said Kate firmly.

But before the end of the week she felt that she would never get used to it. Bert's letters lay unanswered on her desk. Dust and unread newspapers accumulated in the once immaculate living room. Coming in at twilight, she lit the gas stove and boiled water for tea, ate a little bread and butter and went right to bed. She missed the meeting of her club, took the telephone off the hook to prevent friends from calling her up, asking her to play bridge, showing with determination that they liked her for going to work. She was amazed at how Hilltown liked it.

"I think it's fine, Kate, that you're down at Lucian's. You'll like it so well you won't want to get married."

"Say, Kate, how's the old independent economic agent? I wish I could quit washing dishes and go back to work again."

"How lucky you are, Kate. I envy you. No one to do for but yourself, and a job under your feet!"

"Does Lucian pay you well, Kate? I've heard he's tight."

The voices were far away. Hilltown became a blur. Nothing but stubbornness sustained her. Neither the widow nor the short girl, whose name was Maizie Plunkett, could do things she couldn't do! She was furious with herself for being slow and incompetent. She had been, she realized, a little complacent of her social security, of her gift for friendships and loyalty, of her exquisite sewing and fine cooking and the orderly quiet of the household she kept for her father. All ornaments, she thought now, sternly and unfairly; all things, like fencing and court dancing, dependent on someone else's energy to sustain them.

If she was conscious of anything that first week—beyond the inexorable piling of boxes before her—it was of Lucian Miller's mournful brown eyes. He had been one of the most omnipresent of the boys she had sent away for Bert Laughlin. He had left Hilltown, had married away, and had lost his wife and drifted back again, as feckless and languid as ever.

On his return he had started this mail-order business, which throve beyond all reason. It seemed that he had been editing catalogues for a printing company, and finally had decided to come home and put out a catalogue of his own. His father had been a druggist. Miller's Pharmacy had been one of Hilltown's landmarks in his and Kate's youth, so that it was natural enough for Lucian to buy and sell again that commodity with which he was most familiar.

Or was he, thought Kate a little uncertainly, smarter than any of them realized, and did he see the wave he was riding? Certainly never before had there been so much talk of hygiene and medication, such care of the teeth and consciousness of the figure. Warnings and exhortations about the body and its health stared at one from every paper and magazine. In a healthy land, with a healthy population, the citizens strove toward a new ideal of perfection. Men and women ate bran conscientiously, gargled, drank milk sugar and malt, struggling secretly against small ailments and showing themselves on their jobs and in their public lives as gay and free.

Lucian was conscientious about the quality of the goods they sent out, about its correct packing and its exact weights and purposes. He would handle only the simplest and most harmless herbs and drugs. He made no effort to supply doctors or drug houses, but sent his little packages direct to consumers.

"My father used to give a lot of medicines to people that couldn't afford to go to a doctor for a prescription," Lucian told Kate one day. "Maybe they just needed something very simple—quinine or a laxative or a headache powder—people that weren't ill often or seriously. You give a smart country mother a dollar's worth of simple drugs and she'll keep her family in shape for years."

So Kate was aware of sympathy and encouragement in him that reached out to her. He did not mention her work, but she knew, somehow, that the long friendship stood behind them, as friendships are wont to do in Hilltown.

The office closed at noon on Saturday, and Kate went home too tired to rest, too bewildered even to think. Sunday morning she slept deeply until noon was past, got up then and dressed. She went to sleep on her couch after dinner, read Bert's letters over her supper, and went back to bed and instantly to sleep again.

On Monday morning she awakened deeply energized and at peace. She got away from home early and walked along in the brilliant spring sunshine, carrying her hat, her ash-blond hair free in the fresh air. Apple trees were shedding their blossom petals and tulips lifted bright cups along bricked walks. The feathery elms towered overhead and Kate was inexplicably happy.

She stopped at the post office to mail her first letter to Bert since his departure. He was concerned about her working at Miller's. His aunt had written to him about it. "She would!" thought Kate. Bert was afraid that Kate might overdo. He warned her, too, to take care of her ring.

She answered for him not to worry, as she was only working to make the year pass more quickly. She said nothing about the ring, because she forgot.

The first week she had earned barely enough to pay for her food, to say nothing of silk stockings, taxes and telephone, light and gas. She had a house to support! She had never loved her house so much. She was able, now, to work in it after hours. For she had got her second wind that long Sunday of sleeping. She could make her two grabs and a snatch with some speed, and her fingers were no longer sore from opening the stiff covers or slipping them into place. Being a painstaker began to work to her advantage. For in the course of that long second week she got only two or three boxes back from the inspector, thus setting a new record for the packers. On Saturday she had nineteen dollars to her credit, and felt that in another week she could easily make it twenty-five. Some of the packers must make thirty-five or forty dollars a week.

She stopped by Lucian's desk the third Monday evening. He was opening the late afternoon mail, and he looked up and drew a chair forward and made a kind of salute with the paper knife he had in his hand.

"Lucian," Kate said, "we could work faster if we had more room. Last night I sat in my own dining room, eating my supper, and I wondered what it was I was enjoying so especially. I was sticking my elbows out as far as they would go, and every little while I'd stretch like a cat. Finally it dawned on my slow mind that it was emptiness and space that I was enjoying. If you'd just spread us out more we'd feel freer, and I know we could use our elbows and arms more quickly and not get so tired, either."

Lucian looked sad and thoughtful.

"Sounds like somethin' intelligent," he said. He drew a pad toward him and wrote her name on it. "We have a rule in the office"—she didn't know until much later that he made the rule up then and there—"that gives a ten-dollar bonus for every really practical idea about the work or the office management. We'll think about this, Kate."

"I had in mind a big round table or an octagon," said Kate. "Something really generous, where each worker could turn her head without meeting a pair of eyes close to her own."

"I think we could probably put four such tables where the two long ones are now. Don't you, Kate?"

"Yes. I thought of that. I suppose space is expensive."

"It's not prohibitive in Hilltown." His brown eyes rested on her smooth fair hair in earnest contemplation.

"You did pretty well last week, Kate. I noticed your tallies."

"I'll soon be making a living," she told him.

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Portable Victrola

"Stick at it, anyhow," he advised her. "There might be something good for you here. I need a woman in the packing room who is as good there as Molly is in the office. Need her badly. I thought you might do bottling for a couple of weeks, if you don't mind going off tablets just when you're getting good. I'd better put you on regular pay—twenty-five dollars to start with. That's about what you'd earn this week. I want to make an inspector out of you and bring you into the office for a while, later. I've got an idea in my mind that may work out nicely for both of us."

"Why, Lucian"—Kate was flushed and smiling with pleasure—"I'll do whatever you want me to do. I believe I would make a good inspector. That's where taking pains would count."

"Taking pains counts everywhere. And you'd be surprised how hard it is to get anybody to use a bit of sense. I've been waiting a long time for a packer that didn't make mistakes. I plan to mail a new catalogue in September for the fall and winter trade. I thought I'd add some Christmas specialties. I may want you to help on that if you've learned enough around the office when the time comes."

"I don't know anything about catalogues at all," protested Kate.

"And I know too much," he answered. "I want a catalogue that's got somethin' new in it. Just as though we were getting out the very first mail-order catalogue and had it all to plan." Kate listened vaguely as he talked, but found later that she was filled with a new wine of ambition and an almost childlike seriousness that everything she did for Lucian should be done perfectly; a not inconsiderable factor in his success was that people other than herself felt that same way. The matter of earning a living began to develop into an adventure instead of a dreary interval between the shelters of two protecting males—her father and Bert.

She played bridge at Millays' that night, and Lucian was there. She had him for a partner twice. Kate played a good game, a little slow; the bunch was inclined to insult her for holding them all up, but nothing hurried Kate. She studied her hand and played her cards cannily. Lucian walked home with her. He was silent, trailing along beside her, leaning on the post by her steps.

"Not afraid here alone, are you, Kate?"

Kate laughed a little, and her voice was tender. She thought him the most feckless person in all the world.

"In Hilltown? What would I be afraid of? I miss my father a lot, but though I'm sometimes lonely I'm never fearful."

"All the same, I hear you have a mighty fine diamond lying on your dressing table in a little ring box. I believe Mandy tried it on last time she cleaned for you. Such talk gets around a town like this. You're away all day and alone at night."

"I hadn't thought about the ring," said Kate. "What will I do with it? My jewel box is an affair of blue silk and enamel, left over from adolescence."

"I'll put it in the safe at the office if you want me to."

"That's a good idea. Wait and I'll get it."

She came out with the box in her hand, and Lucian asked:

"Is the ring in it?"

"I didn't look," said Kate.

He opened the box and the diamond flashed out at them. Kate hadn't even looked at it since the night she took it off. She had been so terribly hurt about Bert not wanting her to wear it. Now she caught her breath a little.

"It is pretty, isn't it?" she said, and Lucian chuckled.

"I don't believe you appreciate it. Imagine Bert coughing up for a stone like this, and you letting it lie about. He'd turn gray."

"I know," said Kate penitently. "Well, keep it for me, Lucian, until I want to wear it. You know Bert's mother has just died. He's in mourning."

"I understand." He put the ring in his pocket, and Kate asked:

"Will our plans—Bert's and mine—make a difference about what you were talking of this afternoon?"

"Oh, no. You might as well earn as much as you can while you're at it, and I might as well get the full benefit of a careful worker. You mustn't suspect me of pushing you along, Kate. I'm always selfish. You're a good worker; you'll be worth every cent I pay you. Anyhow, you're not married yet, you know. There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip!" And Kate told him not to prophesy.

On the next Monday morning the packers came back to the octagonal tables which had been built between Saturday noon and Monday morning. They proved a great success. The first week showed that every packer made just a little more money. Kate moved from bottling to inspecting, and on to the mailing desks. No sooner did she become proficient in a given task than Lucian put her at something new. Stimulated by his encouragement, hampered by no business traditions, she made a number of suggestions about the routine, many of which were practical. Her self-respect was much strengthened by these small accomplishments. And Lucian's manner was so natural and kind, so commonplace in all ways, that no one, and Kate least of all, could suspect him of wanting to help her especially. Her own gentleness and humor, the self-contained quietude of her manner made her human relations agreeable and without particular incident. What had been true in school and in the town social life was true in Miller's offices. The members of her own sex liked and trusted her.

But it was not until summer was hot over the valley and Kate was editing order blanks with a post-office guide at her elbow that the idea of staying with Lucian occurred to her seriously. She had developed a sixth sense about addresses. She could look at apparently undecipherable marks on paper, look away and back quickly, and dream it out—a *p* here and a *b* there—that round thing is not an *o*, but an *e*—she would suddenly and clairvoyantly know the name of the town. Lucian was finding a great many things for a careful person, even though untrained, to do.

It was the reluctance with which she contemplated Bert's impending visit that gave her the idea of staying with Lucian. One night, sitting in her living room reading the evening paper, she lifted her head and looked upon the low long living room with the fireplace in one end of it, with the skirted hand-blocked linen covers on the couch and easy-chairs, the clean, freshly brushed rugs and the shine of wax—a room sturdily comfortable, yet essentially feminine. She wanted never to leave this house. She wanted to go on indefinitely this way. Why, it was the finest kind of life she had ever had, working all day and coming in at evening to refresh herself under her own shower and change into something cool and clean, to put the kettle on and prepare a simple salad for her supper. She was learning something of calm and content from Lucian, of all people. There was philosophy, intelligence in his leisurely way of living.

"Maybe I'm what they call a born old maid," she said, and the idea did not dismay her at all. She went and looked in the glass. "Maybe that's why I didn't tell Bert I was broke, why I clung to the most unlikely of my suitors as a girl instead of being practical and marrying someone. I couldn't have been so in love with Bert as I thought I was." Her mirror looked back at her, showing a comely, well-shaped face, youthful and firm, with delicate coral lips shaped with gallant humor. The gray eyes in their long brown lashes were cool, and the nose a nose and nothing more. It was the creamy pallor of her skin and the shine of her ash-blond hair that gave Kate her beauty.

"A born old maid," she thought, and laughed a little, and the peace of her house folded about her like wings. She was all in one piece—an entity, self-sufficient. She undressed in leisurely silence. Her silk pajamas and the linen sheets on her narrow bed were cool and soft. She lay under a light cover and looked out of the window at the apple tree shining with hard, green fruit.

"Well, why not?" she demanded of herself, feeling more and more reluctance for marriage. But there was the future to consider. She was thirty-one now. She couldn't reasonably expect to work and be well for more than twenty years, if that long. And after that? But weren't there endowment policies, things one could get for old age? Couldn't she, when she could no longer live alone, sell her house and buy a membership in a nice old ladies' home, and be better off than women who lived with their married children unhappily? What was the use of marrying for a home when she had one?

She had plenty of friends, and she had been entertaining little groups of them for Sunday evening suppers. Her own crowd—mostly married now—clung to her. They liked an extra woman at their card parties to take the hostess' hand or fill out with Lucian or Doctor Lunt. The men flirted with her sometimes, predicting their desolation when she should be gone with Bert, and their wives protested comfortably, sure of Kate always.

Lucian was in New York, buying a stock of new merchandise during the week that Bert was at home. Bert and Kate spent their time together in quarreling. Kate explained to him that she could not get a vacation on pay the first year at Miller's and that she couldn't afford to take a holiday on her own time. She had—worst of all—forgotten to get her ring from Lucian before his departure, and she would not ask Molly to let her look in the safe for it. Bert was furious. Kate was sorry at first, and then rebellious.

"Why didn't you keep it, then? You didn't want me to wear it."

"Of course, I wanted you to wear it. I thought all this time you were wearing it."

"But you told me ——"

"You knew I didn't mean for you to give it to Lucian to keep for you!"

"What did you think I'd do? Wear it on a chain, hanging under my dress? You asked me not to wear it because of your mother."

Bert was silent, sitting stubbornly beside her. Kate thought that Bert's look was growing set.

"You've changed," he said at last, and she asked eagerly:

"Have I?"

"Yes," he said. "But not to please me!"

"You mustn't be so faultfinding."

"You're—you're flippant," he stammered. "I don't understand you."

"But, Bert, I'm just trying to fill in the year. . . . No, that's not true. I had to go to work to earn a living. I hadn't any money."

"You should have told me. We don't need to wait any longer. We can be married now."

"You don't mean right now?" she asked teasingly. "But we haven't a license."

"No, I don't mean tonight," he answered in a badgered tone. "But—well, tomorrow; you could go back with me then. We could live in a hotel while you shopped around for an apartment and got settled. I suppose you will sell this house."

"I couldn't get married tomorrow," she pointed out to him. "I haven't my diamond. It wouldn't be legal."

Bert rose and left without another word, and Kate sat swinging herself with one toe.

"What's the matter with me?" she thought. "What's wrong? I surely can't be changing about Bert now."

She swung forlornly. Why hadn't Bert said "tomorrow" when he was at home in the spring and she needed someone? Before she learned that she could take care of herself adequately? Now he was angry and confused, and she really couldn't blame him. She was confused herself.

(Continued on Page 77)

# For all who expect more than ever from metals

## WHEELING COP-R-LOY

Reg. U. S. Pat. Office

THE COPPER ALLOYED STEEL

LIMITATIONS of earlier days no longer impede the wheels of industry—obstruct the progress of transportation—retard building and expansion of business, or curtail development of the soil. Now in the Age of Steel we regard all things as possible. We look upon giant skyscrapers, huge steam and electric locomotives, ten passenger tri-motored airplanes and leviathans of the deep as a matter of course, so rapidly has come the succession of wonders wrought in steel.

On every hand is Steel in some form devoted to the service of the people. In the sixty years that low cost steel has been available to man, world development has been greater than in a thousand years preceding its manufacture on an economical commercial basis.

Twenty years ago, the Wheeling Steel Corporation produced COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, which was then known as Ohio Metal. The alloying of steel with copper was but a natural development, as man learned early in history to combine metals and other substances, to make them more serviceable. Gold, silver, platinum, iridium, bronze, brass—all are alloyed metals to serve various purposes. The use of copper as an alloy has enabled the makers to provide in COP-R-LOY a steel that is strong, tough, malleable and at the same time durable to an unusual degree, at a cost which permits it to be formed into countless products of everyday use.

In COP-R-LOY, industry, transportation, agriculture and the home have found a forward step to still greater advance in the Age of Steel. Manufacturers are enabled to form their products more efficiently and to give them a stamp of permanence. In the twenty years that COP-R-LOY has been put to use in ways without number—both structural and mechanical—it has attained a goal in the Age of Steel wherein it meets the requirements of all who demand and expect more from metals than ever before in history.

## COP-R-LOY

### *What It Is*

COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, is a refined steel to which, while molten, pure ingot copper has been added. It is distinguished from other ferrous metals by the fact that in its making the essentials of strength, malleability and indifference to fatigue are *combined* with greater durability . . . a quality of vital importance wherever the tendency of metals to deteriorate has been a problem. This addition of copper also makes possible better coatings and finishes, and a more attractive appearance in articles made from COP-R-LOY, as well as longer life.

### *How and By Whom It Is Used*

COP-R-LOY affects the interests of practically all people because it is the material from which useful products are manufactured, such as Roofings, Gutters, Spoutings, Lath, Ventilators, Casements, Clothes Chutes and Dryers, Stoves, Ranges, Radiator Covers, Metalware, Refrigerators, Pipe, Fence, and countless other articles required for the modern home and modern living. COP-R-LOY made in sheet, plate, rod and pipe form enables many manufacturers of these things to meet today's standard of quality and service at reasonable retail cost.

### *How It Is Supplied By the Makers*

The Wheeling Steel Corporation, producers of COP-R-LOY, the Copper Alloyed Steel, supply it in a number of forms to manufacturers, railroads, public service corporations and distributors of steel products. Also they supply to the plumbing, steam-fitting and petroleum industries COP-R-LOY black and galvanized Pipe; to metal workers, black and galvanized Sheets, Terne Plate, etc.; to manufacturers of cans, containers, and others requiring light gauge, durable steel, Black Plate and Tin Plate, and even Decorated Plate ready for forming and stamping. Important among COP-R-LOY products ready for the user is Wheeling Hinge Joint Fence made of COP-R-LOY, for the farm.

* * *

The Wheeling Steel Corporation, with its historical background in iron and steel dating back to 1715, profits by experience of over two hundred years, with present day resources embracing ownership and control of every factor entering into the production of steel "from mine to market." It is only natural, then, to expect from this source such an important development as COP-R-LOY in the realm of finer steel.

This label, in green and black, identifies an article made of COP-R-LOY. It is a hall mark of quality indicating that the user is one of the many now employing this very best obtainable material with its insurance of better service to you.

*Write to us for an interesting, non-technical account of* COP-R-LOY, *the Copper Alloyed Steel, and its list of uses important to your own convenience and economy.*

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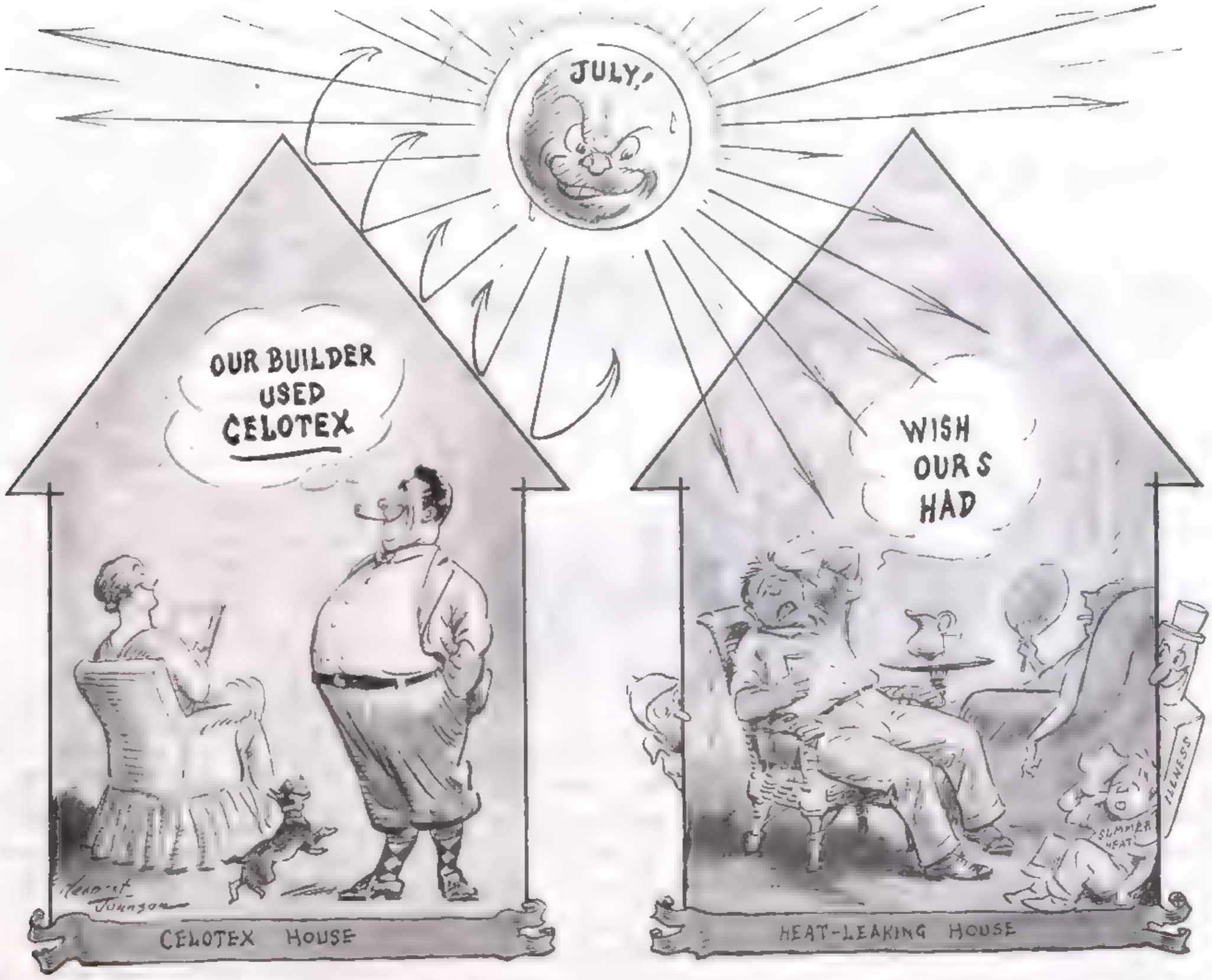


# Cool, Pleasant Rooms

## *even when it's 90° outside!*

NO MORE suffering from summer heat for the families of *wise* home owners. For nowadays they live in houses insulated with Celotex—houses that are cool and pleasant even when it's 90° outside.

Celotex *shuts out* scorching sun's rays during summer months. Through other seasons it protects you from chill, dampness and cold . . . keeps your home at a healthful, comfortable temperature *all year 'round.*

As a heat stopper, an inch of Celotex is as effective as 3 inches of wood, 8 inches of plasterboard, 12 inches of brick or 25 inches of concrete.

And it is such an effective insulator that it is used in thousands of railroad refrigerator cars and household refrigerators, as well as in more than 250,000 American homes.

Celotex is the *only* insulation made from long, tough fibres of cane. It comes in big, strong boards, 4 feet wide, 7 to 12 feet long and 7/16 of an inch thick. (Also made double thick—7/8 inch.)

When used on the outside of houses, as sheathing, Celotex adds structural strength . . . makes walls tighter and more permanent.

And on inside walls and ceilings, you can obtain finer, smoother plastered surfaces with Celotex Lath. This new lath, 18 inches by 48 inches and 7/16 of an inch thick (also made double-thick—7/8 inch), is especially designed to reinforce against plaster cracks and eliminate lath marks.

As interior finish, Celotex adds new beauty to homes through its natural tan color and pleasing fibre texture.

Celotex is used in old homes as well as new; for insulating roofs; for lining basements, attics and garages; for making comfortable extra rooms from waste spaces.

As insulation, Celotex is not an expensive extra item, because it replaces other materials, and in later years saves you hundreds of dollars in fuel bills.

Ask your architect, builder or dealer for further information on Celotex—and write to us for our free booklet, "Year 'Round Comfort and Fuel Saving for Every Home."

The Celotex Company, Chicago, Illinois. In Canada: Alexander Murray & Co., Ltd., Montreal. Sales distributors throughout the world. All reliable dealers can supply Celotex Standard Building Board and Celotex Lath.

**Be sure it's *Cane Fibre* Insulation!**

Only Celotex is made from the long, tough fibres of cane. The peculiar advantages of cane fibre insulation cannot be obtained in any other material. Be sure you get CELOTEX!

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CELOTEX
BRAND
INSULATING CANE BOARD

*When you buy a new house, look for the Celotex sign. It is your assurance of greater home comfort.*

(Continued from Page 74)

He was waiting for her when she came out of Miller's the next afternoon, and they ate supper at the hotel, both resolved on being amiable. They went to the movies together and sat hand in hand in the friendly, cooled darkness. "Good old Bert" thought Kate. He had stuck to her all these years. She wasn't sure enough that she was a born old maid to break her engagement. The belief that her life was linked with Bert's was deep in her loyal heart.

But when they reached her house, he wanted her to sit out on the porch. He was very eager, bent on wooing her.

"But, Bert, you've got to go. I live alone here. I can't have you here so late. You know how Hilltown gossips."

"Marry me, then, and let them gossip."

"No, you set a year yourself. I'm going to stick to it."

"You're punishing me, Kate."

"Please, Bert—please go now. That's a good boy."

The week came to an end, and Bert, dissatisfied and reproachful, made his farewells.

"Christmas!" he told her sternly.

"I wouldn't make it sound like an ultimatum, Bert. You know how they are—so tempting."

"What's got into you, Kate? Lord, I wish you'd never seen the inside of an office. You were such a darling, and now you're all thorns."

"Well, good-by, Bert. I'll write to you."

"Lucian's trying to get you. That's all that's the matter." He said the words he had resolved not to say. The slow color came up in Kate's cheeks.

"You can't imagine people working together, Bert?"

"Not you and Lucian," he said. "No, I can't. He was always crazy about you. That's the only reason he went away from Hilltown—because you and I were engaged. But he didn't stay long. This town is about his speed."

"You'll miss your train, Bert."

He kissed her, half angrily, and ran for the train. It was already whistling in the Narrows, disturbing the Sunday evening quiet.

After he was gone Kate stayed up until all hours, cleaning and shining her house, which she had neglected. She washed her hair at midnight and sat under a fan drying it while she manicured her finger nails. She pressed a dress and creamed her shoes and set them in the window. She was happy and free again. Tomorrow Lucian would be back from New York and she would be at work, and in the evening there wouldn't be any date. She went to sleep about two o'clock, thinking: "I can never do it. I can't marry him! I should have told him. Now he'll be looking forward to Christmas. But how can I break with him after all these years?"

Sure enough, in the morning Lucian was back with samples of the stuff he had ordered, and never a word did he say to Kate about Bert's visit. They spread out the new things on the big counter, and Lucian put the selling-price tags on them and they had each article packed for mailing and weighed. Kate, who could pick and choose at a typewriter now, began to type out descriptions. A photographer came and they decided on the sizes of the pictures. The routine of order filling on the old catalogue went ahead with casual overseeing, and all the office concentrated on the great job of the new book, which was to be different. The printer had his say, and Molly hers. They argued and disputed. Kate had her own ideas of what women would like. She thought some of the things Lucian had bought were terrible. He was inclined to listen to her, to accept her judgment. All these Christmas specialties—toilet articles, compacts, powders and perfumes—were a new departure for the company.

Kate, who was learning to understand Lucian, saw that he cared a good deal about the success of his enterprise, and in a way new to her. He cared because he thought the effort and energy should count. He hated waste. It was innate in him, back of his seeming inertia. Useless motion was unintelligent. The instinct for results governed him and gave him deep wisdom and practicality. Kate watched him work. Everyone waited on him. She shared the common impulse. He lay back in his chair and thought.

When he wanted anything done, there was someone at hand to do it. He had the say, though, about the ordering of every detail. He would look at the things brought to him, put his hands behind his head and make a meek sort of suggestion which would at once appear obviously best. Kate became captivated by his mind. It was such a good one. This man didn't need to leave Hilltown to get on in the world. He was bringing money into Hilltown in every mail by the magnetism of his intelligence. He was natural and comfortable. If you leaned your head against his arm he probably wouldn't even move. She wondered, with a thrill of danger, if he could be stirred, if he could move swiftly, seize and hold. And she curled her lip with scorn at herself for such a thought. She had no intention of returning his solid friendship with the tinsel of coquetry.

Bert's letters, planning for a Christmas wedding, became so unreal to her that she was at a loss how to answer them. The catalogue was the great issue. It was finished and printed at last; quite a pretentious little book, but not so different as they had hoped. Kate declared it to be a beautiful piece of art, and Lucian said:

"That's why every old goose thinks her own geese are swans." And he added: "Anything's interesting if you bring a mind to bear on it."

There was much to be done while the catalogue, with its sprays of holly on the cover, went out into the world, and in a week orders began to come back from it, and Kate's judgment was justified from the beginning as to what the women would like.

Kate had charge of the packing now, moving about all day, managing the girls with a sure instinct. She had borrowed some of Lucian's casual kindness to add to her native gifts. She settled disputes, hired and fired with a steady, impersonal kindness. She looked out for the younger girls or those not strong, saw to lights and conveniences, kept track of the inspectors.

She could say, "I wouldn't do that, Maizie," in a way all her own. The younger girls adored her and the older women had confidence in her fairness.

Lucian paid Kate generously. He counted on her more and more. She was one of the people who made it possible for him to drift aimlessly about. Sometimes, looking up from her work, she found him watching her, and they smiled like true comrades. As fall deepened he came in and sat by her grate fire on late Sunday afternoons, but he never stayed long or said much. He was meticulous about Bert's rights.

The first Sunday afternoon in December, just as Kate was ready to go out, Lucian came to her door, and when she opened it he came in without ceremony and sat down on the piano bench.

Kate shut the door against the cold wind and came back to him and said, "I'm just going out, Lucian. Want to come with me?"

He made no answer but leaned his elbow on the keys of her piano and rested his head in his hand, with his hat still on. He shivered a little, and Kate grew troubled.

"What's wrong, Lucian?" she said.

He sighed deeply, said in a thick, unnatural voice, "Well, I got here, Kate," and laid his head and arm down on the keys, which sounded softly under them. Kate touched his shoulder.

"Lucian, you haven't been drinking, have you?"

She took his hat off of his head and found that his face was burning hot. She lifted his chin and shook him, and his eyes flew wide, startled and bright with fever.

"Oh, it's you, Kate. That's all right. I'll be all right in a minute."

"Get up, Lucian. Come over here by the fire."

He got up and obeyed her like a child, and she helped him off with his overcoat and put him in her big winged chair before the grate.

"I'll go in a minute," he said. "I just wanted to get warm. My room at the hotel is cold. I kept thinkin' about your fire. I'll be goin' now."

"You're warm enough, in all conscience," said Kate, scolding and frightened. He was half delirious with fever. She pulled off her own hat and went to the telephone and called Doctor Lunt. He was at the hotel, his servant said, and Kate called him there:

"Lucian's here, doctor. He's sick, I think."

"I think so too. I was here to see him last night and this morning, and just came again and found him gone. How'd he get there?"

"He walked, I guess. He just came in."

Doctor Lunt said something indistinguishable and hung up the telephone. Kate went back and found Lucian sound asleep, with his head back in the corner of his chair. There was something helpless about him which wrung her heart with pain. She put a shawl over his knees and saw that a shudder passed through his long frame. His breathing was heavy and stertorous. He stirred, reached out and caught her scarf and twisted it around his hand. Kate left it in his grasp and slipped off her coat and went to the door to admit the doctor. He came in and looked at his patient with disgust.

"Of all the imbecile performances," he said. "To get up and dress and come seven blocks in this wind! He's ill with influenza and I told him last night that he was threatened with pneumonia. He had a congestion in one lung then. When I saw him this morning he had a fever of a hundred and three degrees. He's in for it now."

"I don't think he knew what he was doing when he came here," said Kate in a troubled voice, and Doctor Lunt, warming his stethoscope over the coals, answered, "Never fear about that. He knew, well enough. Oh, not his reasonable mind, I'll grant that. He'll be chagrined to death when he realizes how he's betrayed himself. But the old instinct brought him right where he wanted to be. . . . Unbutton his shirt for me, Kate. We'll see."

There was no question about the pneumonia. Kate got Mrs. Sims to come and stay with them, and Doctor Lunt telephoned to the city for a trained nurse to come the next day. They sent to the hotel for some things for Lucian, and put him, protesting, to bed in Kate's own room because it was the warmest.

"I've the flu. I've got to go home, Kate. Right away. Bert won't stand for this. It'll spoil everything for you. Get me my hat and I'll go."

"Just rest a little while first, Lucian. Then you can go."

"Don't marry Bert unless you're sure, Kate," he implored her. He was very full of conversation before Doctor Lunt's medicine began to take effect. "I've been married, and I know. It's not for people that aren't in love. I never told you about my wife, Bessie, did I, Kate? She was a little thing, and young. I was so alowlike beside her. I didn't think I'd ever get over grievin' for her, but we change. I'd want someone different now—someone grown up and kind, who could understand. I was good to her, Kate. She was a happy little thing. But we change." He still had the scarf, which he had refused to yield. "It was mighty selfish of me to come here. You get me a taxi, Kate, and I'll go home."

"I'll send for one," promised Kate, biting back the tears.

Doctor Lunt gave his instructions to Mrs. Sims, who, as it happened, had assisted the old doctor when Lucian was born. Kate was grateful for her steady competence. They made up a bed for her in the room with Lucian, and Kate prepared her father's room for the nurse, moved her own toilet things in on the mantel and made up a bed


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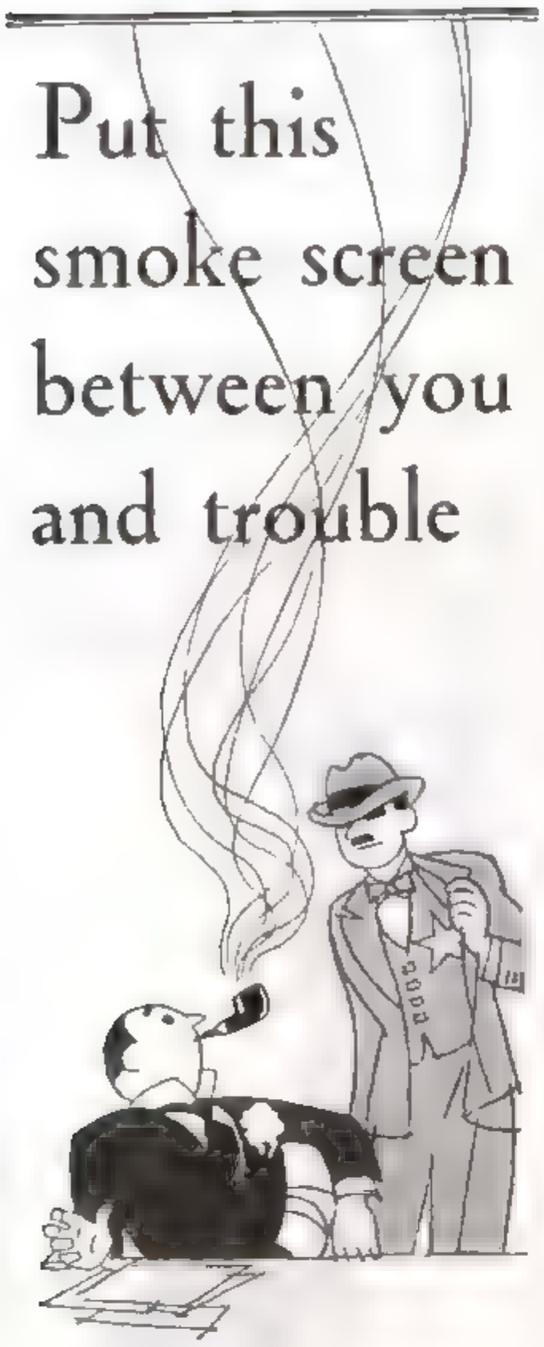

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on the couch for herself, filled all the while with unreasonable gratitude that Lucian's feet had brought him to her, that he was here where she could take care of him, and not alone in the hotel.

Monday morning he was a good deal worse, burning with fever and lying in a stupor. Kate went down to the office, aware that everyone in Hilltown knew that Lucian was at her house, ill with influenza and pneumonia, that he had risen and dressed and walked there, with a high temperature. Resolutely Kate faced the town and took charge of things at the office.

The orders were coming in on every mail—rush orders for the Christmas specials. Kate telegraphed to New York for last-minute supplies. She piled the work before the packers, offered bonuses for overtime, forced the work through by sheer determination, so that every day's orders were filled before the offices closed. Molly Weston and her husband worked with Kate with a good will. The deep loyalty Lucian could inspire in his people served him in good stead now. Kate worked in a fever of activity against the fear that ate at her heart. At night she lay on the couch, trying to sleep, but listening instead to Lucian's struggle for breath. Sometimes she got up to wait upon the nurse, who was in charge now, although Mrs. Sims stayed on, taking her turn beside Lucian, cooking for them all.

On Wednesday night Bert came from Dayton and came to the office, where Kate was working late.

"You'll have to wait, Bert. I'm not through." He sat down on one of the desks and waited. Conscious of his watching her, Kate realized for the first time what a worker she had come to be. Bert was pale and disturbed. Kate dreaded to talk to him but came and sat down in her own chair when the packers finally trailed out. Bert had had a letter from his aunt, and he was angry clear through. He could hardly contain himself.

"What kind of a stunt is this?" he asked. "Lucian at your house! You'd no right to do that, Kate. You could have thought of me."

"I had no choice," she said wearily. "He was ill when he came. There was nothing else to do."

"If he was well enough to come he was well enough to go," said Bert, not unreasonably. "There are such things as ambulances and hospitals, even in Hilltown. How can you be so careless of your reputation, Kate? You wouldn't even sit out on the porch with me last summer. Don't you know people will talk?"

Kate looked at him levelly. "I don't think there's a person in Hilltown that could or would suggest anything wrong. The only person unkind enough to say such a thing is you, Bert. Don't you know me after all these years?"

He was silent, but his face was hard and stubborn. Suddenly Kate knew, for good and all, that it was impossible. He was a stranger to her. This man, sitting there with his hard, careful face, was no more the Bert she had loved as a girl than if that Bert had died. He had always failed her! She had never seen it before, being such a credulous, admiring simpleton. He was failing her now. The future could hold nothing for her, with this reed to lean on. Lucian was right. We did change. If she and Bert had been married at twenty and lived it out together, it would have been one thing; but this was another.

"You're in love with him," said Bert with unexpected passion. "That's what's the trouble. You're glad to have him there."

"Yes," said Kate whitely, "you're right. I am."

And then Bert said at once, "I'm sorry, Kate. I didn't mean that. It's just—I'm thinking of you. In a place like Hilltown ——"

"In a place like Hilltown," she interrupted, "I'd be far more criticized for letting a fellow citizen go out to what might be his death than I would be for looking after him." And then she added, in a low voice: "He's likely to die, anyhow; there's not much hope for him." Bert was silent. Unexpectedly all the hard-held fears surged over Kate, and she fell to weeping, her head down on the desk before her. After a long time Bert touched her gently and she pulled herself together and got up, tired and pale, and wiped her eyes.

Bert was sitting there, looking down his nose.

"You'd best give me my ring then," he said at last. "You'd best be free of me, Kate, if that's how you feel."

"Oh, Bert! I'm sorry. I didn't know myself until you told me."

"It's my own fault," he said. "I'm not losing you now. I lost you last spring, if not ten years ago. Perhaps I couldn't do otherwise. Let's say no one is to blame. It's just—change."

"I have changed," she said. "But you're mighty decent about it, Bert. I don't know whether Lucian cares a darn about me. But nobody's ever been as good to me as Lucian has been this last year, Bert. He's given me my chance. He's treated me as an equal. I can't remember any man ever doing that before. He's fine. He thinks I'm engaged to you. It's worried him—that you might not like his being there." She turned the knob of the safe, the inside of which was now entirely familiar to her, and found the ring box and gave it to Bert, and he put it in his pocket and said ruefully:

"You never wore it, did you, Kate?"

"Only that first evening. I'm sorry, Bert."

"Don't be sorry. Maybe I'll change too. It seems possible. I hope Lucian will pull out of it all right."

He got a taxi and took her home, and kissed her when he left her, and then he went back to the hotel to stay all night, before leaving for Dayton.

Kate worked late every night, and all afternoon and until midnight Saturday. She had arranged for the post office to put Miller's mail on the Sunday morning train, and she got up and went downtown early to see that it was done. She came home in a gray fog of weariness, and slept deeply all afternoon, undisturbed by the doctor's coming and going. About six o'clock in the afternoon the nurse wakened her and said that Lucian was asking for her. She went in to him at once, and found him looking at her with unexpected lucidity.

"Bert's sore, isn't he?" he whispered. She was not surprised that he knew. She smiled down at him.

"Not very. He wants you to get better."

"Do you want it, Kate?"

"There's nothing I want more." And then, falteringly: "Bert and I decided not to be engaged any longer. Oh, Lucian, can't you see? It's you I'm loving."

"That's all right. That's all right, Kate," he said in a loud hoarse voice, and drifted away from her. She stooped and kissed his cheek, her own face wet with tears. He was the worst that night that he had been, but in the morning—it was the ninth day—there was a change, and Kate went to the office at eight o'clock with a slight lift of hope at her heart. That evening improvement was marked, and from then on it was just a matter of careful nursing and time.

*In the White Mountains, New Hampshire*

By another Sunday Lucian was sitting up a little, and very sheepish. But he did not say anything about what she had told him or make any reference to Bert. Molly came, and he looked at the mail and dictated to her every day. Just before Christmas the mail fell off. The big rush was over.

The day before Christmas, Lucian, carefully bundled up and a little unsteady, was taken back to his room at the hotel. The nurse and Mrs. Sims departed, and with them the sterilizer on the kitchen cabinet, the smell of camphor and lamb's wool, the dark head on Kate's pillow. Lucian hadn't said much, on going, except thanks; he couldn't imagine what had made him come; he was sorry to have been such a nuisance. Kate felt like killing him.

When she was alone and everything was orderly, peace failed to return to her dwelling. She realized that her house would never be the same to her again. Since the first day she had gone to work and learned to make two grabs and a snatch, the house had had a definite meaning to her, and now it was gone. Eight months! A long time, and at the end of it she found herself so deeply and fundamentally unhappy and dissatisfied that she could hardly bear it. What was a house for one person? A house was for human companionship, for love and children, noise and talk, happiness and pain. And old maid of a house, this one—like its owner.

She slept on the couch again, dreading her own room. If she had only not taken the meanderings of delirium for heart-felt sentiments! Or if she hadn't been so impulsive about telling her own heart to Lucian!

Her telephone began to ring at seven o'clock Christmas morning. She took the receiver off the hook. It was probably the Millays, wanting her for dinner. She went back to bed, not caring even to open the Christmas gifts piled on her desk. Nor did she answer the doorbell when it began to ring. The meaning was gone from everything.

After an hour or so someone came to the door again and would not be denied. The bell rang and rang. Kate rose at last, deeply irritated, and wrapped a warm dressing gown around her and went to the door. There stood Lucian, with his coat collar turned up high about his cap. Kate dragged him right in.

"What do you mean, coming out in the cold like this?" she scolded, and Lucian stood inside her door with his cap in his hands and smiled down at her.

"What can a man do when his girl will neither answer the telephone nor accept invitations delivered at the front door? I wanted you to come to the hotel to eat Christmas dinner with me, but they're going to send it over here instead."

"Oh, Lucian!"

"Kate—Kate, I thought I dreamed that part about you breaking up with Bert—about what you said. I've been dreaming it for months. But Bert showed the ring to the clerk at the hotel—he's Bert's cousin, you know. He left it in the hotel safe that night. I just found out early this morning ——"

"You aren't feverish, are you, Lucian?"

He laughed, a great laugh, and would have caught her in his arms, but Kate ran, calling over her shoulder:

"I'll be dressed in a minute. I'll make us some breakfast."

"Get dressed for a wedding!" he shouted to her. "I've had the town by the ears. Got a license 'n' everything. The Millays and Doctor Lunt and the preacher are all coming at eleven o'clock. I've come to stay this time, honey."

Kate flung things about in her room, and stopped, before she went back to her lover, to look at the flushed countenance shining out of her mirror. Her house—everything—was all right again. "You—born old maid," she whispered, laughing.

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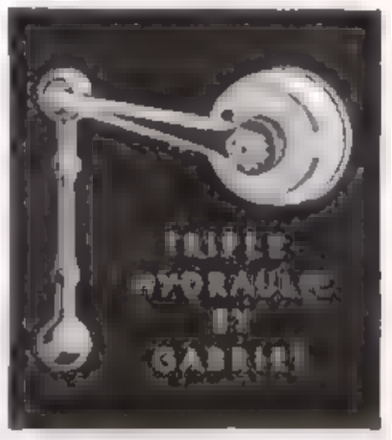


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Six billion dollars! Two billion dollars more than the annual Federal Government budget! A billion dollars more than the total value of all United States exports in 1928! Approximately a billion dollars more than the value of the world production of wheat in 1928! Over three billion dollars more than the value of world cotton production last year!

A six billion dollar market is worth cultivating, isn't it? There must be a good volume of business here for *you*, if you go after it right. The way to get this business is to serve this rich territory *from within*. While exceeding any other United States marketing territory in area, the Southwest market is isolated by distance from most other marketing centers.

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The size of the Southwest market from a standpoint of buying power—and the size and location of the market from a geographical standpoint—indicate very clearly that this great market should be served from within More and more companies each year

*"Serve the Growing Southwest Market from Dallas—the Center."** The fact that 1,905 national and sectional concerns maintain sales or manufacturing branches in Dallas points to this as the logical distribution and industrial center.

Rich raw material resources—fuel and power resources—labor resources—added to this tremendous market, have caused many companies to manufacture as well as sell here. Manufacturing is decidedly on the increase. It may pay *you* to thoroughly investigate the manufacturing and sales advantages of Dallas and the Southwest. We have prepared for executives seven valuable reports, which will be sent on request. Write us on your business letterhead, specifying the reports desired.

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No. 2—The Southwest—Six Billion Dollar Market
No. 3—Dallas—Distribution Center
No. 4—Industrial Survey of Dallas
No. 5—Dallas as a City in Which to Live
No. 6—The Growth of Dallas
No. 7—Texas Corporation Laws

# NATIONALISTIC BUSINESS

(Continued from Page 15)

allegation that Uncle Sam is seeking political as well as economic sovereignty over the western world.

The film movement is part of a larger effort to bring about a Pan-European union through the lowering of tariffs and other trade barriers, so as to present a solid front against American economic penetration. It is sponsored by Austen Chamberlain, Monsieur Briand and Herr Stresemann. The educational campaign is being carried on almost solely through films, which never lose an opportunity to "expose" Yankee "trade aggression."

The international film congress held in Berlin last August emphasized the organized hostility. Every producing country was represented except the United States. The invitations to the Americans were delayed so long that representatives from this side of the Atlantic could not arrive in time. The congress, at the instigation of Herr Hugenberg, who owns a string of papers and is head of a big German film organization, voted for an all-European film bloc to be solidly arrayed against the United States.

These resolutions became part of the press and other propaganda against us. Every divorce in Hollywood is played up to show "lack of character" in our film personnel. Films showing the activities of gunmen and racketeers are featured to indicate "the prevailing type of American life."

In the main, European governments and not European peoples have inspired the crusade against our pictures. For patriotic and political reasons governments desire to establish a national picture industry in their own country that will serve as propaganda to reflect the life, customs and habits of their kind.

Each government naturally has the backing of the picture industry of its own country. The trade not only wants an adequate supply of pictures for home consumption but also wants to sell its product in our domestic market with its huge consumptive demand. They are all seeking in their several ways to find some means of forcing the American industry to help them to attain these two objectives as the price of doing business in their midst.

That some European countries have a measure of justification in fostering a native film product is shown by the case of Britain. Not only is her provocation the greatest but her quota system is the fairest. If the Continental nations had taken it as a model there would be no crisis to chronicle and no propaganda to offset.

### *An Incubator Film Baby*

Fully 85 per cent of the motion pictures exhibited throughout the British Empire are American. In 1926 the Imperial Conference held at London called attention to this fact and urged the development of an all-British film industry. Such a recommendation could not go unheeded and the British Government reluctantly came to the point of passing restrictive legislation on imported films. Under the terms of the British Films Bill every exhibitor and distributor in the kingdom must show or sell a definite number of British-made pictures every year.

Exhibitors began with a 2.5 per cent quota and distributors with a 7.5 per cent quota for 1928. The figure increased by 2.5 per cent each year until 25 per cent is reached. By that time the British will know whether they can supply enough good films to maintain the quota permanently.

In sharp contrast is the position of France, which, unless some new compromise is effected, will practically drive the American picture from the French theater. At the root of the situation is the French desire to enforce her film exports and at the same time secure an American subsidy for French production. Obviously the restrictive measures, which are on the verge of being made more drastic, are the last possible method to invite financial and other coöperation.

For five years the French have tried in vain to build up a film industry. In February of 1928 a cinema control, whose regulations have the power of law, was set up to foster French-made films. The first step was to promulgate a decree providing that for every four foreign films brought into France one French picture must be bought and distributed outside French territory. Since we exported 400 pictures to France, we would have been obliged to purchase 100 French movies every year. As I remarked on another occasion, it was just as if we required France to buy and wear one American frock for every four purchased by American women in France.

The American industry made such a strong protest that a compromise was effected that increased the quota to a 7 to 1 basis. This meant that for every French film produced, seven import licenses were granted, and they could all go to one country. They were made negotiable, which enabled the French producer, who got seven import licenses for each picture he made, to sell them to anybody, Americans included. This eased the situation.

### *Europe Can Change Her Mind*

The 7 to 1 arrangement, however, represented a temporary truce, which expired early this year. The French have now come forward with a proposition to reduce the arrangement. This would curtail the number of import licenses.

The proposed reduction is impracticable on its very face, because the French do not begin to produce enough feature films. Instead of aiding the French industry, the quota regulation has brought about the exact reverse. Of the first twenty-two French pictures reviewed by the censors, only eight were passed. Those rejected failed to measure up to the censors' idea of what French pictures should be.

This brings us to one of the many uneconomic aspects of the European offensive against our pictures. In Germany, as in France, an inferior local product is being turned out in order to obtain import permits. It not only fails to get by the home censors but naturally is ineligible for presentation in the United States and other foreign markets. Here you have the reason why both the French and the German film industries have declined so materially since the quota business became operative. Restriction always reacts.

At the time I write the Franco-American film situation is up in the air. The American Government has made strong representation that the proposed quota system is both unjust and unworkable. The American companies refuse to subsidize the French industry. Unless the French retreat, it is among the near possibilities that American companies will withdraw entirely from the French scene. This would practically close down 3000 movie theaters employing more than 8000 persons and endanger millions of dollars that we have invested in French theaters, equipment and otherwise.

The French situation will serve to disclose another handicap under which the American film operates throughout Europe. It lies in the fact that laws are being constantly changed. A quota decree enacted in one month is amended the next. This is particularly true in Italy, Austria and Hungary, where film nationalism is rampant and where an organized effort is being made to ram the homemade pictures down the throats, as it were, of exhibitors. There would be no grievance if such a law as exists in Britain would stay put. It is precisely like the fluctuations of a depreciated currency. If, during German inflation, the mark had remained at 1,000,000,000 to the dollar, local and foreign commerce and industry could have adapted themselves to it. Instead, it shifted hourly and all business was in constant confusion. The American film abroad is up against the same state of affairs.

Being a dominant American product, the American automobile also feels the force of European restriction and propaganda. The general situation was outlined by John B. Lawrence of the Foreign Trade Department of the National Automobile Chamber of Commerce in this wise:

> Three countries still place quotas on automobiles brought in. Poland allows a definite tonnage from each manufacturing nation. She allows parts for assembly imported in unlimited quantities, and already one assembly plant has been opened there by an American manufacturer. Czecho-Slovakia limits imports from any manufacturing country to 800 motor vehicles a year. Austria limits imports of automobiles from any one nation to 300 a year.
>
> In addition, there are various other means of discriminatory nature through which sales of American motor vehicles are curtailed; notably international taxation or motor-registration fees calculated on a horse-power basis arrived at by a formula. This basis is used in England, France, Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, Austria, and a number of other countries. The formula is either entirely dependent upon the bore of the motor or else it is based on cylinder content. As American cars are all of larger bore than those of European manufacture, they are necessarily penalized annually by this form of computing taxes. It is also noteworthy that quite frequently the tax rate per horse power increases progressively with the computed horse power, thus increasing the spread between the low-rated European car and its higher-rated American competitor.

In Germany restriction is joined with strong propaganda against the American car. The Germans seek to justify their action on the ground that the Reich is probably the best undeveloped motor-car market in the world and they want it for themselves. Registration last year was 332,000 and output under 70,000. In France and Britain we face strong local competition. This is not the case in Germany. In consequence, American concerns have $15,000,000 invested in assembly plants with strong selling organizations.

### *Economic Propaganda*

In 1927 the Reichstag increased the duty on automobile parts to the same rate charged for finished cars. The American companies faced possible inability to carry on profitably. Subsequently the duty was modified and the American companies imported parts in less finished form and completed them in the German plants. The tariff thus lost some of its potentiality for harm.

The propaganda campaign, however, goes on at full tilt. Here is a sample advertisement of one of the leading motor manufacturers:

> Blank manufactures 220 cars every day which can compete in price with every foreign product. Including the factories producing parts and accessories, more than 20,000 German workers participate in this output. Tens of thousands of other skilled workers, who today are thrown on the road without a job, could find a living if every German buyer were tactful enough to choose German cars. By a slight increase of facilities Blank plants are in a position to manufacture 450 cars a day and thereby to take care of total present imports. Whoever considers the consequences can under no circumstances buy imported cars and thereby send valuable German money wastefully and irreplaceably abroad.

The same brand of nationalistic publicity is employed by British motor-car manufacturers as part of the Buy British and be Proud of It campaign. Here the British war debt to us is capitalized for all it is worth. Part of a typical advertisement reads:

> Think! In settlement of our war debt we are paying the U. S. £30,000,000 a year. Is it good business to aggravate our indebtedness by importing, as we did last year, 16,000 motor

...STURDY

stout . . . strong.

. . . they're forged. Steel beaten to form . . . shaped and tooled with precision.

Rugged as the Scotch "smith" who beat out by hand the first solid center wood boring bit.

. . . as genuinely good as nearly 50 years of doing nothing but making wood boring bits could develop . . . Irwin Bits . . . sold by all reputable hardware dealers, from the Irwin carton.

The
IRWIN AUGER BIT CO.
Wilmington, Ohio
*Sole Manufacturers of the*
*GENUINE*
The IRWIN Bit
Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

# Well Filled Tables

# Will you Serve Them?

BUSY factories in Piedmont Carolinas are making payrolls that buy groceries. This section stands high in the value of its agricultural products, yet the Carolinas yearly import $335,000,000 worth of foods and feedstuffs!

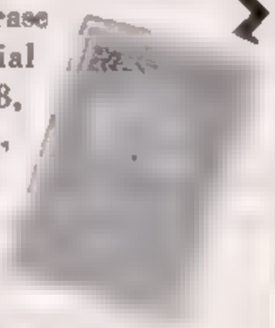
And the *quality* is high. One maker of bulk and packaged goods reports that his ratio of sales of the higher priced package line in Piedmont Carolinas runs 42% *above* his national average.

For four years in succession Piedmont Carolinas has set a record in the sale of electric ranges. Housewives here are interested in good cooking and good foods.

The opportunities for millers of flour and meal, cereal millers, meat packers, canners, preservers, creameries, ice cream makers, confectioners and other processers of foods, are unusually favorable.

Experience of those who have located here during the last few years is an index of what can be done.

Send for the facts. *Piedmont Carolinas, Where Wealth Awaits You,* is filled with figures and data. Just what you want to know. Please address Industrial Dept., Room 528, Mercantile Bldg., Charlotte, N. C.



DUKE POWER COMPANY

SOUTHERN PUBLIC UTILITIES COMPANY AND OTHER ALLIED INTERESTS


vehicles from the United States alone, when British motor manufacturers offer unequaled value and service?

A third American commodity—the typewriter—comes in for its share of nationalistic discrimination procedure. The Italian will serve to illustrate. By governmental order all public offices are required to use only Italian machines. It is a direct blow at various American makes which were widely used. Since the Fascist order is all-powerful, it is good business to stand in with the existing régime. Hence private business follows the example of the powers that be.

With films, motor cars, and, to a lesser extent, typewriters, the general European nationalistic policy of restriction and discrimination has been disclosed. Each of the principal European countries, however, has an economic-propaganda system—I use the phrase in its larger sense—all its own, varying in scope and technic.

Turn to British trade propaganda and you find that there is no active or hostile discrimination against foreign goods. Two separate campaigns have been developed. One flies the slogans, Buy British Goods, and Buy Imperially. It is backed up by an intensive publicity drive, stressing unemployment as one reason why imperial goods should be preferred. The other is the crusade to capture foreign trade outside the dominions. Here the chief publicity agent is the Prince of Wales, whose many jaunts are frankly proclaimed to be in the larger interest of British business. The "empire's greatest asset," as the heir to the throne is accurately termed, is also the empire's best salesman.

That the prince has learned the fundamentals of the over-sea selling game is shown by one of his comments when he attended the British Industries Fair this year. Spying a pair of gaudily decorated red slippers, he queried: "Are these for the native British East African trade?" On being answered in the affirmative, he added: "This is precisely the kind of goods that those people want."

### On the Defensive

British trade propaganda on anything like a big scale was born with the World War. The moment hostilities started, the United Kingdom realized its utter dependence on essential products like dyes, chemicals, optical goods and instruments of precision which had formerly been supplied almost entirely by Germany. In addition, cutlery and raincoats had been furnished to British dealers by German manufacturers in large quantity, frequently with a British imprint upon them. This was because the Teutons could manufacture them more cheaply than the British.

Britain decided to make herself independent of these and other German-made commodities, and to compete with Germany once the war ended. Concentration on the war precluded an immediate step in the second direction. The job at hand was to combat the German economic offensive.

The initial move was the institution of the so-called War Trade Intelligence Board. Its chief function was to keep out camouflaged German goods and to carry on counter economic espionage in neutral countries. It operated against German commerce in precisely the same way that the Military Intelligence—the famous M. I. of the army—worked against the enemy in the field. An effective organization was built up in Holland, Switzerland, Spain and Scandinavia, where, as I have already pointed out, the Germans were using merchandise as propaganda. One of the most fascinating of the unwritten war chapters relates to the work of the British W. T. I., as the trade intelligence wing was known. Among other things, it exposed German resourcefulness in masking goods under Allied and American brands and labels, especially cutlery, safety razors and blades, and textiles.

With peace, the W. T. I. was demobilized and a new and more permanent agency—the Department of Overseas Trade—came into being as the official agency to promote British commerce throughout the world. The D. O. T., as it is more commonly referred to, has performed for the British exporter the same service rendered by the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce for American industry. Its principal officials, who have the title of commercial attaché or trade counselor, are accredited to British embassies or legations, as the case may be. Their reports form the base of a considerable portion of British foreign-trade operation.

The British foreign-trade-promotion machine is out to displace American goods everywhere, but notably in South America. Argentina, where we have cut into the long-established British position during the past three years, will be the first point in a new attack. Under the auspices of the British Chamber of Commerce of Buenos Aires—all British chambers work in close connection with the D. O. T.—a British Industries Exposition will be held in the Argentine capital from December, 1930, to February, 1931. British manufacturers are raising a $5,000,000 advertising fund with which to launch a trade offensive.

### Branded Goods

An active agency for the British trade stimulation is the Empire Marketing Board; frankly, a propaganda force. It was set up in 1926 under governmental subsidy, to which some of the dominions like Australia and Canada contribute, to foster preference for imperial products. It works along three lines—economic investigation, publicity and scientific research. With posters, advertisements, displays, exhibitions and shopping weeks, it gets the appeal over. A demonstration kitchen is operated throughout Britain to show how empire fruits, for example, can be economically prepared. As part of the Buy British Goods campaign the British railways run show trains, which are exhibitions of imperial products on wheels, over all the trackage of the kingdom.

The British use the German country-of-origin idea in their trade propaganda. All imported alien merchandise must be stamped with the word "Foreign," while British goods are labeled "Made in Britain" and dominion products "Empire." Through the efforts of the Empire Marketing Board an imperial mark or designation is now applied to fruit. Apples will illustrate. There are three grades: "Extra Fancy," "Fancy" and "C Grade." A bright-colored label sets each grade apart.

At the moment Russian propaganda is being concentrated on an effort to secure American recognition. Like the Germans, the Russians are poor readers of national events and psychology. They believe that because there has been a change in administration there must be a change in our foreign policy. They forget that the President of the United States has had an intimate experience with their policy of biting the hand that feeds them. The circumstance is well worth rehearsing in brief:

As most people know, the American Relief Organization—which was directed by Herbert Hoover—fed and practically saved the lives of 5,000,000 Russians during the great famine year. The original idea was to staff this project almost entirely with Americans. The Bolsheviks objected, maintaining that food, even for a hungry and despairing population, would be regarded as propaganda. They were perfectly willing to have America come in and do the humanitarian job for them, but the communist government wanted all the credit, so that it could be capitalized for political purposes.

What most people do not know is that once the feeding stopped, nearly every ranking American relief official fell under suspicion as a trade spy for those well-known capitalistic interests. Hundreds of honest and grateful Russians who had been on the pay roll as clerks and distributors were charged with economic espionage and imprisoned or exiled in Siberia.

Washington has not departed from the policy enunciated in 1920—that every American corporation going into Russia does so at its own risk and responsibility, and that commercial relations must have no political implications. The Bolshevik contention that *de jure* recognition is essential to trade is not borne out by the facts. Without recognition, our business with Russia has compared favorably with that of Britain and Germany under recognition by these countries.

British and German experience shows that countries are coddled by Moscow while recognition negotiations are pending. Every lure is held out. Once recognition is obtained, their nationals are left to operate under espionage and intimidation.

We have no trading agreement with Russia. The Amtorg, which is chartered under American laws, but owned by the Bolsheviks, is permitted to operate so as to expedite Russian purchases here. So far Moscow has made no headway with propaganda in the United States, despite aid and comfort given by our parlor pinks. Its poison is only potent in the field of unrest. Radek, who was chief propagandist until the Stalin steam roller flattened him out because he failed in Germany, once said:

"We can make no headway against 23,000,000 American motor cars."

### A Safeguard Against the Soviet

It is not likely that we shall fall into the same trap as did Britain. Russia owes the British a huge sum because of repudiated debts and confiscated property. Britain wanted payment guaranteed before she gave recognition. The Bolshevik argument then, as always, was: "Recognize us first and indemnity will come automatically." Britain fell for it. Settlement of the debt remains elusive. Moreover, Moscow agreed to abstain from propaganda. You have seen how she kept her word. Recognition has proved to be the same lemon for France.

We shall lay ourselves open to precisely the same procedure if we officialize Soviet entry into our midst. Our opposition to recognition of Moscow is based on the Soviet Government's sponsorship of the Communist—Third—International, whose Agitation and Propaganda Department is the fountainhead of destructive effort throughout the world; on repudiation of the debts of preceding governments to the United States, and on the confiscation of American property. Russia balks at payment of the last two items—they aggregate more than $300,000,000—yet seeks in every way to foment a public opinion here favorable to the establishment of diplomatic relations. If we want Russian trade we shall fare better under existing conditions. They afford the best possible protection against organized propaganda.

Such is the scope and purpose of nationalistic business. As you have observed, its attack is mainly concentrated upon the American product, because of its wide penetration. Despite the tactics revealed, we make no reprisals. At home the tariff remains our logical and legitimate bulwark against these and kindred economic evils. Abroad, the scouts of the Department of Commerce, reënforced by the enterprise of individual corporations, do the promotion job. Control, restriction and discrimination have no place in the formula of American commerce.

# Porcelain-enamel adds beauty... lightens work... *in today's kitchens*

*And you can be more sure of the quality of such products when they bear the* ARMCO TRIANGLE

*An extra table saves so many steps. And if it has a porcelain-enamel top you will never have to recover or repaint it.*

*Cooking utensils like these add gay touches of color, are so easy to keep clean, and never absorb cooking odors or flavors*

NEVER before have kitchens been so attractive...and so practical...as they are today. For now gay colors, as well as immaculate white, are reflected from the lustrous surfaces of porcelain-enamel.

*The finest refrigerators, both ice and mechanical, are finished in porcelain. Many come in lovely colors to match your decorative scheme.*

This up-to-date equipment has added charm to thousands of kitchens. And it is just as practical as it is good to look at.

Of course you want the beauty and convenience of porcelain-enamel equipment in your own kitchen. But when it comes time to buy, remember that there are great differences in the qualities of these products.

## *For lasting wear... look for the* ARMCO TRIANGLE

Your investment in kitchen beauty will be a *lasting* one if you look for the ARMCO TRIANGLE -when you buy. ARMCO Ingot Iron has played a big part in making possible the beautiful porcelain-enamel products of today. Ordinary metal cannot take and *hold* a porcelain-enamel covering like ARMCO Ingot Iron. The manufacturers who put the famous ARMCO TRIANGLE on their products are offering you the best material-value that money can buy.

It will also pay you to insist on ARMCO Ingot Iron for rust resistance. This iron is so *pure* that it outlasts ordinary steel and other iron by long years of service.



*Ranges finished in porcelain-enamel are easy to keep spick and span. Of course, they will wear better if the porcelain finish is over an* ARMCO *Ingot Iron base.*

THE AMERICAN ROLLING MILL COMPANY

*Executive Offices:* MIDDLETOWN, OHIO

*Export*—The Armco International Corp.
Cable Address: "Armco—Middletown"

To keep your craft shipshape

And this applies to every sort of boat—big boats, little boats, outboards, inboards, rowboats, runabouts, skiffs, dories, cruisers and yachts—on inland waters or deepest seas.

use WILCOX-CRITTENDEN fittings . . .

Comfort, convenience—sometimes even your safety!—depend on the fittings you choose for your craft. All-important as they are, good fittings deserve the careful consideration of every thoughtful boat owner.

. . dependable as the tides

Mariners on seven seas and a thousand lakes have relied on Wilcox-Crittenden fittings since the palmy days of clipper ships. And 82 years of "trial by water" is proof a-plenty.

. . . staunch as a New Bedford whaler

No fair weather fittings these. They ask no quarter from wind nor water. Today, ships of every class and kind sail staunchly equipped from bow to stern by Wilcox-Crittenden.

. . . see them at your dealer's

Built for rugged service? *Of course*, you say But modern fittings must also be smart—and smart they are when Wilcox-Crittenden supplies them,—trim as an ensign on shore leave.

Write today for these two books . .

The W-C Outboard Fittings Booklet is free. "Sea Craft Suggestions" will be sent for 10 cents. Which do you want?

WILCOX, CRITTENDEN & CO. INC.

*Established 1847*

77 So. Main St. . . Middletown, Connecticut

# LONE TREE

(Continued from Page 5)

and every time he'd start to climb out, grabbing at bits of brush, the roots would fetch loose and he'd slide farther down.

*II*

THE gray-faced elderly nurse who had given the anæsthetic wheeled the stretcher from the operating room, densely fumed with ether, across the tiled corridor to the waiting elevator. The surgeon, still white-robed and rubber-gloved, but with his mask fallen under his chin, watched from the doorway until the car descended. When it stopped, the stretcher was trundled out, noiseless on its rubber tires, and down a corridor. In its wake, almost a cortège, came a white-coated hospital orderly and another nurse. The latter was a lightsome thing, glamorous-eyed, coltish and fair to see. Lagging behind the catafalque, she once broke into a little dance step, uncomplicated, but rhythmic. On the stretcher, swathed in blankets and towels, lay the dismal effigy of a man.

It was Ben Carcross so transported—all that was mortal of Ben, with a hardly distinguishable residue possibly immortal. The neat little pushcart came to rest beside a white metal bed in a sunny room of ivory-tinted walls. The covers of the bed were thrown back, three hot-water bottles were removed and the remains of Ben skillfully laid to replace them between the warmed sheets. The young nurse, in charge now, turned the lifeless blank of a face to one side and thoughtfully adjusted a towel beneath the chin.

"And that's that," she fluted. She might have been singing it.

"Maybe it is, and maybe it isn't anything," said the older nurse, who had given the anæsthetic and trundled the stretcher. She briefly fingered an inert wrist, seeming to listen with eyes absorbed in something beyond such troubles.

"Drainage?" asked the young nurse.

The other nodded. "Cigarette drains; he used four."

"Good for three weeks." The young nurse spoke hopefully. "And say, you ought to see my new squirreline coat."

"Three weeks—or one day," replied the other doubtfully as she went out.

The surgeon who had operated came in. In his white coverall he had looked mountainous; divested of this he was still a bulk, with cushiony, clumsy-looking hands that promised but scant cunning. His small bright eyes, under a shelving forehead and brushy, dark brows, went to the figure on the bed. He was sweating, and mopped the towering forehead with a handkerchief of lavender silk. As he reached for a wrist of his patient the young nurse stood aside, a look of subdued concern sobering her normally gay face. The surgeon's fingers lingered at the wrist but the fraction of a minute, seeming to listen there; then he wrote on a pad some directions for the nurse: Sips of hot water after the case came out from the ether; a hypo every four hours if necessary; the temperature every two hours instead of every four; pulse and respiration to be closely watched.

"Respiration's all right now," he said, "but he may get to fighting for breath when he comes out." The nurse nodded knowingly. "Anyway, it's up to him now. Fifty-fifty," he concluded in his high but husky voice.

"Him and someone else," corrected the nurse with diplomatic guile.

"Not me, Miss Ellis." A funny bird, the nurse reflected, trying to look respectful but disbelieving—calling all the nurses Miss So-and-So. "I've concluded my part of the morning's entertainment. It's up to him. Oh, to God, maybe." His loose wrists gestured a deprecating tolerance. With feline lightness of tread he was at the door. "Any change before evening, call me."

Alone with her patient, the nurse regarded him with beautiful but calculating eyes. She sincerely hoped his chances were better than fifty-fifty. The squirreline coat was only half paid for. The case was breathing right, as if he merely slept. He'd be that way for an hour at least. So far, so good. She straightened one of the two rugs on the hardwood floor, picked up a dropped towel—an emesis towel they delicately called it—then, before the mirrored dresser, she regarded her own fair face long but earnestly. With the moistened tip of a finger she brought down a lock of the dark hair and curled it into a look of careless escape from under the jaunty cap that topped her uniform of white twill. After a lingering glance of approval for this minor scenic triumph she fumbled in her bag on the dresser, withdrew a flat case, apparently of gold, extracted a cigarette and went to the bathroom, where she smoked hurriedly and with deep inhalations, fanning the smoke out the open window, with frequent precautionary glances past the narrowly opened door.

The cigarette done and its incriminating traces removed, she bestowed another look on her patient, then relaxed with her favorite photoplay magazine in the leather armchair beside the window. For an hour she was undisturbed, hovering as she listed above an enchanted world of screen favorites who were all beautiful and gifted, and who led profusely illustrated lives of singular felicity. There came at length a cavernous moan from the bed that modulated into a muttering—a succession of blurred and broken words which carried nothing of interest to the nurse. She went to bend above the loosely working lips, only to learn that the case was boasting of perfect teeth. She giggled noiselessly.

"Now will you listen to that?" she demanded of an invisible audience. The muttering continued, gaining a bit of coherence. The case was protesting to someone he called Addie that he had done everything just like she told him—carried a shower and a blower.

"Now you be good," admonished the nurse, and grasped a wrist to note the pulse. Respiration had increased, but he wasn't yet fighting his breath. She went back to her magazine. She had written a month before to the editor of this colorful periodical asking the weight, height and color of eyes of her male screen favorite; also wishing to be told if he were really married and, if really married, whether his love life were happy. She was searching the department of answers to this and other vital queries and answered sternly when she heard the case demanding one Doc Snell.

"Doc Snell just jumped out the window," she told him. The case's utterance blurred again into mere sound and she resumed in the magazine an exciting search for her own initials. After a time she heard, "No, sir; since they got to using autos there ain't any more fishing that a man what knows fishing would call fishing."

"You better shush down," warned the nurse, "or I'll have to jab you."

But the case babbled on, now of someone he called Squat Ranson in a town called Branlock, who was sight to see. The tone was firmer, the elocution improved. Squat Ranson, it appeared, was broad across the shoulders the same as a heron is between the eyes, and balder than bald, having in this respect but one advantage over a turkey egg—he lacked the freckles. And crooked—couldn't walk without stepping on his own shadow. Didn't he sell a dozen sacks of potatoes to the B. and J. people, and didn't they find a length of empty stovepipe at the center of every sack? Not good stovepipe—you could bet all the rice in China on that. Frauding his way along. But kind of comical. Tried to work off a spavined old wreck of a cayuse to the Second National, that had his note for a hundred bucks. And when Burton G. Hemingway says, "What would I do with that animal?" Squat says, "Ride him, dang you! That's what Jesse James done." You had to laugh at the cuss sometimes.

"Pipe down, sailor," ordered the nurse. The sharpness of this penetrated the delirium.

"I won't either, pipe down! Who do you think you are?"

"Well, you'd be surprised."

The case's words again merged in a throaty but violent muttering which the nurse divined to be profane in intention. An arm was flung from under the cover, feebly mutinous, and the gray head made a futile try to leave the pillow. "Side-lined and cross-hobbled," he was heard to admit.

"I'll say you are!" Impatiently the nurse tossed her magazine aside and went to prepare the hypo that was so plainly needed. Over an alcohol lamp she boiled water to sterilize the needle of the syringe, into which she drew alcohol, expelling this and drawing it in again. She had been taught to repeat the operation seven times, but decided that three were now enough. She dropped a morphine tablet into the barrel of the syringe, replaced the needle, with care not to touch its point, and drew hot water into it to dissolve the tablet.

"Now, George, take this and like it." She bared the case's upper arm, cleansed a small area with alcohol, deftly thrust in the needle and with a competent thumb expelled the narcotic.

"Now see if you can't recite something—Gunga Dun or something." She beamed cordial encouragement upon the case for a moment, then resumed her chair and magazine, heedless of the fevered muttering that continued, nor was she aware when it dwindled and at last ceased. She went through her magazine from cover to cover. Then she yawned whole-heartedly in her boredom.

"What a life!" she murmured, glancing impatiently at the watch on her plump wrist. On the door came a gentle drumming of fingers. She crossed and opened it, narrowly at first, then wider, to a youth in white, who glanced swiftly both ways in the corridor before stepping inside.

"Hello, Babe!" She laid a finger on his lips. He removed this, retaining the hand in his own, but whispered:

"Whose case?"

"Madden's—rush 'pendectomy." He looked with languid interest at the still mound on the bed.

"Good case?"

She shrugged. "Not so good; hasn't reacted right. The old fool let it break. He'll probably kick out before morning. And me needing a couple or three weeks steady. Ain't that just my darned luck? And I could have had a peach of an intestinal flu case, only I thought this would last longer."

The interne was blond and thin and joyous. He wore heavy lenses that gave him a look of constantly pleased astonishment.

"Listen, Babe: I'll step you tonight."

The nurse bridled and with an affectation of hauteur readjusted the lustrous curl that seemed to be truant below the edge of her white cap. "You mean, can you."

"Check!" Still clasping the hand he had seized, he passed an arm about the pliant waist and, instantly tensed, they danced, their feet making only a faint whispering on the polished floor. Twice they went a little way from the door and twice back. They paused and the interne firmly, at some length, kissed the nurse. There was a pained muttering from the bed.

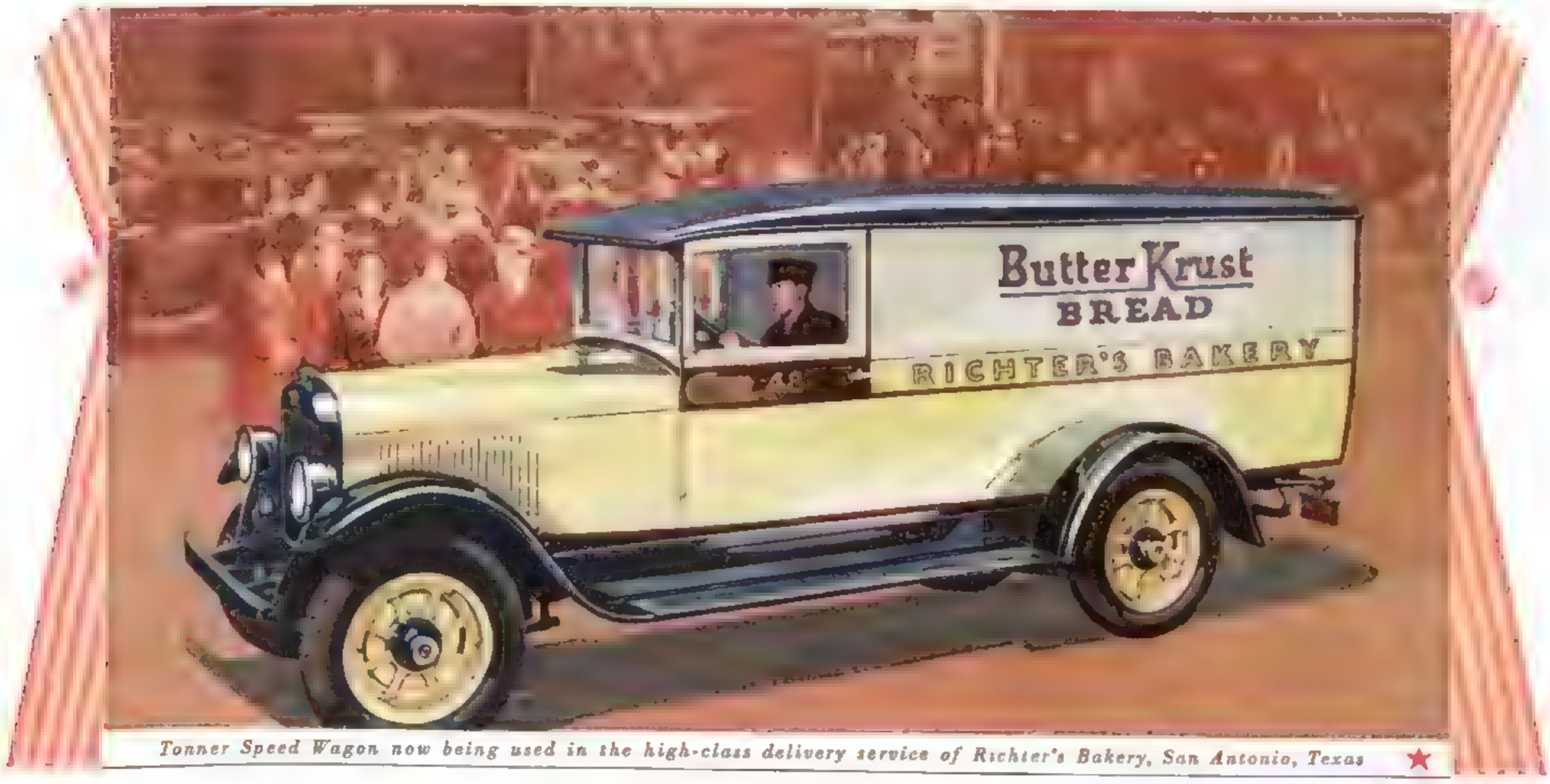
"We mustn't," she breathed. The interne persisted, but her lips were held away. "He might be going this very minute."

"But we're still alive." She fended him and he went noiselessly out, turning at the door and seeming to smile at the corner of each eye. "Seven-thirty?"

"If that nutty Doyle's on time for once. And wait till you see my new squirreline coat. It's one swell dish." She kissed the tip of an index finger at him and let the

(Continued on Page 86)

# No First-Class Business Can Afford Second-Rate Delivery




*Tonner Speed Wagon now being used in the high-class delivery service of Richter's Bakery, San Antonio, Texas* ★

## For Every 2 People Who Come Into Your Place of Business, Two to Five Thousand Judge The STANDING and PROSPERITY of Your Business By Those Trucks of Yours They See On The Street

YOU judge the standing of other people's businesses in that way. The same way and the ONLY WAY 999 out of every 1,000 people in your community judge yours.

In the public mind, high-class delivery means a high-class store, business or plant. Second-rate delivery, shoddy trucks, create a PUBLIC IMPRESSION that few business men today are daring enough to invite.

Delivery trucks today, in all lines of business, must do more than deliver goods or materials economically. They must act as MOVING BILLBOARDS that foster PUBLIC GOOD WILL, sales and profits.

The great department stores learned this years ago. Great manufacturing institutions soon followed. Today all thinking business men recognize it, and every day more and more *act* on it. Think it over.

### *High Speed, High Power Trucks That Pay For Themselves In Advertising*

Cognizant of the tremendous advertising importance of High-Class Delivery Service—Service that *looks* high-class and that *is* high-class—Reo, world-leader in high speed, high power and low upkeep commercial transportation, offers American Business a new era in the haulage field. An era combining *utility, flexibility* and almost unbelievable endurance and long life with low upkeep and the great factor of *favorable publicity.*

**3 Ton Reo Speed Wagon With Stake Body**

***Medium and Heavy Hauling Like Men Have Never Known Before***

1½ to 3 ton Speed Wagons powered by the New Reo 6-cylinder Gold Crown Engine—for passenger car performance, flexibility, speed and economy. *Chrome nickel alloy* cylinder block giving unbelievable wearing qualities. New low expansion, longest lasting aluminum pistons—an exclusive Reo feature. 7-bearing crankshaft. 4-forward speed transmission. 9 wheelbase sizes from 134 to 179 inches.

Pick up your telephone book and call the nearest Reo dealer or distributor—they are everywhere—and a Reo Transportation Specialist will call and discuss with you your transportation needs, without obligation.

### *Models For Every Need*

Reo Speed Wagons are built in 14 wheelbase sizes—and in tonnage capacities of ½ ton—1 ton—1½ tons—2 tons and 3 tons, in wide variety of body styles. Chassis priced $895 to $2,200 f. o. b. Lansing, Mich.

REO MOTOR CAR CO., *Lansing, Michigan*

★***Speed Wagon Tonner—1 Ton***—Four-Wheel Internal Hydraulic (2 Shoe) Brakes; 6-Cylinder Engine, 7-Bearing Crankshaft; Passenger Car Speed, Pickup, Parking and Braking—any Traffic. Chassis $995 f. o. b. Lansing, Michigan.

REO SPEED WAGON

***World-Leader in High Speed, Low Upkeep, Long-Lived Commercial Transportation***

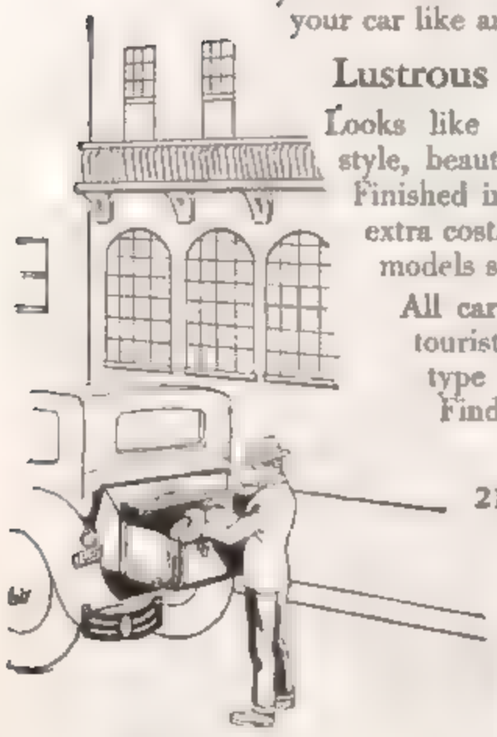
# Use it open or closed

HERE'S the new carrier for automobiles that's "more than a trunk!" When closed, its handsome proportions and finish give it all the beauty and attractiveness of the finest trunk made, with about the same carrying space.

for PLEASURE

Swing it open and it becomes a large, roomy luggage carrier that holds several hand bags, suitcases, hat boxes, baskets, crates and bulky packages of all kinds. Weatherproof covers available.

On all your trips, with the luggage in a Kari-Keen, you'll have comfort in the car. No longer will anyone have to sit all cramped up, crowded by the baggage. No longer need you use the finely upholstered interior of your car like an express wagon.



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All car owners as well as salesmen, farmers, tourists and merchants welcome this new useful type of luggage carrier. Sold internationally. Find out all about it from your car dealer.

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TRADE MARK REG U S PAT OFFICE
Kari-Keen KARRIER ©1929
The Baggage Car of the Auto


(Continued from Page 84)

door shut life away from her. She then went to the dresser, took a compact from her bag, dusted her face with powder, and retouched the full lips, the vivid tone of which had been noticeably lowered by the ardent interne. With judicial eyes she studied the restoration; then with a moistened finger tip drew the dark lock farther below the edge of her cap and cunningly persuaded it to curl again above her temple in a manner of careless escape. A final survey through narrowed lids left her pleased with this device.

She went to take the patient's pulse. About a hundred and thirty, she thought. Just her darned luck if he kicked out. She earnestly hoped he wouldn't. Why hadn't the old fool taken it in time? But if he did stick on, it would mean a good three weeks for her. She became warm with solicitude for the now acquiescent wreck. In all that great city Mr. Carcross had not at this moment a more fervent well-wisher. Why didn't Madden come and have a look? These doctors! All in the day's work with them. They didn't care.

She shrugged off discouragement and went to the bathroom for a cigarette. She needed that smoke, with all her worries. Above a dazzling vision of the new and but partially paid for coat she beheld her fool of a patient, who had let it go too long and now had to be drained. Fair enough, if he held on. Three weeks, easy. But what if he didn't? He was batty enough—mice in his cupboard—and his eyes were still dumb.

She broke from a troubled review of the case to wonder about her patient's financial standing, embittered by memories of one long case when she'd got but half her money. This one had come from a swell hotel, all right, but an ambulance case; no clothes or bags or knickknacks to judge him by. He might be some poor small-towner that had got into swell company without any right to. But no good trying to get any information out of him. He still thought he was shooting rabbits or something.

The cigarette was done. Anyway, she'd dance tonight, wearing the wine-colored georgette, she thought. But she'd have to be careful about the stuff Ed would bring. It might be regular alcohol from the surgery or it might be the pink 50 per cent stuff colored with phenol. Putting orange juice into either one didn't seem to make it anything you could fool with.

The last time Ed stepped her she'd been woozy the next morning; but at that, who wouldn't, dancing till four A.M. and on the job again at 7:30? That was the day she'd dropped a thermometer they used in the sterilizer and had to put up six-fifty; and Sister Acquinata had looked pretty sharp at her. Old Gimlet Eyes! She'd watch her step this time.

She saw the knob of the door turn and hoped it was Madden at last. But the visitor was another—an elderly but erect and dapper gentleman with thinning hair, shrewd eyes and shining teeth now exposed in a grin of inquiry. She nodded and he came in, closing the door. He glanced at the bed, and once more there was subdued talk above the mangled remains of Mr. Carcross.

"Howdy, Babe! Where's Madden?"

"Not here yet. He ought to be."

"What have you?" His eyes shifted to the bed.

"Rush 'pendectomy. Busted."

"How's it acting?"

"Not too good." They were together now at the foot of the bed. The newcomer, in haste and with a manner somewhat perfunctory, gathered the nurse into a close embrace.

"You darn little home-wrecker you!"

"Sh-h-h!" She put a finger on the moving lips. "Listen, doctor, maybe I won't have this case by tomorrow. What about you?"

He frowned reflectively, idly pretending to nibble at the finger still across his lips. "Let's see; two operations tomorrow. One's only a tonsillotomy, but the other's gallstones. Maybe I can fix you."

"Well, have a heart. I need a couple weeks steady."

"O. K., Babe; get you here or through the registry." He was out after a brief but tender parting, and the nurse sought her compact. If this one kicked out, Jensen would have another. Still, you couldn't count so much on gallstones, either, and this one would be three or four weeks if it lasted at all. She regarded her charge with new hope. She truly wished him to linger on and on. It was thus, hopefully concerned, that Doctor Madden found her a moment later—loyally on the job. Madden bustled in with his cat tread, going first to scan the chart on the dresser.

"Ho, hum!" he murmured, not too reassuringly, when he had caught the pulse. The nurse stood attentive, gravely absorbed, quietly efficient. The disturbed patient told them to get the hell out of there, but there was no conviction back of the order.

"He's been awful cursy," said the nurse. The doctor drew up the cover, replaced an arm determined to free itself, and went to wash his hands, stepping in a manner that caused the nurse to murmur "Old Pussyfoot!" apparently to the patient, but really for her own refreshment. The doctor emerged from the bathroom wiping his hands on a towel, which he regally dropped when he had done.

"Who's on tonight?" he asked. "I forget."

"Doyle," answered the nurse, wishing to say "That nutty Doyle." She managed a glance at the mirror to note if the one dark tendril still carelessly escaped the edge of her cap. This Madden, though, was a funny bird; he was too serious, never seeming to notice you or anything about you.

"That's right. Good old Doyle! Doyle keeps 'em stepping when some of the rest of us can't." His glance rested on the patient. "He's a hundred and three and a half now. Tell her to call my house if he goes up more than another degree. And let the bath go for tonight." He seemed to flit through the door on winged feet.

Nurse Ellis sniffed. "If Doyle's going to rob some poor undertaker tonight she'd better be starting, and I don't mean perhaps." It was a breathy murmur, but not devoid of venom. Doyle was late—holding up a party. But while she weighed a chance for another cigarette, her relief came. Doyle was in the room, only five minutes late after all the dismal forebodings.

"Oh, Ginger, goody! I was afraid you'd stand me up."

"You ought to be. I kept you ten minutes once about a year ago."

"Well, it always seems like always, and tonight I'm invited out social—my favorite boy friend's taking me for a buggy ride, and you know how high-spirited I am; just a bundle of nerves. And say, you ought to have a peek at my grand new squirreline. See me in it and you'd say I was a rich man's toy, just a weak sister that has bartered all for wealth. Well, don't take any wrong tablets ——"

Miss Doyle's head tilted in questioning rebuke toward the bed. Miss Ellis permitted herself, not too gracefully, to be recalled. "Oh, Old Man Sunshine there? Well, watch his pulse and his respiration, and he's a hundred and three and a half now and if he gets above a hundred and four and a half call Madden's house; and I bet he does, but I hope he don't. I need work. And I hope he knows what it costs him per day in this lovely room with bath and two lovely nurses. Heaven didn't protect me at all that last long case I had. G'night! See you 7:30 in the A.M." She danced lightly across the threshold of the open door.

Left alone, Doyle suddenly and without reason saw the bouncing jade magnified and transcendent through a misty golden aura; a prevailing creature, a clouder of reason, a taker and a giver of life, dancing

(Continued on Page 88)

# Mme. Payot.. *Noted Parisian Beauty Specialist*

# Tells an easy way to keep skin lovely

*"I recommend to my clients the soap of palm and olive oils which, separately, have great cosmetic value—and which, in the blending of Palmolive Soap, are doubly effective."*

Dr. N. G. Payot

12 RUE RICHEPANSE
PARIS

*Madame Payot, in her artfully decorated Paris salon*

FOR many years the élite of Paris have listened to the beauty advice of Mme. Payot, teacher of many famous beauty specialists who now carry the great Payot methods to cosmopolitan centers throughout the world.

Today, Mme. Payot advises the daily use of palm and olive oils in soap, in a simple 2-minute treatment, and warns against the harsh effects of the wrong kind of soap. Here is beauty news, indeed!

### *Madame Payot's discovery*

Madame Payot, in her appropriately modern background on the rue Richepanse, Paris, tells of this discovery on complexion care:

"I found," she says, "that some women habitually use soaps that harm the skin, that some of my treatments in consequence seemed to have no permanent effect . . . that I am constantly working to overcome the bad results of improper home cleansing.

"So, I commenced to recommend to my patients the soap made of palm and olive oils—which, separately, have great cosmetic value, and which, in the Palmolive blending, are doubly efficacious in the case of blackheads, open pores, greasy skin, etc.

"The difference was immediately apparent," says this distinguished exponent of beauty culture. "This home cleansing rule gives the correct foundation for the use of my Creme No. 1 and Lotion No. 1."

In the leading beauty salons of every American city this very same treatment has long been recommended. Lovely Americans travel all over the world to hear over and over again the merits of this most popular of home facial treatments. They go to Jacobson, of *London;* to Pessl, of *Vienna;* to Elise Bock, of *Berlin;* they visit the salon of the exquisite Lina Cavalieri, in *Paris*—and everywhere, everywhere they are given this same advice on complexion care: wash for beauty with Palmolive Soap.

Madame Payot prefers a soap with an olive oil base because it gets down into the pores, releases accumulated dirt, dust, oil, make-up and leaves the skin fresh and radiant with delicate color.

### *Her 2-minute treatment*

Here is the famous Palmolive treatment, recommended all over the world, as Madame Payot would advise it: make a creamy lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water. With both hands massage this well into the skin two minutes, allowing it to penetrate the pores. Then rinse, first with warm water, gradually with colder. A final rinse with ice water is a refreshing astringent.

For a dry skin, a touch of cold cream before adding powder and rouge; for oily skin, an astringent lotion.

A simple treatment, yet it undoubtedly explains why Palmolive is one of the two largest selling soaps in France—known the world over as home of exquisite cosmetics. Here in America, and in forty-eight other countries, it is more generally used than any other toilet soap.

*The Payot Salon in Paris, beauty shrine of Europeans and Americans alike, with its chaste elegance of mirrored walls and angular paneling, is an interesting example of the increasing use of modernist decoration.*

46-1

*Retail Price*
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PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR—Broadcast every Wednesday night—from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time—over WEAF and 37 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

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*Continued from Page 86)*

through it, lilting through it, with never a fear of hurts. She was life. But was she all of it? Perhaps—even probably. Certainly enough of life to congeal Ginger Doyle momentarily to a salty pillar of envy. But Ellis didn't at all know her powers, her greatness, her royal and exclusive privileges. Hers to command of life, but she was blind; she saw so little to ask from it. Still, wasn't it well to be blind, even if you could only feel? Doyle shrugged herself from this almost bitter vision and surveyed her own scene with practiced eyes.

She assembled the properties for her night's vigil. The floor lamp was brought beside the big chair. The gaudy magazine of Ellis was removed from the latter—Doyle's finger tips were deprecative as she dropped it on the dresser—and she laid her own book—a small but improving volume—on one of the chair's leather arms. She went to the bathroom for a glass of water and brushed away cigarette ashes where Ellis had been careless. Sister Acquinata's lynx eyes would have spotted and magnified these. In all that beautifully pure bathroom she would have heard only the shrieking scandal of cigarette ashes. At the dresser she studied the chart; then went to the bedside of her patient.

He was quiet; his respiration was right—not normal, but not too high. She pushed the shock of grayish hair back from the hot brow and seemed to dream absently a moment above the gaunt face. She felt for a wrist and her fingers recorded the heartbeats. This was life, too, she remembered. Queer. She'd seen them come and go. She thought of a slangy bit often used by Ellis—she wondered what it was all about. They kept on coming and going, shuddering into life and fading out, as this one might. She thought of an enchanting room above—the nursery—where a score or so of new babies always made a magic of gladness when she entered; or the children's ward on this very floor, only a few doors down the corridor. Maybe she could slip out tonight—"sneak out," Sister Acquinata would bluntly call it—and thrill for a moment. She absently smoothed the hot brow of her patient and as absently murmured, "Yes, he was a dear—a dear." Ben Carcross was still away.

She went to her chair, adjusted the light so that the bed became only a grayish blur in shadow, and took up her small but improving book: "The pleasures of prosperity enhanced, the sorrows of adversity assuaged by the stores of intellectual riches laid up." It was an old-fashioned book.

*III*

FROM under a lifting cloud of ether Ben had for some hours been hovering over the edge of consciousness, and at last his distorted perspective seemed to clear. Riding that cockeyed roan and being stacked at the bottom of Wild Horse Canyon, the canyon had played a dirty trick on him by suddenly becoming boxed at both ends. This was a topographical outrage, but Ben somehow didn't resent it. He could climb the side. No easy climb. The wall was steep, to begin with; then, near the top it shelved out and overhung. That was a new one on him. In all his years of range riding he'd never heard of a canyon that closed both ends on you and then stuck a rim out to make it harder.

First, he'd have a drink; his throat was burning. He crawled to the bank of the stream and thrust his face into the swift current, gulping eagerly. But something was wrong; there was the water, plain enough, and there was his open mouth under the surface, but nothing happened. Great guns and panther tracks!

He rose to his knees, curled the brim of his hat into a cup, as he had often done from his horse when they crossed a stream, and dipped water up; but, though he could get it to his lips, there was no taste. The whole thing was simply hell let out for noon. This was one good canyon to climb right out of.

It wasn't so hard until he reached the upper wall, where it began to overhang. He grabbed a clump of brush that fetched loose, and there he was falling, like a fool. "Now you've done it," he rebuked himself. But instead of falling, he lingered there unaccountably and began to wonder if this wasn't Echo Canyon. But no, it couldn't be, because in Echo there was a hotel beside the lake. Sure, he remembered that, and about the night Curly Hatton took Dutch Annie, the blond chambermaid, out for a stroll, and Curly, the sentimental cuss, had grabbed her and she yelled like a panther—yelled her head off—but folks at the hotel thought it was only someone trying out the echo, so Curly kept right on grabbing. Annie split off some good echoes that night, but the laugh was on her.

It seemed that this diversion of his thought to a pleasing reminiscence had kept him from falling. Anyway, his body was pretty light, so he kept on climbing, and was almost over the top, when a rock gave under his feet, and this time he did fall. He wasn't scared; it was sort of nice, falling. And something would probably happen. Just before he struck the rocky bed of the canyon something did happen, and the falling man all at once became Ben Carcross in a strange room. There was shadow all about, with a shaft of light coming sharply beyond the edge of a screen, and as he listened he could hear the page of a book turned.

"Hello, there!" he called. He had thought it would be pretty loud; it wasn't; it was pretty faint; but a woman in a white dress and a white cap came around the screen to him. "Whose house is this?"

She told him.

"Hospital, huh? That's funny." With shut eyes he revolved the amazing disclosure. "I didn't even know I was sick," he presently told her.

The woman left and came back with a glass of water—warm water, and he wanted it cold, but he didn't feel able to argue. She thrust an arm back of his head and shoulders and held the glass to his lips. He weakly swallowed twice and lay back on the pillow. There were untoward results, which the nurse had apparently foreseen, for she had a towel handy.

"I guess I must be pretty sick," he admitted when the paroxysm had passed. People that went to a hospital mostly died. Probably he would. He was weak as a cat and his side hurt him—rheumatism or something. And he still smelled some powerful medicine like he could remember in that other room. That other room had sure smelled out loud. Just his luck to die away from home. Maybe this woman would be nice and tell him some more. She was wiping his face with a fresh towel—under the eyes, where tiny bits of sweat troubled him. He managed a cautious survey of her bending face.

Miss Doyle was later described by Ben Carcross as a fox-haired dame, middle-heighted and looking spring-poor; kind of pinchy, like she was born in a short-feed year. He was subsequently able to elaborate this sketch, but it sufficed for the moment. Nor was Ben Carcross to the girl more than a drab and too familiar presentation of poor human frailty. It was not for Ginger Doyle to divine that because of this barely alive wreck she would one day flaunt a wedding ring, hers only by right of purchase. Nothing of this; no glamorous foreboding disturbed her professional routine at this beginning encounter of an association to endure with all manner of guilty deception.

He was ready to extort from her the blunt truth about his approaching demise when she came back to insert a glass tube into his mouth and to feel the rapid pulse. She was a nice, quiet girl, he thought, and he mustn't impose on her. When the glass was withdrawn and while she read it, "I don't believe I got your name," he said She told him Doyle—Miss Doyle.

"Well, Miss Doyle, it was mighty kind of you to sit here till I woke from my nap,

*(Continued on Page 91)*

SPARKLING MOMENTS *in the* HISTORY OF BOTTLED CARBONATED BEVERAGES

# "A Whale of a Trip!"

## . . . *smiled* Jonah, *descending the Gangplank*

"I always journey by the Whale line," Jonah explained to the reporters who had received a tip by radio to interview the noted prophet. "I find them ever thoughtful of those little things that add so much to the comfort of a traveller.

"Just for example, on this voyage I found that the elder Mr. Whale—old J. G. himself, mind you—had placed an assortment of bottled carbonated beverages in my stateroom. It was a personal service that I assure you was highly appreciated.

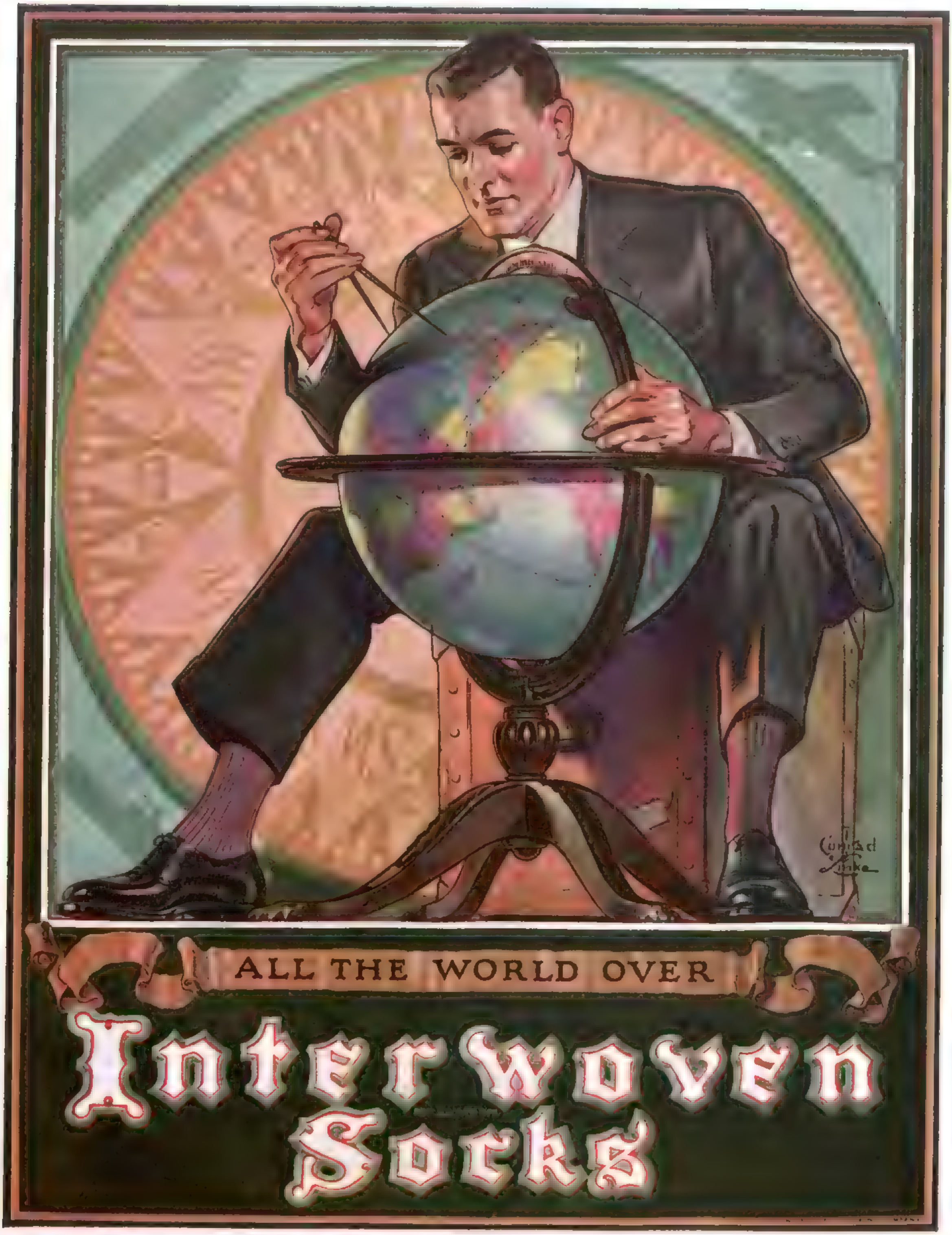
"We submarine travellers, you know, find great inspiration in these sparkling bottled carbonated beverages. They're not only refreshing and delicious but decidedly wholesome as well.

"And now if you boys would like a photograph for the morning edition, I'll be glad to oblige. Shall I assume the pleasant expression of a householder whose ice box is laden with an assortment of these delicious bottled carbonated beverages?"

*Free! Write today for a copy of this new recipe book Frozen salads, delicious punches dainty desserts American Bottlers of Carbonated Beverages, 726 Bond Bldg., Washington, D. C.*

# Bottled beverages *Carbonated*

THERE'S A BOTTLER IN YOUR TOWN


ALL THE WORLD OVER
Interwoven
Socks

(Continued from Page 88)

but I'm all right now and I'll let you run along. I hope I'll see you again."

She pushed the grayish shock of hair back from his forehead; to his embarrassment, she saw. The strongly boned face was racked and drawn, lined with exhaustion, the mouth lax. The lids fluttered open and the eyes regarded her with a sort of shamed appeal. It was a kind, believing face, with a broad but gentle mouth, so with some tact she explained that she was at leisure for the evening.

He was instantly suspicious. "You going to set up with me all night?"

She nodded.

This was certainly serious. People were pretty bad—already next to dying—when they had to be sat up with; at least in the cow country. He felt himself losing strength and groped for the hand that had pushed his hair back.

"Well, I spose it's the one-way trail for me, sister."

She beamed encouragement. "Of course not!" But that was what they always told dying people.

"Sure I'm not dead on the vine?"

"Indeed not! A great strong man like you."

Trying to fool him, she was, but it was his instinct to be polite and go out with no fuss. He'd let her think she had fooled him. "Yes, you can bet all the rice in China I'm a strong man. Just for a minute there I thought God might be goin' to tidy me away, but I'll soon be hard to curry."

"You'll be up and romping," she soothed him.

"This wouldn't ever have happened if Doc Snell had been here." He was sorry for Doc's sake, as well as his own.

"Doctor Madden is very well thought of," she submitted.

"So he's the one that got me into this jam?" Served him right, getting sick in a strange hotel in a strange town. Fluttering lids once more shut out the weary eyes. No good fighting death if death was riding you. No dish-ragging or sunfishing could spill that old boy out of the saddle. You couldn't even make him grab leather. Suddenly he was conscious of wanting more light. Not so easy to go out in the dark.

"Could you turn on a lot of lights?" he asked. Miss Doyle obliged.

"That's better," he thanked her. "I may keep my eyes shut, but I like to know it's there. More friendly, I guess, right now." He lay still a long time. Then the nurse sitting by him became aware of the tired voice in a husky whisper:

*"Now I lay me down to sleep,*
*I pray the Lord my soul to keep. . . ."*

When he had finished, she put an encouraging hand over one of his.

"We might have a song," he suggested. She sang very softly, little bits she remembered. At "You tell me your dream and I'll tell you mine," she felt him relax. Her patient had sunk into a fathomless sea of sleep. Sleep had come to him—that little death of the night.

Miss Doyle noted the lighter breathing and went to shut off the glare of light. But instead of resuming her book, she was restless, pacing the two rugs, with care to stay off the hard floor. She was struggling with her conscience, as she invariably did in these middle hours of her night. Conscience had never won—not when her charge of the moment slumbered as soundly as now. Calling herself a bad girl—prowling out that way—she took a quick survey of the corridor. It was vacant; not even a signal light glowing above any of the doors. She stepped cautiously as far as the third door on her left. It stood open on a narrow hall between the two children's wards, and as usual the nurse in charge, a trainer, had fallen asleep, head on arms, arms on an opened Materia Medica, a volume that seldom failed this reader as a sedative.

The girl's heavily rimmed spectacles gleamed under the low-hung light, clasped by one of the stilled hands. This was inviting to Miss Doyle, but it was too easy. Located where she was now, she could make the children's ward any time. She held her breath a moment, a finger on her lips in guilty resolve, then aped over the shining tiles to the next stairway, pattered up that and came breathless to the door of the hospital nursery. She looked in and stood entranced at the room's unfoldment: rows of new or fairly new babies, all blanketed in tiny basketlike beds. The light was dim, but she peered intently and could make out fuzzy heads, with here and there a fat, creased wrist with its doubled fist. She thought she could hear a muted chorus of breathing. But she did hear unmistakable high voices from the supply room. She opened the door of this and was greeted by the three girls—nurses in training—grouped about a table drinking coffee from a vacuum bottle.

"Hello, Ginger; have a sandwich."

"No, thanks."

"Cup of coffee?"

"Well." A filled cup was handed her. She put sugar into it from a package on the table and one of the girls poured in cream. The guest began to stir this, but set the cup down at an infant's cry near at hand.

"Oh!" She hurried across the room to a swinging baize-covered door and pushed it open, to reveal the author of the cry—newly born and snarling in vicious protest. A stout and not too amiable-looking graduate nurse held the noisy creature and was smearing olive oil over its pink surface.

"Oh, Myra, isn't he lovely!"

The nurse sniffed. "You can have him."

"If I only could!" Miss Doyle clasped her hands at the breath-taking suggestion and came closer. "Lovely, lovely!" she breathed, ecstatic.

"He looks like a monkey, and you know it," retorted the nurse. "And you never saw one that didn't," she grimly added.

"But look at his hair!" It was dark and plenteous. Miss Doyle had chosen the one item beyond criticism.

"Well, he won't keep that long—and look at his monkey legs and his monkey stomach. Squally brat, I'll say."

But the squall was music to Ginger Doyle, and she found the face funnily appealing, even with its violent contortions of rage, the indignant eyes tightened to slits. He seemed to begin his cries with a vast intention, then find himself without the breath to finish them. Yet he constantly began. Miss Doyle listened raptly while the olive oil was applied to the squirming figure.

And suddenly her thoughts went out to the mother lying somewhere below, weak but happy now, all her racking torment so soon forgotten; though longing she must be for the feel of this mite now so casually handled by an indifferent nurse, being slimed with oil and labeled like something in a factory. That was pretty fierce, if you asked Ginger Doyle.

Somewhere, of course, in the ordained course of nature there would be a father, but he was honored with no place in Doyle's thoughts as she greedily watched. Had his existence occurred to her now, she would have shrugged his dismissal as a minor and objectionable mechanism that had served its purpose. Fathers, to Doyle's way of thinking, were negligible if necessary evils. The best a father ever had from her was a patronizing indifference barely off contempt; and even this formal acknowledgment only if he came on tiptoes, whispering

with fulsome reverence, and didn't try to pretend that he, too, had suffered. She had seen that sort of sniveling hypocrite more than once and had been harsh enough to him.

Now, to her delight, she was let affix identification labels to this lusty newcomer. First, a narrow band of adhesive tape put around the tiny wrist, the inscription on this being: "Baby Judson, Room 408"; then a second patch of tape in the middle of his powerful back. This read, "Baby Judson, 1192 Gr. April 9th, Doctor Ledyard." Doyle thought this precaution was pretty silly, because she didn't see how anyone could become confused about the identities of babies, no matter how vast their number.

"Now, Mr. Judson," scolded the nurse, "you quit it and go to sleep." Doyle followed Myra into the nursery and watched it put to bed in one of the little baskets. It was quiet now, staring up at the two nurses with wide, inscrutable eyes. Doyle believed it was thinking wonderful things, but she didn't say this because she knew Myra would laugh at her. Myra had read all the books and didn't believe any of that nonsense about the thoughts of new babies.

They returned to the supply room, where the others lingered over their coffee. Doyle's coffee was cold, but she was too excited for coffee.

"Any more tonight?" she wanted to know. They told her Doctor Hartley was now in the ward with a baby case; a slow case, not so good to listen to.

"Beast!" exclaimed Doyle, meaning inconsistently to denounce him who should presently become a father. She detected the inconsistency, reflecting that the very choice infant she had just seen put to bed for the first time would perhaps some day himself be a father. She puzzled about this, her eyes brooding above the cold coffee as she absently stirred it, oblivious to the chatter of the graduate nurse and the trainers.

Then from the nursery came a half-strangled squawk of protest. They all listened. Doyle was sure she recognized the voice of him they had just bedded. A treble yell blended with the squawk, and presently, as if a leader's baton had evoked it, a full-throated symphony swelled.

"That little rowdy set the bunch off," declared Myra, attacking a new sandwich.

"Wouldn't you know it?" demanded a young trainer, putting hands to her ears and frowning in comic dismay. But Doyle thought it was grand music. She was expert in this species of orchestration. She could distinguish moans of pleading and hearty bellows of truculence, scared little whimpers and tired whines, puny coughs, funny little snorts of rage. But at the very height of the ecstasy she was recalled to her mission in life. She must be on her own job again.

"Thanks for the coffee," she said, and rushed out.

"Nutty," observed the nurse to the trainers. "She never touched her coffee, and now she'll probably sneak down to the children's ward and start something there. I never did see such a girl. God help her cases when she can mother around a baby."

On the floor below, Doyle was indeed at that moment considering a furtive prowl into the children's ward; but that could wait; she would look at her man first. She went on to her own door as a hurrying nurse passed.

"How's Hartley's case coming, Mary?"

"Slow," the nurse called back. "He just sent down for another interne to scrub up."

"Brute!" Miss Doyle viciously muttered, meaning thus to characterize a legally blameless father.

She found her patient still sleeping. As she took his wrist to catch the pulse his eyes opened and he smiled up at her.

"That's good," he whispered, and the eyes closed again, the smile staying a moment before the mouth again became firm. Fresh from those babies upstairs, Miss Doyle thought this man was much of a baby himself.

(TO BE CONTINUED)


STEWART-WARNER RADIO

*Emphasizes the*

"INSIDE"

*as well as the*

"OUTSIDE"

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DOLE
*Look for DOLE stamped in the top*

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# A SPINSTER OF THE OLD SCHOOL

(Continued from Page 11)

conception of a Deity so predominantly loving that He incarnated Himself in Christ, the type of mercy. But Aunt Matilda didn't know exactly what Mr. Hamlin was driving at; she had never felt any necessity for a wordy attempt at reconciliation.

"The God of the New Testament," Mr. Hamlin said—he was a great student of Biblical commentaries, and talked just like them at times, with little pauses and motions of his finger and forward thrustings of his large tame nose, in place of punctuation marks—"is above all else a God of love."

"Humph!" Aunt Matilda had answered him. "If you mean by that that the God of the New Testament doesn't believe in punishing disobedience and unbelief, you're wrong!"

"With the advent of Christ," continued the preacher, "there was ushered in a new order of things ——"

She interrupted him. "Christ wasn't so wishy-washy," she said indignantly, "as some people try to make out!" Her mouth set in a grim line. "He was His Father's own Son!"

She meant it reverently, but the sentence had such a colloquial flavor that Mr. Hamlin stirred uneasily and rubbed his noble, mild proboscis.

"Christ," said Aunt Matilda, with a certain stern relish, "promised plenty of punishment Himself. And when things didn't suit Him, He could curse them, too—just like His Father!"

The preacher opened his mouth as if to demur to her conception, but she swept on triumphantly:

"Do you remember the story of the fig tree?" She opened her Bible, found the place, and read:

> And on the morrow, when they were come out from Bethany, he hungered. And seeing a fig tree afar off having leaves, he came, if haply he might find anything thereon: and when he came to it, he found nothing but leaves; for it was not the season of figs. And he answered and said unto it, No man eat fruit from thee henceforward forever. And his disciples heard it. . . . And as they passed by in the morning, they saw the fig tree withered away from the roots. And Peter calling to remembrance saith unto him, Rabbi, behold, the fig tree which thou cursedst is withered away.

"There," said Aunt Matilda naïvely, "that shows that when Christ got mad at a thing He could blast it, doesn't it? He was His Father's own Son!"

"But, my dear Miss Stevens ——"

But Aunt Matilda was on a favorite topic and not to be headed off. She regaled him with every text in Matthew, Mark, Luke or John in which Christ threatened; she loved what she called "a strong Scripture."

"Those that sin shall be punished," she concluded primly, "and Jesus says so often enough, though you'd think, to hear a lot of folks talk nowadays, that He was a mollycoddle who didn't believe in justice of any sort!"

The preacher went away more than a little uncomfortable. He did not like to tell her that he was more than ever convinced that there might possibly be a minor fault or two in her nature, and that she had a tendency to select from Scripture—as who does not?—just the particular portions which seemed to have an affinity with her own nature.

*IV*

ACCORDING to her friends, Aunt Matilda had been having spells with her heart for several years. Doctor Young, her physician, after a careful examination succeeding one of the spells, told her:

"There is nothing on earth the matter with your heart itself. Your attacks are due to indigestion. If you'll eat what I tell you to eat, and not eat so much between meals, it will get better; you may get entirely over it and live a dozen years yet."

Aunt Matilda would on no account eat what she was told to eat, or when. She resented the idea that she ate too much—and in all conscience she was thin enough. It was one of her favorite fictions, in which she actually deceived herself, that she had very little appetite and ate scarcely anything at all. But really she was "picking and piecing," as they said in Hazelton, all day long, and without getting any nourishment out of it.

She particularly resented being told that her heart was not organically affected. "Heart disease" is so much more important sounding than nervous dyspepsia or attacks of acute indigestion.

The doctor patiently explained the pneumogastric nervous system to her, but he could never get Aunt Matilda to acknowledge any connection between her debauches on boiled cabbage and her spells with her heart. In the philosophy of Aunt Matilda a heart was a heart and a stomach was a stomach; she knew she had heart disease because her heart hurt her. And she took to patent medicines containing anywhere from 25 to 50 per cent of alcohol, which nostrums sharpened her appetite temporarily and hurt the old lady's digestion permanently, exactly as cocktails would. When the physician informed her that she had been, in effect, drinking liquor, she was horrified and stopped it at once. It gave her another intimation that perhaps she had not always been right all her life about everything.

*V*

A DAY or two after her first attempt to talk to Jack she tried it again.

"When you get ready to die," said Aunt Matilda rather helplessly, "you—you look back, you know."

Jack, who didn't think she was going to die, felt the impossibility of contributing anything to the discussion and didn't try.

"You judge yourself," said Aunt Matilda. "And you think if you had things to do over again you would do differently." She paused, and then added: "Probably you wouldn't do them any differently. I've done a lot of things I shouldn't do. I've been a gossip, for instance."

"Everyone in Hazelton is," said Jack, with a vague idea of comforting her.

"A gossip," said Aunt Matilda. "And envious. On the whole, rather envious. Not that I ever let it show much."

She seemed to find a difficulty in proceeding. Jack fidgeted. "You've been awful good to me, Aunt Matilda," he said.

"Naturally," said Aunt Matilda complacently. "I said I'd do my duty by you. And I've done it. I never spared the rod when you were a child. If you ever amount to anything," she continued, looking at him in a self-satisfied way, "it'll be because I started you right and made you mind and spanked a lot of the foolishness out of you."

Under the circumstances, Jack didn't like to quarrel with her. He had begun to realize very young the unbridgeable gap between her temperament and his own; he had never confided any of his dreams, ambitions or fancies to her; he had hidden all his brighter, inner life from her instinctively, too sure that she would not sympathize with it or comprehend it even to consider sharing it with her. So it came to him as a surprise that she actually believed she had been the principal formative influence of his life.

"The only thing that worries me much," said Aunt Matilda, "is the suspicion that I've been too hard in my judgments on people and things all my life."

She said it with the air of arguing it out with herself. Jack thought she always had been too hard in her judgments, but he politely lied.

"There's no use in accusing yourself of that, Aunt Matilda," he murmured.

"What do you know about it?" said she. "Don't contradict me!"

Jack subsided. She went on: "Some people would say I was too hard on your mother." Jack felt more uncomfortable than before. "Maybe I was." She had more than ever the air of a person quite willing to reason it all out—but a person confident, all the same, of victory in the reasoning. "And then, maybe I wasn't. She was a fool, your mother was, Jack."

Jack squirmed in his chair. But he made no retort, for he remembered that even if Aunt Matilda were not going to die in a little while, she at least thought she was. He wished that he could get away.

"I didn't want your father to marry her. I knew she was a fool the first time I saw her. I don't think, on the whole, I was too hard on her."

She paused once more, and when she resumed, it was with a sigh, as if she found it impossible to reach a conclusion of her inner debate.

"Well," she said, "whether I have been too hard on people or not in my judgments of them, I've judged 'em by the same set of rules I've tried to live by myself!"

*VI*

JACK wondered if she had some specific thing to tell him; he did not know how to interrupt the reverie, into which she had apparently fallen, to ask her.

But presently she looked up, appeared to wake from her musings and guess his unspoken query:

"You'd better trot along back to your work," she said. "I did have something I was going to tell you all about, but I guess now that I won't. I was going to tell you to be sure and not fall into my fault of being too hard. But I don't think you need that advice. Your danger is apt to be the other way. You're more like your mother. She was too flighty and easy."

Jack departed hesitatingly. In spite of the anger that he could not help feeling at what he considered the old lady's gratuitous insults to his dead mother's memory, the fact that Aunt Matilda was getting ready to die touched him. But he had never been demonstrative with her. He couldn't be now. She didn't expect him to be, he thought.

The point that Aunt Matilda almost talked over with Jack, and then didn't talk over with him, was one that had been bothering her ever since she had made up her mind she was going to die. The truth is that Aunt Matilda, under her hard exterior, had been indulging in the dubious luxury of self-pity for some weeks.

Dying is rather a lonely sort of business. No one can do it for you. But every human being who dies craves some sort of help in getting the thing through with. Aunt Matilda had been thinking what a lonely old woman she really was. She had been wishing Jack were her son—one of several sons and daughters. She had been wishing that she had married.

There had been a young fellow more than forty years before, in a little town in Southern Ohio, whom she had been in love with. She had been very much in love with him, and he, apparently, with her. He was a printer, and he would probably inherit his father's little business and do well. But one night he had come to see her with liquor on his breath; she had smelled it when he kissed her. She had dismissed him at once with a speech that had stung and humiliated him. She had not given him another chance—he had known how she hated men who drank!

But now he kept coming to mind again and again. He would not let her alone.

"I was too hard on him," she would tell herself. "He really loved me; if I had married him I might have changed him. I could have changed him, but I was too hard!"

That had been the thought back of her conversation with Jack, but she had found she could not talk about it after all.

But the thought obsessed her more and more. She perceived plainly enough that she had really refused life, with all its risks

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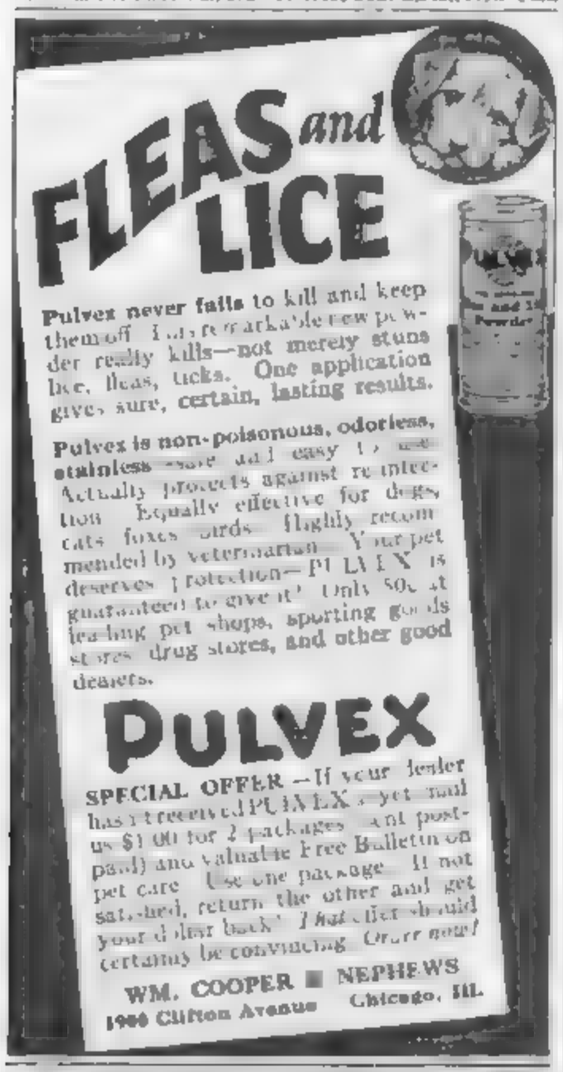
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and warmer possibilities; she actually tortured herself about it at moments. But there would be intervals when she would bitterly defend her course: "Marry him? Of course I couldn't marry him! Why, he drank! I did right! My judgment was right; why should I be afraid to say my judgment was right when I know it was right? It usually is right! I wasn't too hard on him!"

And thus the debate went on. Perhaps it is odd that this romance of her youth should so suddenly become vital and charged with meaning for her again after having meant so little for so many years; but we are seldom done with anything; least of all is a woman, even so stern a woman as Aunt Matilda, ever done with a romance; more especially if it has been the only romance of her life.

*VII*

BUT she got done with it, in the sense that she found an answer to her debate, a week before she died. She had been sitting out on the front porch in the early autumn afternoon, looking up the street, and had seen Jack helping a fellow who had stumbled down and rolled off the sidewalk into the gutter. Jack had picked the man up and steered him—he was thin, bent, shabby and unmistakably drunk—around the corner; evidently toward the Banner office.

When the boy came home to supper she asked him:

"Who was that you were helping up?"

"Oh, a bum," said Jack carelessly.

"Who is he?"

"A tramp printer," said Jack. "He drifts along every two or three years, the boss says, on his way from town to town. He nearly always gives him some work."

"What is the man's name?" she asked.

"Boyd," said Jack. "Billy Boyd," he repeated aimlessly. "One of those tramp printers, you know. The boss says there used to be a lot of them ten years ago."

"Sit down," said Aunt Matilda. She was still sitting on the porch; Jack had paused there. He sat down.

"Does he drink a good deal—this man?" asked Aunt Matilda.

"All the time," said Jack, wondering at his aunt's interest. "That is, he's drunk as often as he can get the money to get drunk. He'd trade his coat for a drink."

"A low-lived tramp and rascal?" said Aunt Matilda.

"He's a tramp, all right," said Jack, "and low-lived enough, I guess. But I don't know that he's a rascal. I don't suppose he'd steal, that is. We let him sleep in the office."

"Drunk all the time," murmured Aunt Matilda.

There was an odd smile on her face as she said it. A smile with a tinge almost of triumph in it. She sat for a few moments after Jack had gone into the house. Finally she rose.

"I was right," she said. "I was right in my judgment after all. The man turned into a sot. It was in him to be a sot! I did right to turn him off. I wasn't too hard on him. I'm glad I did it."

Indeed, it was in her mind that perhaps Providence had sent Billy Boyd to Hazelton at that opportune moment for the express purpose of showing her how right she had been, and letting her die in peace and confidence, without any further self-reproach. The time she had set for herself was only a few weeks off now.

*VIII*

PRESENTLY something like a doubt struck her. There might possibly be more than one Billy Boyd who was a printer. She must be absolutely sure that this was the right one before she could accept this as a special dispensation divinely calculated to relieve her mind.

"Jack," she said, that evening after supper, "where does that tramp printer sleep in the Banner office?"

"In the boss' room," said Jack. "He curls up on a pile of old newspapers."

"And snores and snorts and fills the place with the smell of whisky!" said Aunt Matilda, with disgust.

"Uh-huh," said her nephew. "But he's not sleeping there tonight. He's in the lockup. He fell through one of the front windows of Tom Meek's saloon, and when Cy Emery picked him up and tried to get him to go into the Banner office, he kicked Cy on the shins. So Cy took him to the calaboose."

Cy was the city marshal; he was thoroughly aware of Aunt Matilda's importance in the village, and would, no doubt, do anything he could to please her.

"You go to Cyrus Emery," she said after a moment's thought, "and tell him to send me the keys to the calaboose. Tell him I want to talk to the man locked up there." She knew it would be all over town by noon the next day, but she was not the sort of person to care about that, once she had made up her mind. But she might as well give Cy a plausible story to repeat, since he was sure to say something. "Tell him," she said, "that I used to know this man, years ago, before he was a drunkard, and that I want to talk to him about his way of life." This was, as far as it went, true; and it was sufficiently like the things she was in the habit of doing to satisfy Cy's curiosity and that of the people he would tell it to.

Jack did not like the mission, but he found Cy Emery loafing around the hotel and was back in twenty minutes with the keys. He accompanied her to the lockup. This sat near the edge of the village, not far from the railroad track, and it was a good half mile from Aunt Matilda's place. The old lady was compelled to lean heavily on Jack's arm, and she murmured to herself nearly all the way, which vaguely alarmed the boy, as he had never heard her talk to herself before. The last hundred yards, over the cinders and clinkers of the railroad switch yard and right of way, she found pretty hard going, and stumbled more than once.

A dim light shone through the dirty barred windows of the calaboose, and nothing could have looked more forlorn and wretched than this little building surrounded by ashes and cinders, old cans and bottles, all the rusted junk and débris of a village dumping ground. It was not more than thirty feet square, and it had originally been painted that same peculiar uninspiring reddish-brown so much affected by railroad companies for their tool houses and freight depots. Tramps, loafers and bad boys of the village had carved unseemly symbols and legends all over its outer walls. A rusted and broken stovepipe stuck out of one corner of the roof at an angle of blackguardly jauntiness, like a mangled cigar butt out of a hobo's mouth. The space inside had been divided into two portions by a row of iron bars. The inner room was the cell, and it contained two wooden bunks built into the corners, with dirty bedding on them, a chair, a water pitcher and a slop jar, and little else. In the outer room were a large pot-bellied iron stove, a heap of soft coal and a shovel in one corner, a coil of heavy rope, several spades, a long and heavy iron poker for the stove, picks and other tools which were the property of the village, and a pair of rusty iron handcuffs of prodigious size hanging upon a nail.

When Aunt Matilda and Jack unlocked the outer door and went in they discovered the man behind the row of bars playing solitaire. Cy Emery had given him a kerosene lamp, warning him that if he were so careless as to set the place afire he would certainly burn to death before anyone could get him out. He had the lamp on the chair, and was sitting on one end of the bunk with his feet crossed, like a child, and the cards spread out in front of him.

The man was frightfully nervous; he felt himself on the verge of delirium tremens, and he had been making a desperate effort to control himself mentally by fastening his attention upon the cards. When Aunt Matilda and Jack approached the bars he jumped from the bed and peered out at them, trembling. He was a man in his sixties, and, unkempt and unshaven as he was, the structure of his head and features spoke of anything but a bestial character. A deep cleft down his forehead and between his eyes suggested both thought and despair; his mouth was weak, but, nevertheless, around its corners an individual and ironical humor had graven its characteristic lines. The man was a shattered ruin, but he was not a tough.

"Are you Billy Boyd?" said Aunt Matilda, moving directly toward her point, as always.

At the woman's voice he picked up the tin lamp with its smoky chimney, held it above his head and tried to look at her. He was, indeed, so fluttered with his debauch, and so apprehensive of the advent of a delirious seizure, that he did not know whether to trust his senses; he was not quite sure that anyone had come into the place, after all. His hand shook, and the kerosene lamp threw its light in shaken washes of yellow over his bald forehead and the thin white hair of the woman who stared at him through the bars.

"It is a lady," he murmured finally, and placed the lamp upon the chair again. Jack, who hung back looking and listening among the shadows, he had not noticed at all.

"It is a lady," he mumbled again, and sitting on the bed, he pulled his shoes on over his bare feet. It was a warm night, and he had been sitting with his shoes and socks and coat and shirt off. The impulse to make himself presentable before a lady possessed him, but when he picked up his coat he was so flustered and confused that he took it upside down. A thumbed volume dropped from one of the pockets. It was The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius. He picked it up and looked at it stupidly; he opened it and seemed about to start to read it, when Aunt Matilda spoke again.

"You don't know who I am, do you?" She wasn't sure of him at all, now that she had seen him; and she must make sure. That was what she had come for.

Recalled to himself again, he thrust the volume in his pocket. He hiccuped, and then took hold of his shaking under lip between his thumb and finger as if to steady it, with that gesture of the confirmed alcoholic which is at once so repellent and so pathetic.

"I'm sorry, ma'am," he said apologetically, trying to pull himself together. "I can't say that I do recall you, just at the moment." He politely endeavored to suppress another hiccup. He added: "I'd ask you to sit down, but there don't seem to be anything much to sit on out there."

"Billy Boyd, don't you remember Matilda Stevens, whom you used to know years ago in Vancetown, Ohio?"

"I get around a good deal and I meet a good many people ——" he began to say in his apologetic manner. And then he stopped short. "Stevens?" he said, frowning. "Stevens?" She waited for him.

"Did you have a son who was a preacher, Mrs. Stevens?" he asked. "And a daughter?"

"I'm not Mrs. Stevens," she said. "I'm Miss Stevens." She paused, to make sure that his wavering mind was for the moment fixed. "The preacher was my brother. I'm the daughter."

"Stevens," he murmured, and it was evident that recollection was coming to him. "Um-huh! Stevens! The Stevenses used to run the town!" He meant, not the town he was in now but the town in Ohio where they had both been born.

He turned from her, frowning and trembling, and sat down on the bunk again. Presently he covered his face with his hands, and sat there and shook, and tried not to hiccup.

She looked through the bars at him, unconsciously taking hold of two of them in her hands and pressing herself against them, while the shawl fell back from her head and the light from the kerosene lamp in front of her turned her strong face to a parchment color. She wished she had not

(Continued on Page 96)

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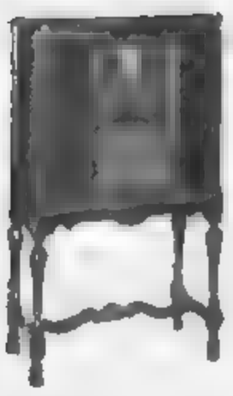

MODEL NR-78 (less tubes) $145

8-Tube NEUTRODYNE for house-current operation. Push-Pull amplification. Four tuning condensers. Inductor Dynamic Speaker. Walnut veneer Console, with two-tone panels. Uses 245 type tubes.

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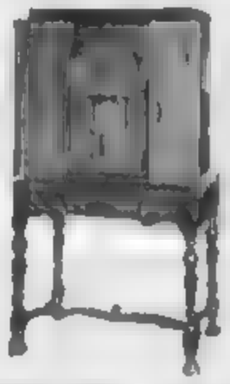

MODEL NR-95 (less tubes) $225

9-Tube NEUTRODYNE for house current operation. De luxe model, embodying many exclusive features and using 245 type tubes. Push-Pull amplification. Electro-Dynamic Speaker. Remarkable selectivity is accomplished by a special Antenna Tuning Circuit. Magnificent Highboy Console of Walnut veneer.

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PUT this amazingly small flashlight (Number Two) in your vest-pocket and enjoy its convenience daily. *A caseless flashlight* . . . offering you beauty, color, style and utility in the most compact form. Durable, practical and efficient. Supplies bright light for a surprisingly long time. Take your choice of these five sparkling, silvery color designs: Red, Blue, Green, Brown or Black. 39c everywhere.

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Made in the same handy dimensions as its smaller companion . . . except length. Five inches long. Supplies a maximum number of hours of light in the smallest possible size. Designed expressly for those using a flashlight frequently: doctors, garage men, mechanics, watchmen, and others. Black only, with red medallion. A complete flashlight, 60c.

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BURGESS BATTERY COMPANY
*General Sales Office:* Chicago

BURGESS
SNAP LITE
FLASHLIGHT

(Continued from Page 94)

come. She had come with no charitable impulse; she had come to make certain that this worthless tramp that she had seen stumbling and falling upon the street was the youth she had rejected forty years before. She had come to justify that rejection to her self-righteousness, to be able to tell herself that she had not been unjustifiably harsh in that old day; that she had been right. Now that she was here, her motive for coming seemed mean and unworthy and despicable to herself. No doubt she had been right, according to her code, to reject this man; but she was getting no sense of triumph out of it now.

Only pity. Pity for him. Pity for herself. Pity for the forty years that were dead to them, without ever having been alive. She had loved him, and she had turned him away harshly, and he had come to this. She might have reclaimed him! The emotion that was upon her suddenly made her see the bowed figure upon the bunk, not as it really was but with some far-off, faint, remembered aura of the man's vanished youth. It came to her that she owed him a life. . . . If she were not going to die —— She sobbed.

The man looked up and frowned at her across the smoky lamp.

"I kn-know you n-now," he stammered. "S-Stevens. The S-S-t-t-evenses! Why d-don't you g-go?"

"Oh!" she cried out, sensible that his voice, too, was charged with emotion, but not aware of the character of it. "Oh, it was all my fault! All my fault! If I could only marry you yet, and make a man of you!"

He reached forward with a quick snatch, as if afraid she would get it first—and seized the lamp and blew it out.

"G-go! Go!" he shouted.

And, "All my fault!" she said in reply.

For a strange moment the place was full of their confused cries in the thick dark that stank of kerosene smoke.

"You're everything I've always hated," he screamed.

But she was not listening; she was crying:

"I owe it to you! I owe it to you."

She began to try to pray, standing there in the dark and sobbing.

"Go! Go!" shrieked the man behind the bars. "Or I'll break through and kill you!"

He picked up his chair and began to beat it to pieces against the iron.

Her nephew groped his way to her through the stinking blackness and the hysteria that filled the little building, and took her home.

■

WHEN she was gone old Billy Boyd began to weave up and down the hot, close place like an animal in a cage. And that is precisely what he felt like. Yes, he remembered the Stevenses! And he knew who this woman must have been, and that he had once made love to her—promised to marry her—and how they had started to dominate his young life! The Stevenses! They had constituted the first impulse that had sent him fleeing from settled and stuffy respectability—and he had been fleeing them and their like ever since! Matilda Stevens! He recalled now the evening he had deliberately filled himself with liquor and breathed it in her face. That had finished that!

With the thought, he rummaged under the pillow of his bunk and found the quart bottle of liquor he had placed there. Cy Emery had had no objection to his having a quart in his cell with him, as long as he could pay for it. Cy had even bought it for him and brought it to him, charging only the very moderate fee of two drinks for himself. Boyd had known he would need that quart to sober off on if he were to escape the tremens, working himself craftily past the danger point one little drink at a time.

But now he took a big drink, and then another one, and it did anything but soothe him. It began to excite him all the more, to contribute to the disintegration of his nervous state. He lighted his lamp again, and his cell looked more like a cage than ever.

Liberty—or at least the illusion of it! that had always been the great craving of his life. He had never tied himself down, he had never let himself—except on a few rare occasions like this one—be shut in. He had followed his trade wherever the English language is spoken and English type is set—South Africa, California, India, the Yukon, London, New Zealand, Montreal, Texas, New York, Australia. Deck passage or steerage, blind baggage or side-door sleeper, tramp schooner or shank's mare—it had been all one to Billy Boyd, as long as he was going somewhere. With the years of vagabondage there had grown stronger and stronger in him an almost superstitious dread of anything like a settled existence; a house in which a steady family dwelt was, to him, like a trap to a fox. The orderly, respectable life of the ordinary artisan—he turned pale when he thought of it!

He tilted up the bottle again and thought of some of his narrow escapes. These Stevenses, when he was a young fellow, who had started out to oversee every department of his life, even before he had married the girl—that had been a close call! He took another drink and thought of other close calls. And more drinks—and more of them. Until presently, between the old liquor that was in him, and the fresh liquor that he was adding to it, the man became almost wild. His mind for many hours had been hovering near the verge of an alcoholic hysteria, and now it passed beyond the verge. He lashed himself up and down his narrow cell, mumbling that he was caught at last. The things that he had been running away from all his life had finally trapped him—were closing in on him. In his broken mental condition, the physical limits of the little jail became the actual limits of the world he was going to have to live in hereafter.

What had that woman said to him—that it was her duty to take him and make him over—make another man of him? Yes, that's what they were going to do. They had him in a trap at last, all these smug, conventional respectable people who had been always chasing him—and now they would come and mock him in his trap! This woman would come again and get him! He believed now that she was the person he had been running away from all his life, although he had really not thought of her before in thirty years. But in the rapid flashes of his wandering existence that raced through his disordered brain, she now had a place; she was in every one of them, pursuing. What was it she had said she was going to do with him? He couldn't remember. Lock him up somewhere? Lock him up? But he was locked up now! He became frenzied and dashed himself against the bars. They were going to come and get him now, any minute, and do something with him—that woman and all the people like her—hundreds of them, thousands, millions of them! The night outside was full of them, stealing nearer and nearer through the darkness.

He screamed, but the people out in the shadows pretended not to hear. They were cunning. Well, he would be cunning too! They shouldn't get him! He needed another drink. Then he could think how to fool them.

There was some liquor left in the bottle, and he poured it into himself with one gulp. He laughed, for he realized at once that it had made him cunning; he could hear the people outside stealthily creeping nearer, but he wouldn't be here when they got in. He'd made his plan. They shouldn't find him!

With a shaking hand he thrust a leg of the chair which he had broken to pieces through his bars, and got the end of it engaged with the looped handle of the long iron poker which lay beside the pot-bellied stove. With infinite patience, moving it as quietly as he could, an inch at a time, so that the sly multitude outside would not hear, he worked the handle of the

long poker within his reach. He snickered with satisfaction and self-applause as he grasped it. Five more minutes' careful work, and he had used the poker to hook the coil of heavy rope from the wall outside the bars. He climbed on his bunk and fastened one end of it to the iron window bars, tied a loop around his neck and, just as his enemies began to whisper and mumble about the building, jumped off the bed. It was his impression, as he died, that he had been too clever for them all.

AUNT MATILDA had a bad night. But when she did get to sleep she slept late—late for her, that is. She did not waken until nine o'clock.

When she did awake, it was with the pleased sense that she had done something very nice for somebody. She could not at first remember just what it was she had done or in whose behalf she had been active, but the impression that she had been beneficently occupied with somebody's affairs remained. Presently she remembered Billy Boyd and her visit. Her mind at once began to work on plans for his reform. She regretted that she was not going to live long enough to take charge of the rest of his life. But something could be done in the little time that remained. She would have him out of that cell this very day. She would have him cleaned up, make him sign the pledge, get him a steady job at the Banner office and turn him over, so to speak, for the rest of his existence to the little group she had already selected to carry on in the village after her departure. The man would have to straighten up, and that was all there was to it.

It was about noon that her nephew brought her the news that Billy Boyd had hanged himself. Her mind leaped to the heart of the matter with an almost clairvoyant directness.

"Huh!" she said. "He'd rather die than be decent!" After a moment or two of thought she said: "It seems I was right about him at first! I hadn't been too hard on him; he was that kind of person. I was right!"

And that matter being settled, she ceased to worry about it any more, like a sensible person.

Before she died—or rather, while she was dying—she had a further triumph; her judgment was vindicated again. She gasped to Doctor Young, who was in attendance: "You were wrong, and I was right! Right about the date—and it is heart disease!"

The doctor didn't feel like quarreling with her under the circumstances. He reflected that, in the end, whether it is an organic affection of the heart or acute indigestion, it comes to much the same thing: we all die of being ourselves.

With her last words Aunt Matilda recurred to her disappointment in her nephew.

"I did think," she managed to say between her paroxysms, "I wanted you—to be—a preacher. But you—wouldn't—have stuck. Too soft! All of 'em—too soft—these days. Preachers—too soft—everybody—too wishy-washy!"

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 24)

*The eighty Kinds of Breakfast Food,*
*Imported Fruits from warm Savannahs,*
*Casabas, Plums and, yes, Bananas.*
*But, worst of all, from Morn till Night*
*The Grocer has to be polite.*
*He dare not check the Female Felons*
*Who pick his Grapes and pinch his Melons,*
*Nor chide the Infants whom they bring*
*To take a Taste of Everything.*
*He must not scowl nor answer rudely,*
*But smile Assent, when questioned shrewdly*
*By Ladies arch, though full in Flesh,*
*If those Fresh Eggs are Strictly Fresh.*
*A single Clove, without a Quiver,*
*He sends his Wagon to deliver;*
*And when the Shades of Evening drop*
*And he is closing up his Shop*
*With all the Shelves in proper Order,*
*The richest local Penny Hoarder*
*Preparing for a Special Feast*
*Comes in to price a Cake of Yeast!*

—*Arthur Guiterman.*

### Inspiration

*AS I EXPLORED the woods and meadows*
*I met a youth of lofty mien.*
*With murmured "Ah's" and softly said "Oh's"*
*He mused, I thought, the lovely scene.*
*"A poet," asked I, "who coerces*
*This beauty into mellow rime?"*
*"I don't," he answered, "fashion verses;*
*Instead I deal in potted crime.*

*"I write, that is, detective stories*
*That keep you up till two or three,*
*And here in touch with Nature's glories*
*My inspiration comes to me.*
*A golden sunset aids to thicken*
*The horror of my murder plots,*
*And perfect prospects serve to quicken*
*My vision of the fatal shots.*

*"That wooded hill the sun's anointing,*
*This meadow with its daisy quilt,*
*They help me keep suspicion pointing*
*At Innocence instead of Guilt.*
*In short, when my imagination*
*Is busy putting crime in prose,*
*I get my finest stimulation*
*From hill and vale, from rill and rose."*

*"Perhaps," said I, "that village steeple,*
*Those houses, stacks and lonely barns*
*And certain adventitious people*
*Contribute also to your yarns?"*
*"They do," he said, "they often whet me;*
*In fact, in my projected book,*
*Which I was shaping when you met me,*
*I think you'll be the master crook."*

—*Gorton Veeder Carruth.*

### Wash and Grease

*I BOUGHT myself a car.*
*Lovely it was to see,*
*Upholstered with spectacular*
*Upholstery.*

*With cushions deeply piled,*
*With white enameled doors,*
*The cunning cabinet work was styled*
*Louis Quatorze.*

*What pleasure to deliver*
*My brave museum piece*
*To the garage, and bid them give her*
*A wash and grease!*

*What did they to my love!*
*The wash and grease they gave her*
*Has left her with the odor of*
*An African slaver.*

*They greased—they're greasy yet—*
*The gear-shift-lever tip,*
*The steering wheel, the smoking set,*
*The toggle grip.*

*I think they breakfasted*
*Amid my elegance;*
*They greased the cushions with their head*
*And with their pants.*

*And humbled was my pride;*
*I could not find surcease,*
*While the garage men, mocking, cried:*
*"A wash and grease!"*

*I shouted to them: "Peace!*
*O black and evil hearts!*
*Aye, wash your hands and pants, or grease*
*Your running parts!"*

—*Morris Bishop.*


# SIX LITTLE GOLF BALLS A SETTIN' IN THE SUN . . .

## THE GUILLOTINE RUINED FIVE... THEN THERE WAS ONE

*This photograph shows the Kro-Flite and five other famous golf balls after the Guillotine got through with them.*

THESE six golf balls all have a place in the sun. All are famous . . . all cost about the same . . . all have some claim to greatness.

The purpose of this advertisement is not to dispute or disparage those claims. It is to prove that in the Kro-Flite the golfing world sees the first ball to combine first-grade distance with maximum durability.

And that is where the Guillotine comes in. The Guillotine is a laboratory device—a heavily weighted steel knife that drops on a golf ball, hitting it exactly as a clubhead does on a badly topped iron shot. The Guillotine was used to test the staying powers of these six balls.

On five of them, the falling blade cut completely through the cover and left a hopeless ruin. But on the stout cover of the Kro-Flite the Guillotine left a barely visible dent. This same Kro-Flite easily could have been played more than the 72 holes for which Spalding guarantees it.

In thousands of tests, the Guillotine never yet has been able to cut a Kro-Flite Ball. It never has failed to cut any other.

*Now as to distance*

Try the Kro-Flite. Let it prove to you that it cannot be cut. Let it show you that, as a distance ball, it is well up with the longest balls the world produces.

The distance of the Kro-Flite has been proved in tests with the famous "Spalding" Ball—which is considered, by the majority of golf's greatest players, to be the longest ball in the world. Yet the "Kro-Flite" is only a trifling distance behind this longest of all balls—a fact established time after time in Driving Machine tests at Chicopee, Mass., Pinehurst, N. C., and Putney, England.

The Kro-Flite comes either in the exclusive new Multidot Marking or in plain white—dimple and mesh. Buy it from your professional. Spalding dealers and Spalding stores can also supply you.

KRO-FLITE *each* 75 *cents*

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"Mac certainly can pick 'em; the Kid's all right"

. . . Whether it's ball players or motor oil, good judgment in the selection of either is well repaid. *Quality* always proves its worth in performance.

The quality of Waverly Motor Oil has been unquestioned for 49 years. Made from the finest of crude oils—100% Pure Pennsylvania—Waverly is refined to the last degree of perfection. There isn't a better motor oil made.

*The Waverly Guarantee*

Drive in to any licensed Waverly dealer. Have your crank case drained and filled with Waverly All Pennsylvania Motor Oil. If it doesn't give you the utmost in performance, endurance and economy, the dealer will give you back your money without question. The price of Waverly is 35 cents a quart east of the Rockies.

Ask any Waverly dealer for a copy of the Waverly "Log"—a handy little pocket-size book in which to check up on your auto expenses.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.
PITTSBURGH, PA.

*Buy only from Licensed Waverly Dealers*

Waverly "ALL PENNSYLVANIA" MOTOR OIL


# COME ON, CULTURE

(Continued from Page 17)

have heard some mention of Monet and Gauguin and Matisse?"

"Not a mentch," I replied. "Who are they? Some more Teshefskys from the wilds of Latvia?"

"No, no," says she. "They're actual figures, but their work is so little understood in this country that you may speak freely of them, and with authority. A mere reference to the sweeping *décor* of Gauguin or the esoteric pigmentation of Matisse should be quite sufficient to establish you as a ——"

"Gosh!" I exclaims. "What is it—this pigmentation?"

"Pigmentation," volunteers Brice, "is to art what a suite for oboes is to a symphony. Either of 'em'll get you a cup of coffee anywhere when accompanied by a dime."

"I'm afraid," says I, "we'd be on dangerous ground with this subject. There may be some artists at the shindig who might know these ——"

"Don't let that disturb you," cuts in Miss Morfit, easily. "The lines I've given you about Matisse and Gauguin would register heavily even at a tea in the Metropolitan Museum. However, remember this—should any other paintings be discussed, especially the standard classics, be sure to comment on them disparagingly, even sneeringly."

"Why," inquires Joe, "are you so cold on the classics? They've always spoken well of you."

"I'm not particularly cold on them," returns Minerva, "but how is one to acquire kudos for cleverness by agreeing with Kansas that a Corot is good? Call Vandyke a vulgar tint slinger and Beethoven a cheap piano tickler, and not only do you attract attention but you'd be surprised at the amount of respect your independent thinking'd inspire in most quarters. Nowadays, for quick returns in the half-baked belt, take the attitude that you're posterity—that nothing's been passed on really until you've had your say. And be critical—cruelly critical. Demolish everything that you didn't see first. It pays."

"I guess, at that," admits Brice, "there does seem to be more dough in making a bum out of Washington and in speaking well of Lincoln."

"That," said I, philosophic, "is only human nature. Everybody's for the wind and against the silk hat. But tell me," I goes on, "how can we speak badly of pictures we've never even seen? What would we ——"

"That," Miss Morfit hastens to explain, "is what you're paying me for. I furnish you with the shells you shoot. It's all very simple—disgustingly so. A phrase, for example, such as 'the chiaroscuro is positively rudimentary' or 'the colorific concept is utterly without distinction' would pass for a well-seasoned dictum on any painting from the first Pisan primitive to the last hot-dog sign on the Boston Post Road. Nor would it make the slightest difference," she adds, with growing flippancy, "whether the subject's A Portrait of an Old Man of Bologna, by Cherubini, or An Alleghany Nude Descending an Escalator in Search of an Erie Local."

"Maybe," says I; "but what happens if some crude, uncouth cuckoo at the foot of the table decides to argue the question? What's my snappy comeback if he claims that what I'd taken to be a young chiaroscuro was really a still-life study of a messenger boy in full flight?"

"Chiaroscuro," replies Minerva, "is merely the employment of light and shadow in pictures, and whether they've been employed properly or not is purely a matter of opinion. But why should you ever know what chiaroscuro is? Don't let him argue. When he opens up, indicate by a contemptuous shrug and the *soupçon* of a yawn that the canvas is too inept a work to engage your attention further. Change the subject."

"Sure," chimes in Joe. "Remind yourself of the story of the chorus girl and the pair of tights. It seems that she was walking down the street one day with two Scotchmen ——"

"There being two of you at the party," observes Miss Morfit, "there shouldn't be any great difficulty in rerouting the conversation whenever it tends to become embarrassing. A bit later I shall show you how a lift of the eyebrows or a twist of the lips can be made to cover blank spots and dead ends with great credit to yourselves. . . . And now to literature."

"This is great," enthuses Brice. "We've been here only about a half hour and already we have a muse sitting on each knee calling us papa. What suckers guys are going to colleges and graduating by degrees!"

"We certainly have made progress," I agrees. "I figure we're far enough advanced now to hold our junior prom. May I have the first lancers, Miss Morfit, or would you rather sit it out in back of the henhouse?"

"Our time grows short," warns Minerva, "and there are still many peaks of human knowledge to scale. It is most essential that you get a good grip on literature."

"Shoot," invites Joe.

"I call your attention," goes on Miss Morfit, "to a recent book by Hendrik Upsidonk, the well-known Swedish ——"

"How lovely," says I, "but can't we reach for a Latvian instead of a Swede?"

"The work to which I refer," continues Miss Morfit, unruffled by our rough stuff, "is called Cold Ashes Hot and deals with the gay, luxurious life of Upernivik. Such imagism! Such cohesive characterization! Such probing into the improbable! It is as if Upsidonk had wrenched forth a human soul and torn it apart with wolfish claws to expose its component vices."

"Is this what you think of the Swede's load of ashes," inquires Brice, "or is it just the succotash you retail to the trade?"

"I'm merely expressing your enthusiastic opinion," returns Minerva. "Personally, I haven't read the book."

"I see," says I. "Pardon me if I seem to be prying into the home life of your Cousin Commerford's pet Percheron, but is there such an author as Hendrik Upsidonk?"

"After what we've been through," growls Joe, "you ought to be satisfied if there's such a place as Sweden."

"I don't know," confesses Miss Morfit, "but there could be a Hendrik Upsidonk."

"Certainly there could," says Brice. "Even if there wasn't, all you need do is present a monniker like that to pull down the Nobel prize. . . . Let me have this gag, will you? Imaginary Swedish imagists and probers into the improbable are right down my *atelier*."

"You can have it," I tells him. "Well, now that we've cleaned up with literature, where do we go?"

"Would a mention of home be regarded as *infra dig?*" asks Joe courteously.

"Quite," answers Minerva. "The course is far from complete. There are still many subjects of intellectual appeal that one should be prepared to illuminate. What of the theater? Are you at all conversant with the metamorphosis that has taken place of late in Lithuanian dramaturgy?"

"As who of the Meadowbrook Hunt is not?" I shrugs. "The characters, I believe, now all die of the cholera instead of alcoholism. There's the Jones law for you!"

"Talking of the Lithuanian drama," says Brice, "a really charming, exotic piece of work has recently been staged by Vassili Vassilovitch, the younger. It's a twelve-act monologue dealing entirely with modern processes of embalming. A battery of atomizers strung about the house and spraying formaldehyde is a naïve touch to enhance the illusion. You know of the play?"

(Continued on Page 100)

# 4 FORWARD SPEEDS

*SILENT THIRD · DOUBLE HIGH*

## THE SIX-SEVENTY

Easy, silent shifting from third to fourth and from fourth to third at 50 miles per hour and faster . . . reduced engine wear with increased power and smoothness . . . less gasoline consumption . . . these are among the pronounced advantages of the Durant 4-forward speed transmission. One drive in the Durant Six-Seventy will thrill you—ask any dealer.

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FACTORIES—LANSING, MICH., OAKLAND, CAL., LEASIDE, ONT.

THE SIX-SEVENTY—119 in. wheelbase—$1195 TO $1425
THE SIX-SIXTY-SIX—112 in. wheelbase—$915 TO $1125
*All prices at factory—Lansing, Michigan*

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A GOOD CAR

*Brisk lathers quicker—stays moist longer*

# ...for smart men

## who want a smart appearance

## ...and no smart with their shaves

Brisk is as brisk as a West Pointer on parade... bracing and cool... like a frosted, tinkling mint julep on a hot, sultry afternoon.

Brisk is the new and really different shaving cream in the new and different package. Different from anything you've ever used... different as mint julep from warm tea.

The lather feels good to your face... the new package feels good to your hand... your face feels better, looks better. The instant your face is snowed under the full, quick Brisk lather... you enjoy a cool, soothing difference.

This new and really different shaving cream comes in a package designed for men only. You can't mistake it for the tube of family tooth paste or your wife's cold cream. It has a one-man top that is a part of the box... not apart from it.

For new shaving fun and cool mint julep shaves... buy a box of Brisk... 50c at all druggists, or

*Have a Two Weeks' Treat With Us...* Ask your druggist for your Free two weeks' supply of Brisk mint julep shaves. If he is out... a little patience and this coupon will bring you briskly enough Brisk for two weeks. Florian, Inc., 1316 Book Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

***Brisk*... *A Shaving Cream 50c***

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C O U P O N

Florian, Inc., 1316 Book Building, Detroit, Mich.

Gentlemen: Send me my two weeks' treat of BRISK mint julep shaves FREE.

Name ..

Address

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(Continued from Page 98)

"Indeed, I do," returns Miss Morfit, without batting an eye, "but you ought to point out that Vassilefsky — "

"Vassilovitch," Joe corrects her. "Vassilovitch, the younger. The elder, you will recall, was the original monk of Siberia whose life grew drearier and drearier."

"Of course," says she, "but in speaking of Vassilovitch you should emphasize the fact that he derives from Boris Frimatka and thus is the direct lineal heir to the Smerninoff tradition. A statement to the effect that whatever Vassilovitch writes is of the genre type and always good theater would not be without its scholarly implications, either."

"Listen," I traipses in at this juncture, "don't we learn anything American to make whoopee over?"

"American!" gasps Brice. "What do you think we're prepping for? It's a troop of the intelligentzia you're about to canter with at the Scovels', and who ever heard of an intelligentzia making whoopee over anything American? If you must say something about your native land," he goes on, "say it with a sneer. Otherwise you're likely to be mistaken for a Nebraska corn husker, without a samovar or a shred of batik to your name. Am I right?"

"Oh, yes," replied Minerva. "There is a decided *cachet* in an enthusiasm for things foreign. Many of our most advanced young thinkers regard America merely as a good place to eat at. Besides, I'm sure you'll find it much safer to pilot the conversation beyond the twelve-mile limit. So many Americans seem to know what's going on in America. . . . And now to a brief examination of Chinese ceramics."

For the next hour or more Miss Morfit takes us in quick hops from one cultural crag to another, covering with a lick and a promise such high spots of human knowledge as sculpture, architecture, dietetics, major operations, astronomy, international politics—*Weltpolitik*, we calls it—polar exploration and the informatory two-bid take-out in contract bridge. About the only subjects of import ignored are mathematics and sheep shearing, and those through no fault of their own.

Each item in the curriculum is disposed of with an expression or two that sound as if they might have been composed by a pedagogue out on a debauch with an unabridged dictionary, but which may be, as far as I'm concerned, as meaningless as the label on a bottle of bootleg. With all the kidding Brice and I do back and forth with Minerva, I still figure I'm getting enough out of the course to hold Mr. Coogan for a few downs.

Miss Morfit closes the entertainment with samples of shrugs, *moues*, gestures and brow furrows that are supposed to convey everything from a distaste for flute *obligatos* in B flat to a fondness for imported toothpicks.

According to her, many a lad has won a reputation as a drawing-room gosh-darn-it by no more than an eyelash.

"I trust," remarks Minerva, in bidding farewell to her graduating class, "you all feel you've been improved."

"Feel we've been improved!" exclaims Joe. "I feel positively ultra."

"Me, too," says I. "Come on, you two-story thinkers. Take a look at a sky-scraper."

III

OPPORTUNITIES for flashing the pearls of great price I'd strung together at the Morfit *atelier*—ah, there, *atelier!*—don't seem to be so dense when Joe and I join the Scovels' guests at the *apéritifs*. Olivia's coming later with Coogan, curse him.

The lads we meet up with around the shaker may be writers and artists and other chappies overstuffed with gray, but offhand they stack up to me like a lot of bond hucksters, asbestos-shingle salesmen and plumbing-supply impresarios. The conversation's confined to stock-market wah-wah, stuff right off the boat and sliced mashie approaches—rather annoying to a bozo who's still dripping from his bath in the Pierian Spring and anxious to sprinkle everyone about him.

"Swell chance," grumbles Brice, "of introducing Teshefsky and his suite for oboes into this mob of eight-fifteens."

"I don't care so much for Teshefsky and his oboes," says I, "but I had rather hoped to take the stump for Hendrik Upaidonk and the great work he's done for Armenian mosaics."

"Armenian mosaics, your ear muffs!" snaps Joe. "You've got your wires crossed, feller. Upaidonk's the baby who took esoteric pigmentation and a couple of chiaroscuros and made them a dominating factor in *Weltpolitik*."

"Have it your way," says I, "but the situation in the Dantzic corridor is still mine to do with as I will, is it not?"

"Yeh," admits Brice, "but be sure to lay off the baroque note in Byzantine architecture."

"With pleasure," I agrees. "By the bye, how'd you like to trade your Hindu Kush explorations for the Varinoff theory of quantitative values? I'm not so hot for the quantitative skit. It might not pronounce so well after the wine's served."

"O. K.," says Brice, "provided you give me Doctor Fishbein's localized operation for the removal of the duodenum to boot."

That's fair enough, but I wonder, as we march in to dinner, whether we'll get the breaks to spill any of our line. It seems rather tough to burden your bean with a world of knowledge and then fail to find a market for its dissemination. However, we're no sooner seated at the table when Lady Luck arrives with the fruit cup and smiles fleetingly upon me.

Out of the thin air the dame at my side starts about a Schubert recital she'd attended that afternoon in Carnegie Hall. With me Shubert's the guy who owns a flock of theaters in New York, and it's some little time before I tumble to the fact that Providence has thrown a feeder into my lap.

"Don't you just worship Schubert?" gushes the aged giggler, leaning over toward me.

"Well," says I, with a condescending smile and the *je ne sais quoi* shrug that my instructions call for in the situation, "he's not so bad, as those old piano ticklers go, but ——"

There's an interruption. It's from that runt Coogan, sitting opposite me with the fair Olivia by him.

"Where," he asks, "is there anything in Schubert or in the compositions of the other classicists to compare, for instance, with the suite for oboes in Teshefsky's étude in C minor?" And he pauses for an answer.

My chin drops to my chest and I just sit there dazed. In a moment it's all clear. Of course Brice and I are not the only graduates of Miss Morfit's School of Capsule Culture. True, I hadn't seen Coogan about the campus or in any of the class rushes, but then he probably was of another year, or another day, rather. I gets a partial grip on myself and tries to say something, but the old tongue's glued to the palate and I'm dumb. Not so Joe.

"Ah," he exclaims, "Teshefsky! Today a voice crying in the Bessarabian wilderness, but tomorrow a Messiah of melody to be worshiped by all true lovers of harmonicas—harmonics, I mean. Only last year I had the pleasure of meeting him in Vienna, in the *atelier* of Doctor Fishbein ——"

"Doctor Fishbein!" jumps in Coogan. "The discoverer of the localized operation for the removal of the duodenum?"

A sudden change of subject seems indicated. "Talking of the duodenum," says I hastily, "have you folks ever heard the story of the lady and the saber-toothed tiger? You know, the caveman's bride comes a-running to her husband and yells that her mother is having a battle with a saber-toothed tiger and for him to come and help. 'Why should I?' says he. 'What do I care what happens to a saber-toothed tiger?'"

Olivia wrinkles a displeased nose at me and the subject isn't changed a dime's

worth. Doc Fishbein's sidetracked for the nonce, but Teshefsky, the sweet singer of Latvia, is not yet done with.

"Pardon my ignorance as you hope to have yours pardoned," titters a flapper at my left, "but just what are oboes?"

I haven't the slightest idea, and it's a shrewd guess that Coogan hasn't either, but I should worry. Teshefsky's his now by right of capture and it's up to him to see the gag through and safe in bed. But the fathead's equal to the situation.

"My dear young person," says he, with Eyebrow Lift Number Two and Withering Tone Number Four, "oboes are—oboes." And he turns his back on her with Attitude of Contempt Number One.

After that the table conversation sags to a new low. The word "operation" having been mentioned, seven women start talking all at once about the cutting scrapes they'd got into. In the midst of the ether exchange I tries, by dumb show, to arrange with Coogan for a split of the territory, but he either pretends to misunderstand my signals or is too much of a stupe to get 'em. At any rate, he lets me know soon enough that he intends to hog all sides of the street.

I'm getting an earful of a case where the woman was given up by seven doctors, eleven trained nurses and eight members of the volunteer fire department when I catches the rather shrill voice of the hostess. She's much too far away to have caught any of the Teshefsky-Fishbein *causerie*, which had been conducted in a reasonably low tone.

"You just must read Upsidonk," I hears her say. "His latest book, Cold Ashes, Why are You Hot? is ——"

"Cold Ashes Hot," corrects Coogan, shouting down the full length of the table. "What a masterpiece! Such imagism! Such cohesive characterization! Such probing into the improbable! It is as if ——"

"——Upsidonk," I yelps, "had wrenched forth a human soul and torn it apart with wolfish claws to expose its component vices." And I slips Coogan Scowl of Displeasure Number Three.

"Rather neatly put," says he calmly.

At this point the mob rises from the table and I breathe a sigh of relief. In scattered groups around bridge tables and in the drawing-room the chances should be much better to crash over a *tour de force* or a *jeu d'esprit* without having it Cooganed.

"You play auction?" asks a simpering Susie I don't remember having seen before. I hops to my chance. Coogan's nowhere in sight and Olivia's within easy earshot.

"A bit," I replies; "but talking of play, are you acquainted with the metamorphosis ——"

"You mean," she cuts in, "that has taken place of late in Lithuanian dramaturgy? Oh, yes. A really charming, exotic piece of work—that of Vassili Vassilovitch—don't you think?"

That's enough for me. Not only had that Morfit grifter given all her pupils the identical dose of culture but she'd even adopted and passed on our own Vassilovitch gag! I dashes away to hunt up Brice. He's sitting in at a rubber of contract.

"Listen," I whispers. "I'm beating it. Look for me in the river."

And without giving him a chance to peep, I ducks for the door and barks for my hat and coat.

"Do you fancy that Baroni, sir?" asks the butler on his return with my duffel, and only then do I realize that I've been gazing idly at a small painting on the wall.

"The colorific concept," I mutters absently, "is utterly without distinction."

"It is indeed, sir," he agrees, "and if I may venture the observation, sir, the chiaroscuro is positively rudimentary. Give me the sweeping *décor* of a Gauguin or the esoteric pigmentation of a Matisse is what I say, sir."

I hope the door slammed flush on his nose.

# A RAILROAD IS NEVER FINISHED

(Continued from Page 9)

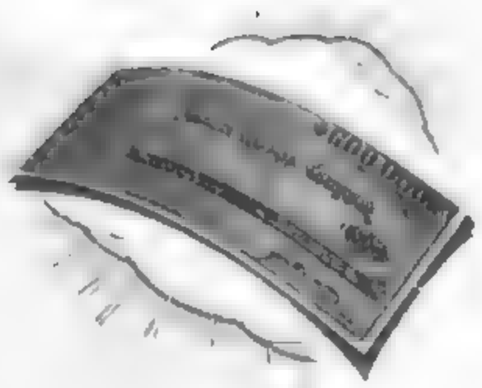
administer these roads without politics, and that anyone who did call it possible was a fool. Sometimes they called me a three-ring-circus showman and a four-flusher. They meant it and they believed it. The best evidence of that sincerity is present today in many friends and aids who were my determined enemies six years ago. Then, too, there was a great competitor, the Canadian Pacific, opulent, successful and well officered, as quick to take advantage of an avenue of attack upon a possible rival as it had been efficient in building itself into one of the great transportation systems of the world. The opposition, in fact, possessed every weapon but two—good humor and optimism. These were mine, and I held to them with all the strength I possessed.

The first one meant salvation; when a man fights without it he works under a handicap. If a man is only angry he is at least temporarily demented. If he allows himself to get thoroughly mad, then he becomes plumb crazy. As for the optimism, it was my working capital and my stock in trade; if I could sell it I could help a nation out of the doldrums. If I failed I failed utterly, both for Canada and for myself. For in the last analysis, the building of the Canadian National Railways as it exists today was not a matter of railroad construction. It was the formation of a national sense of hope. That needs explaining.

The war had left Canada in a bad way. The Dominion had given to the fullest extent of its men and substance. It was a new country in spite of the oldness of eastern settlements where lies more than half of the population. More than 50 per cent of all the railway mileage which had been given to my administration was in the west and was less than twenty years old, denoting that the territory so served was pioneer country, yet to round into the maturity of production and density of population. The first thing I had to consider was a general review of the fundamental economics of the country. You can't raise potatoes in a desert.

I found that the economic foundation was sound. The loss of man power, due to the war, the piling up of debts from the same cause, the slowing down of production following the Armistice—these were things, I felt sure, which would readjust themselves with time. But there was the depression caused by the apparent hopelessness of trying to do something with these railroads; the mountain of deficits was almost appalling. For, remember, here in Canada the five railroad systems which now comprise the one unit of the Canadian National Railways still carry on their shoulders the first mistake that ever was made in their administration—and the last, for that matter. Not one single error of financing or vision has ever been wiped out. When the government took over those roads it took their debts also. Beyond one technical receivership by which the government took over the Grand Trunk Pacific, the transfer was simply a turning over of assets and liabilities from private to public ownership. In all cases the debt of securities remained intact; there had been no stepping down of stock and bond valuations to permit lower interest charges. Every handicap of bad financial judgment, overexpansion, building into nonpaying territory, excessive cost of construction and the hundred and one other burdens which throw a business into bankruptcy had remained. There was only one thing in the world that could conquer this. That was a hothouse growth of optimism. I started out to attempt its culture and at the same time rehabilitate the road.

It was a job. I don't like to make speeches. But here was a case where I had

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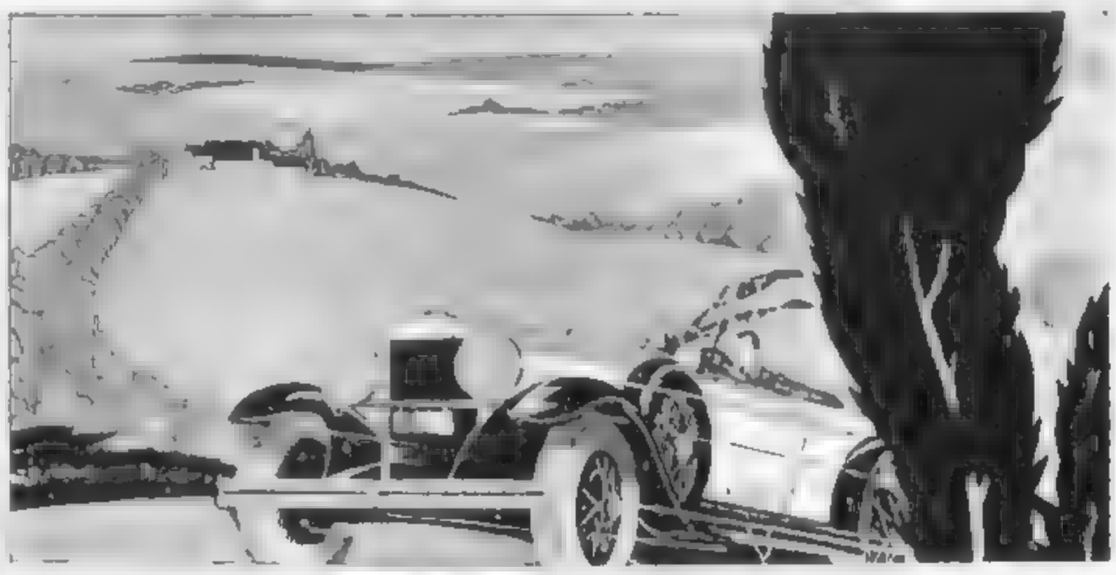

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to make them—three and four a day sometimes. Meanwhile I was riding the road, sitting in my car day after day, watching the road, and saying nothing until we arrived at a town where I could make a speech. Once there, with my audiences composed of those who came from curiosity, from friendship and from enmity, I tried to paint the picture of Canada as I saw it. I couldn't use mauve or pink as my colors. They had to be red, the reddest of red circus red, if that is more expressive. But I believed in that painting.

I had four big brushes with which to splash my canvas. First there were the tremendous agricultural potentialities of the prairie provinces, which I did not believe had been fully developed. Then there was the knowledge that up in the North Country—then only so much wilderness lay a veritable national gold mine in the rush and roar of muskeg-colored waters, plunging through rapids and over waterfalls to a potentiality of 40,000,000, hydro-electric horse power. Beyond that was the suspicion of great mineral wealth in the tremendous expanse of the pre-Cambrian shield, covering a great portion of the Dominion. Perhaps this of all things gives an accurate picture of the progress of Canada since 1922. Today the Dominion is in the throes of one of the greatest mineral developments ever known. Then, as I have said, that wealth was only a suspicion, little known about and adventurous.

And last of the important things was the fact that to the south of us was a country of more than 100,000,000 persons that could furnish a market; particularly for the enormous reserves of pulp and paper resources which we possessed. These riches were waiting, I told my audiences, if Canada would only have faith, if it would only work and trust in the future, forget pessimism and preach optimism—and that one of the greatest agencies to make results possible was to see the game through on the Canadian National Railways. After that, there would be another trip to another town and other audiences. It continued for months—speak and ride and watch the roads over which we traveled. That became monotonous at times to those who accompanied me.

### *A Real Railroad Man*

"Why doesn't he say something?" one officer complained to another as we pounded away the miles. "He sits there day after day, week after week, just staring out of the window! Why doesn't he tell us what he's going to do, who he's going to keep and who he's going to fire? Does he give us the solution to our problems? No. He just sits there and stares out at the roadbed, or examines a terminal or walks through a shop—and says nothing."

There was nothing to say. It was impossible to talk of purely cumulative matters that were, in a way, solving themselves. A railroad is a physical thing. Granted that a man knows operation, maintenance, buying and construction, he can build a railroad as good as anyone else. But the success of that road depends upon something more intangible than good equipment, smooth roadbeds, well-selected shops and fast schedules. It is that quality known as man power. In a sense, I didn't select my officers and men; they selected themselves.

Here were jobs for true railroaders—a term denoting persons vastly different from men who were merely in the railroad business. A real railroader is more than a job holder. He works on a railroad because he loves it, because there is something about it which thrills him and lures him; he never loses the joy of watching a speeding train screaming into the sunset with its power and its rush and thunder, its hint of far places, its battle against distance and the elements. The red glare of an open fire box against the starlit sky is a beautiful thing to him; the click of wheels is the most rhythmic of music. To him, there is a deeply human element about that vast, thunderous, vibrant machine called a railroad; something to cherish, to foster, to work for and fight for and consider always in its every element of welfare. Those men soon began to stand forth, unwilling to take the easy course of the yes man, but eager to exert initiative and to battle sincerely for constructive principles. One by one they arose—men who were hiring themselves because they could see ahead and show others how to look into the future; men who radiated their enthusiasm to a dozen beyond them and through that dozen to a hundred, and who displayed, without ever a question being asked, that they knew the biggest part of their job—that of selling what a railroad manufactures. All the steel and equipment and paraphernalia in the world can't make a successful railroad It's the ability to sell, that gets the traffic. A short time ago I made six speeches in three days. I did it not because I like my voice but to get business. An overworked description of that ability is service.

### *Give Him a Chance!*

On and on we went, across the country, along the main line and branch lines; there were speeches, speeches, speeches, questions and answers, the painting of pictures, and the incessant demand—for this was no time to make requests—that Canada look to its own future and make it a rosy one through sheer force of will and faith. And after a time there began to arise a counter demand, faint at first, then stronger and stronger until it became stentorian:

"Give Thornton a chance!"

It rolled across the continent, gathering power, and there is no command that barks with the authority of a people, once that people has made up its mind. Almost immediately the heckling began to diminish and opposition to governmental financial programs for the rehabilitation of the railroad to weaken. Soon a supporter arose here and there who had been opposed or at least lukewarm to our program, which was simply to put the road on its feet. My officers, centers themselves of a constantly increasing snowball of loyalty and enthusiasm, pounded away at the repetition of my promises to the main body of workers—that here was to be a road run without politics, where justice to every employe would be a major consideration, where power of friends counted not one whit against the power of personal achievement, and where there was one master and one alone—the necessity of making this road pay. From vice president to general manager, through assistants and superintendents, onward to the operating staffs and clerical forces, to maintenance-of-way men and station agents, baggagemen and messenger boys, it permeated to a total of 108,792 employes and through them to 500,000 persons closely concerned through family alliance or dependency. One-eighteenth of the population of the Dominion of Canada was turning the wheels of hope and pride and determination. My team had stopped fumbling now and was moving down the field. Now and then a municipal meeting was called of which I knew nothing, and the insistence grew greater:

"Give Thornton a chance!"

The sentiment snowballed. A year would give an indication of what might be expected, they said; in that time a person could, at least, gain an inkling of the future. The year went by to the accompaniment of the unscrambling of a jig-saw puzzle of railroad trackage and the beginning of something tangible in the form of a true transcontinental railway. The figures for that year were published, and then a new and great impetus of public opinion began to be heard. Those figures showed a total of $13,741,190 available for interest charges, an increase of 800 per cent over 1922. The white elephant had at least turned pink. A big part of the psychological job was over. The railroad had shown an ability to prove the people's faith in it.

(Continued on Page 105)

John Barrymore · F. Scott Fitzgerald · Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr. · vote her the

# Most Beautiful Young Mother

John Barrymore

Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.

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She made a romantic marriage at sixteen. Her baby was born when she was seventeen. She has had to face realities early. It has given her an unusual maturity of thought and outlook.

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(Continued from Page 102)

We could now go ahead and truly build that railroad into a great system.

Of course that building had been going on simultaneously; without the savings of coördination there could have been little progress the first year. In this connection it must be remembered that in many places the component railroads of the Canadian National System were not built with any idea of future coöperation, but as highly competitive lines. There were two or more of everything.

Many towns had two railroad stations; some had two sets of shops. At other points the rails of two roads ran practically side by side for miles, only breaking away to reach some town that would become a ruined community should one whole line be junked. It was exactly what I have called it before—a railroad jig-saw puzzle, the solution of which was made more difficult by the human equation. If it had been a cold-blooded proposition of reducing a railroad to its most efficient basis, the problem would have been easier. But there were communities to consider, families, settlers who had come into remote places, dependent upon the railroad. There were times when, in the moving of shops, for instance, it was necessary to take up mortgages on workmen's homes, substituting others under like conditions, many miles away. Early in the work we found it necessary to build a cut-off from the southern line at Longlac to the transcontinental line at what is now Nakina. The previous divisional point was Grant, twenty miles away, where homes had been built and a town founded, with all that a pioneer town means to those who select it for their abode. It would be ruined now. The matter was solved by moving the town of Grant bodily to Nakina; the shops were loaded on trains and carted away; likewise the homes. Some of them were sawed in two to accomplish it, but they were moved, nevertheless, and set up in the new town of Nakina under exactly the same conditions as those that had existed at Grant.

That could not always be done. There still exist duplications even today. I know three stretches of road in which reproductions of main-line trackage exist to a total of 1500 excess miles. If I could abandon that 1500 miles, it would mean an actual saving in maintenance and structures expense of $1,350,000 a year. It cannot be done. People trusted those railroads. They built their homes along them and founded their farms. They have invested their savings and their labors; the roads must stand.

But it was possible to eliminate a piece of road here, an extra railroad station at another point, a duplicate shop somewhere else, and in this sort of coördination I had seen some valuable work done in the war. One instance of that, I truly believe, had as great an influence in the decision of the great struggle as any other factor. That was the embarkment of the first British Expeditionary Forces for the Front.

### Troop Trains on Schedule

I had been general manager of the Great Eastern Railway of England; therefore, when the war came, with its necessity for central control of railways, I became one of the directing board, which was composed of all the general managers of English railways under the chairmanship of a member of the cabinet. England, however, has a habit of intrusting work to those who know it best; the railroad-executive committee met every day, and sometimes for days at a time, but always under a vice chairman, who was one of our men. The cabinet minister was absent.

It was a sensible system of control. The War Office, in effect, drew a check on the board for the movement of troops and left the rest to the committee. The result was that when the first expeditionary forces were ready to go, the trains rolled into the embarking point day after day from every portion of England, and not one of them was even a minute late. Each member of that board had been responsible for his own railroad to deliver his troop trains on the minute to the next line, which, in turn, was responsible for delivery on time for the next run. The system worked so perfectly that there was not even an inconsequential delay; to my mind, it had much to do with influencing the results of the war, and for this reason:

The moral and physical effect of the arrival of the first British Expeditionary Forces stemmed the rush of the Germans toward the coast. Had there been a delay, Channel ports would have been captured, the seat of the French Government shoved far south, availabilities made for enemy submarine bases operating against vulnerable points on the British and French coasts, the short haul of British troops across the English Channel halted, and a situation created where Germany might have controlled many of the ports of entry by which American troops later came to the aid of the Allies. Such a condition could have meant only one result—an Allied disaster. But the British Expeditionary Forces arrived on time.

### Seven Miles of Junk

I remembered that clearly, and it was of help to me, for here I had a situation vaguely similar to the British war problem. Across the continent stretched more than 22,000 miles of railways, too vast a project to lie under the responsibility of one man at even a central point. It could be handled best, I believed, in the relation of the War Office to the railway-executive committee; so I followed that system. I cut the Canadian National into four sections—an Atlantic Region, a Central Region, a Western Region and one for the Grand Trunk western lines operating into Michigan, Indiana and Illinois. I put each under the command of a general manager with as much power as though he owned that line, as long as he held to the efficiency demanded of all lines. He had his assistants—his general superintendents—and under them, operating divisions in charge of superintendents. He was responsible to me alone. The plan worked as well as it did in England.

Incidentally, it may be construed that I am citing the work of the English railway board as the outstanding railroad achievement of the war. Far from it. That, to my mind, belongs to a man who, perhaps through his own modesty, has never received the full extent of the commendation due him—Gen. W. W. Atterbury, president of the Pennsylvania Railroad. I will explain.

We, for instance, on the English Front, possessed liaison with the Chemin de Fer du Nord, or Railroad of the North, the British Army practically operating the roads in the British war zone. Our line was about 100 miles from the base ports, which, in turn, were only twenty-odd miles from the shores of England. General Atterbury, in command of the American transportation organization in France, had an entirely different problem.

The American base ports in France were far in the south, from four to five hundred miles from the Front. Home ports were 3000 miles away. General Atterbury's men were operating over strange railroads, where they did not understand the language, where rules were different, signals confusing, equipment unfamiliar, supplies hard to get, necessary transport extremely difficult and, in fact, every accessory as much of an obstacle as it was a benefit. Nevertheless, that transportation clicked with an efficiency wholly American; to my mind, it played as great a part in American success as the heroic work at the Front, and represented a truly great transportation feat.

But, after all, this is not a recital of war reminiscences. Although, indeed, in the rebuilding of the Canadian National Railways there were many times when I thought of the wreckage of battle. Railroad yards were torn up and buildings torn down. Trackage was jerked from the ties, new bridges built; 50 per cent of the mileage was in need of some sort of repair. There were stretches of road which had never known ballast; there were trestles to fill, steel to take the place of wood, equipment to junk and supplement. That matter of equipment may give the best picture of all.

In the very first year ninety-seven engines went to the junk heap. True, it was possible now and then to sell some wheezy old hog to a lumber camp, but the opportunities were infrequent. In the next year 100 more were piled in the bone yard to await the acetylene torches of the junker. The next year 144 gave up the ghost; then ninety-nine and ninety-seven and forty-nine. If one can visualize more than seven solid miles of useless, discarded locomotives, one may also visualize the motive power that it has been necessary literally to throw away. We are operating now, in fact, with 236 fewer locomotives than the number we started with, and they are doing 37 per cent more work. The same story can be extended to other equipment; we have 9000 fewer freight cars than we once had, but the improvements in replacements and increased speed in movement permit of nearly 18 per cent increased load tonnage. The list may go on interminably—in yardage, in the system of hotels, in the replacement and improvement of ships which operate as an adjunct to the railroad in the furnishing of foreign freight and of immigration.

We need settlers in Canada; one of my primary efforts was toward the establishment of colonization bureaus at strategic points in Europe. Last year the Canadian National Railways was directly responsible for more than 40,000 immigrants, while of the total of immigrants who came to Canada, 54 per cent were ticketed over the government railways. Colonists are our new blood; we solicit them in Europe, we escort them across the seas, we advise them as to places of settlement; often we help them select the cows and pigs and horses and equipment that will go upon their farms. They are the backbone of tomorrow.

### The Through Silk Trains

It's keeping your eye open for tomorrow that builds a country or a business—that and knowing what you're doing today. No man can know everything about a country. But a set of men whose business is to do nothing but get information can help a lot. That was another primary thing—to establish a bureau of statistics to furnish surveys monthly that would reflect the transportation performances of the entire road in quickly readable pamphlet form. These go to every officer. They are cold-blooded figures. They tell the story of progress or of retrogression, and they often point the way to achievements. Those statistical bulletins did much to re-create the road; where they showed bad performance, we could look for the cause, and find it in everything from personnel to track steel. I have a good deal of pride in the fact that the latter predominated; equipment was in far worse shape than moral fiber; the latter was fundamentally fine. And equipment counts these days—an item, for instance, like the laying of mile upon mile of new steel to permit of speed.

For there is the heart and soul of present-day railroading—speed, speed, always more speed! Times have changed. Just as the railroads superseded the leisurely methods of river travel, so have the present-day railroad methods superseded the old ones. Once a merchant was content to allow ten days to elapse between the time his shipment left Montreal and the day it was switched to its siding at Toronto. He wants overnight delivery now, and he gets it. Those mysterious things, the silk trains, roaring across the country while everything else takes siding, are good examples of what speed means to present-day freightage.

They appeal to the imagination—these guarded, speed-eating trains. One hears that the cause of the terrific effort is shrinkage in the raw silk; there is a constant call for speed from the moment the loaded ship


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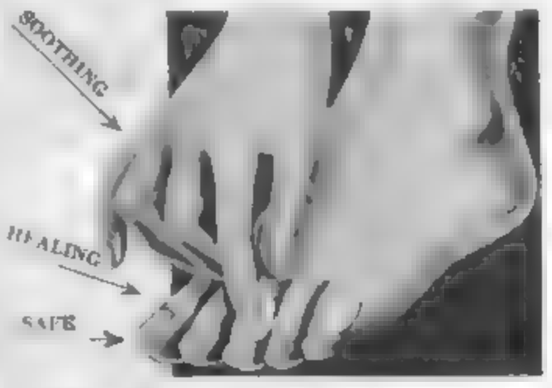


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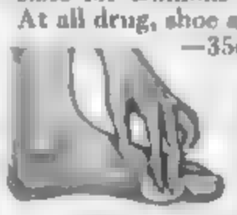

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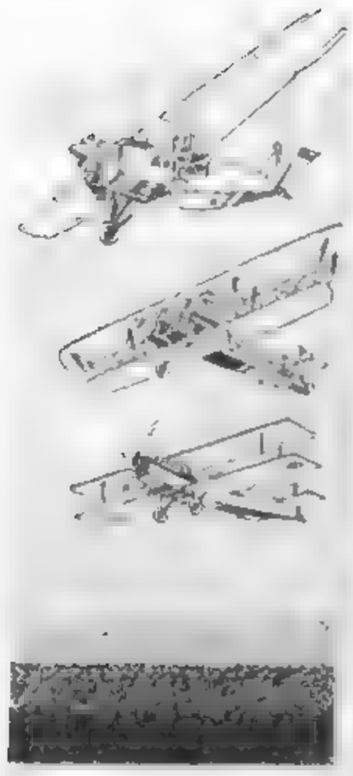

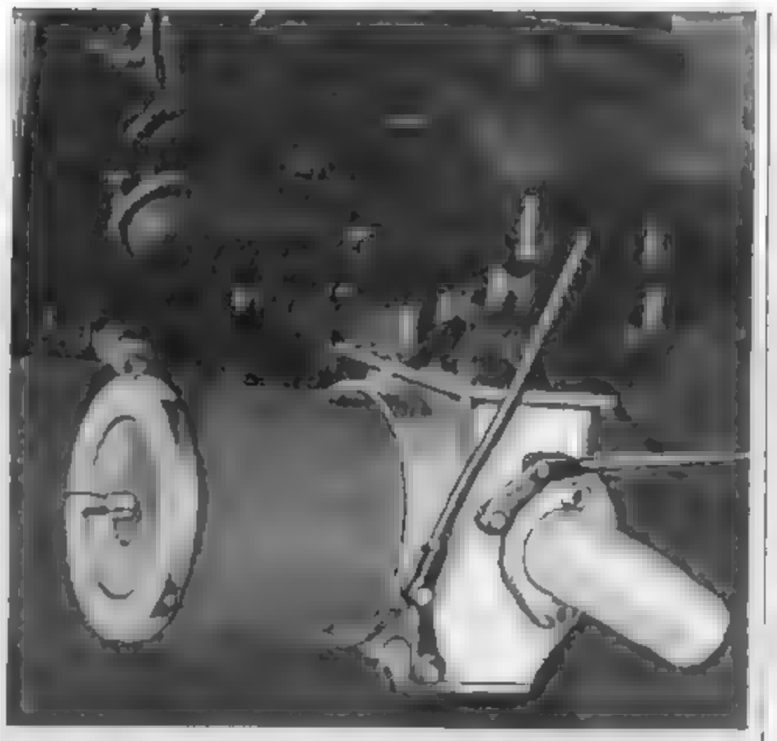

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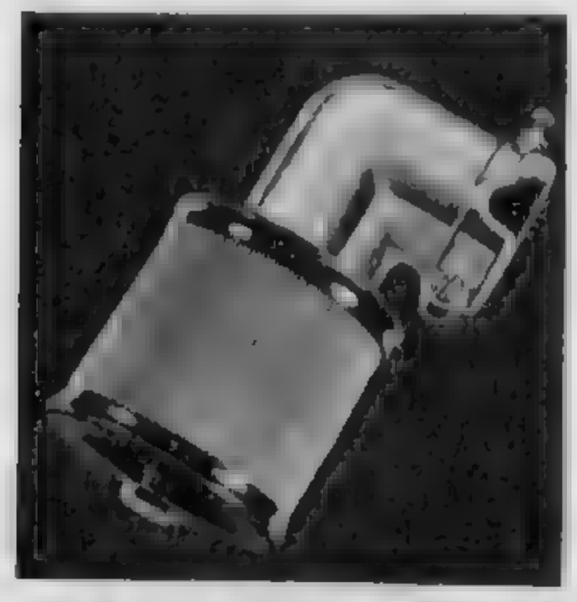

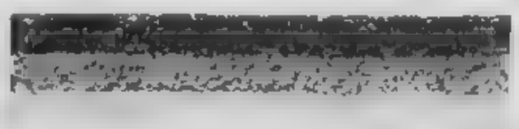

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leaves the Orient until the cargo arrives at specially constructed warehouses in New York. A special train awaits the docking at Vancouver. From the time the last hawser is tightened until that ship has unloaded its hold into the made-to-order, insulated express cars; from the time the first bale rolls forth until the train pulls out for its race, is exactly two hours and thirty-one minutes. Through the mountains, across the prairies, out through the bottleneck of Winnipeg and along the bush of Ontario wilderness the terrific pace is continued. Armed guards protect the cargo, the best engine crews compete for speed and even bet on their ability to beat a record. Onward, day and night, while even passenger trains take siding, while every dispatcher and operator is at his key to "highball 'er through," onward that silk train goes, fighting against time from the minute it leaves the Pacific Coast until it turns over its cargo, seventy-four hours later, at Buffalo for another frenzied dash into New York City.

A minute clipped from the record of a difficult stretch of track is something for engine men to talk about—until a newer record is made. Sometimes, when the blizzards rage and the drifts pile high—the Canadian National's bill for snow removal is $4,300,000 a year—a thousand men will be marshaled with the speed of an army going into action, that tracks may be cleared and those silk trains may thunder along their course on time. It is the greatest fight against time in freight annals, and because of that it is the most romanticized. One hears that the speed is necessary to guard against robbery, to save insurance, to halt shrinkage. But the truth is the prosaic governing power of the almighty dollar. On an average train are 4000 bales of raw silk, worth to the purchaser about $400,000 and to the railroad, a haulage charge of eight cents a pound. Railroads, in these swift days of competition, are willing to show considerable speed for that sort of tariff!

In a like measure is the tremendous wheat movement handled, when, each year, the crops of the prairie provinces flow forth from Winnipeg to the east. Every car must be inspected; a hole the size of one's finger means a leak big enough to lose an entire car of grain. Rolling stock is marshaled as early as July for the beginning of the rush on the first of September. Locomotives are groomed. Then, when at last the big job starts, those trains travel to the head of the Lakes, discharge their cargo and are back for a new load within fifteen days, a round-trip distance of more than 1800 miles. Speed, speed, speed!

### *An Industry's Greatest Asset*

To this end, new locomotives have been evolved, built upon principles that would have been called revolutionary back in slower days. We have the Northern type, built to our own specifications; it can pull with bulldog determination, and it can ramble with the speed of an express train. For goods must move these days; ever since the war there has been a steady growth of a desire to carry less stock and get it more frequently. The burden of quick connection between the manufacturer, the wholesaler and the distributor is upon the railroad.

So much for the physical rehabilitation of the railroad. It all would not have been worth a hoot without man power. I do not mean mere numbers of men; I mean man power in its highest form—something which employers within recent years have truly come to recognize. The public expects a railroad to be in good shape. It pays its money for the best of engines, the best of cars and the latest comforts or advantages. That's merely the stock in trade. It cannot function without the enthusiasm, the vision and the teamwork that will step out, buck obstacles and bring home the bacon. Nobody wants to feed oats to a lazy horse, or a crippled one, for that matter. In the last analysis the real thing I have done to make the Canadian National Railways a success is to pound, pound, pound, until it is now second nature with the employes to understand that a messenger boy is as important in his sphere as I am in mine, and that the minute a single man slacks on the job a bolt begins to rattle.

Man power—that's the secret of industrial success. Electricity, in its elemental qualities, is an absolutely standard thing, but companies succeed or go broke in the way they serve it to the public. My greatest concern and my greatest asset in my job has been my men. Yet that angle has been neglected by industry more than any other element.

For instance, in the railroad business we creosote ties and paint bridges and oil engines. They are materials. We conserve them; the successful business is the one that does the same for its men. It is an unlimited field because it is so fallow. Nine months ago, for instance, the Canadian National started a clinic, operating among 10,000 employes. The actual saving in dollars for that time was $15,400, which was saved in fees. We cannot estimate what the saving will be in arrested diseases, time that might otherwise have been lost, increased efficiency and happiness. Nobody knows, for instance, how much headaches cost a big company, until he finds the work stepping up in a certain department because a few persons procured glasses. Nobody likes to be ill, but many persons draw sick benefits when they would be happier and more prosperous at work.

### *Being Human With Humanity*

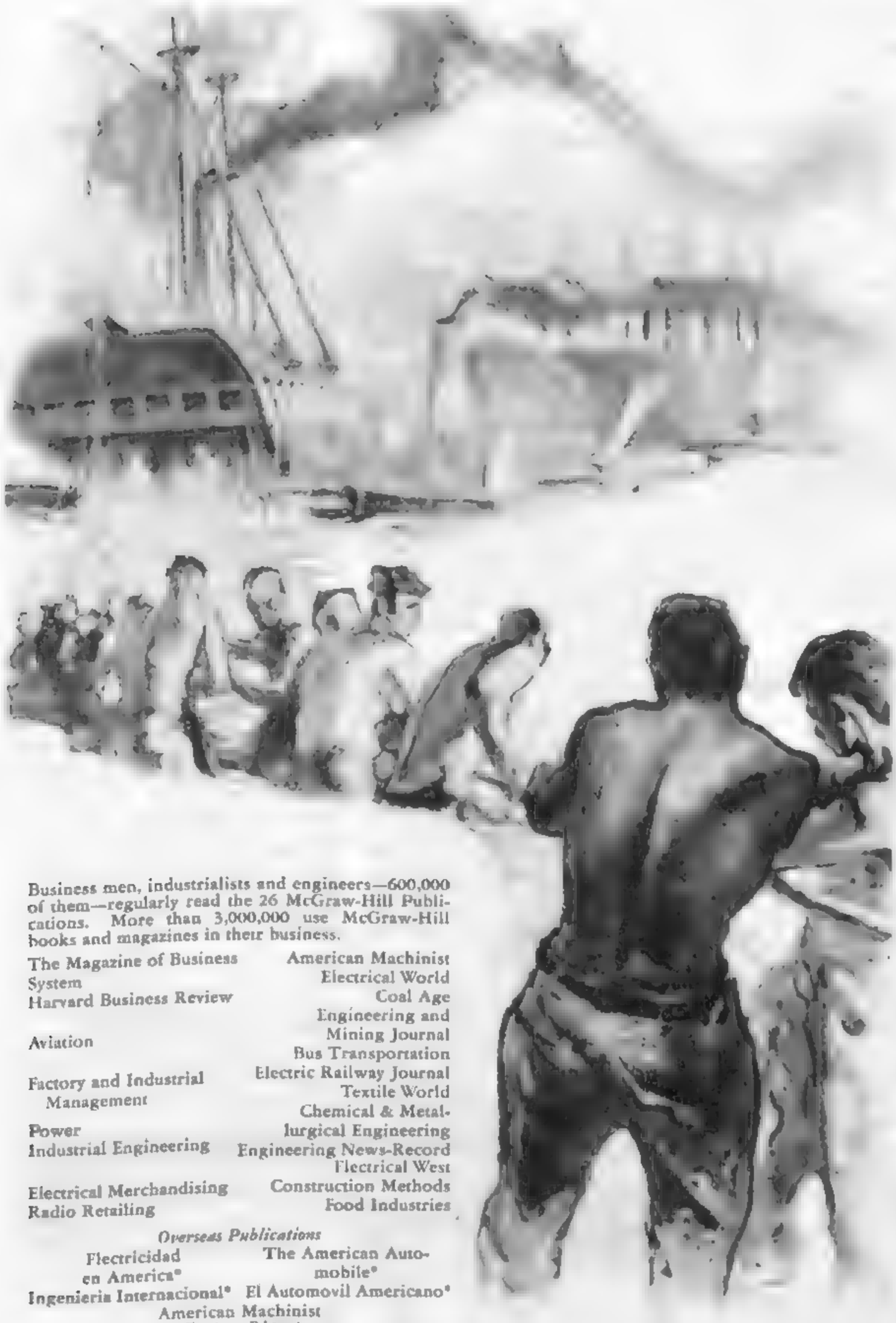
I admit to an obsession in that regard—to apply the same rules to human materials as to inanimate ones; if a tie can be given longer life by creosote, then a human piece of material can be enhanced the same way by diagnosis, by justice, by a feeling of equality and by industrial and personal happiness. For instance, we have a radio system. It started as a novelty for an excursion of members of the Brooklyn Eagle, who received the first broadcast to a train. Every crack train on the Canadian National now has radio-equipped observation cars. But that's only the beginning. The real power of the radio consists in three owned stations and enough other leased ones to complete a transcontinental hook-up by which employes, farmers, trappers, prospectors in remote places, our construction gangs, working even in the night gleam of the sub-Arctic, can receive information and enjoyment via the air. With that national hook-up a line of employes flung across an entire continent is available at the touch of a button. It is impossible for me to see every man and tell him personally that I am proud of him, that I appreciate his loyalty, his devotion to his job. Letters are inadequate, pamphlets are cold. But when my other officers and I can talk to those men over the air, it puts business upon a personal basis. One feels then that the Old Man, whether he be the superintendent or the president, is a human being, just the same as he is, and that everyone is working on the same job—which is the truth.

Likewise, there is the cooperative method of union management, now being extended to include more than 50,000 men. It is designed to stabilize employment, bring about economies in operation and improve working conditions. Out of 4676 suggestions that have been made by the men in the last three years, 4387 have been adopted and grievances have fallen off 75 per cent. The company with the fewest grievances is the one that gets the money in the long run.

But perhaps all that is pedantic. Consider, then, a certain baggageman at a station near Toronto. Across the way was the station of our competitor. A torrential rain was falling. Into our station came a woman by mistake; she had a ticket on the other road. The train was due shortly. So the baggageman ran for his raincoat, put it about the woman, escorted her, dry

*(Continued on Page 108)*

# He *put* Two Continents on *Speaking* Terms



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(Continued from Page 106)

and comfortable, across the way to the other station and laughed when she showed concern over the fact that he got soaked doing it. The woman rode on the competing line for that trip. But she's a customer of ours now. Of course that was merely one incident. Magnify it 108,000 times, however, and you gain my point.

It was this sort of spirit, in fact, which jumped the income available for interest to $15,149,443 by the end of the second year of operation and ended political opposition almost entirely. In two more years it had placed the income where it met the requirements of interest due the public and thus made the road solvent. It was because of it that more than $10,000,000 could be returned last year toward the debts due the government on a bill that has existed since 1853. The time is not far away when the road will be as thoroughly foundationed in its debts to the government as it now is to the people.

Not that the job will then be finished. A railroad is never finished. The minute satisfaction sets in, so does mortification. It must be self-competitive, fighting for new life, new business, new progress, new knowledge and vision. For the true railroad man, there is so much to be done that there are not enough days in the year, not enough years in a lifetime for him to accomplish everything he wants to do. He is as much a pioneer as anyone who ever discovered new country; the urge onward is ceaseless, and that is what makes life worth while.

### *Train Telephone Service*

For instance, one would say that steam locomotives are the ultimate as freight haulers. Maybe they are. But we've already found something to take their place on branch lines in the oil-electric engine which generates its own electricity from self-contained Diesel engines and operates at a great saving as compared with steam cost. They're being experimented with now as locomotives; the time may come when they will cross the continent without a necessity for additional water, fuel, or anything, in fact, except the taking on of crews at the different divisional points. This can be accomplished with a 50 per cent saving in the fuel bill. They will do the switching in clean yards where grime and soot will be missing, and do it at a saving of 75 per cent of the fuel. Railroad yards are not dirty because railroaders like dirt; it's because engines pour forth smoke and dump cinders.

Again, radio on trains was an innovation a few years ago. Recently on our lines a successful experiment was made in train-to-train telephonic communication. Shortly after this reaches print it will be possible for a passenger to telephone his home from one of our trains as conveniently as from a telephone station, even though that train be speeding through the deepest bush of Ontario. Or he can do it from Hudson Bay, for that matter, when the development of that region permits of crack trains.

That time will come. Dog teams went in there last winter. The golden spike will not be driven until next August, commemorating the completion of one of the most-discussed railroads in the history of Canada.

### *Taming the Wilderness*

For years it lay uncompleted, eroding, its roadbed sunk so deep in places that the rails jutted forth like steel tentacles. Men have fought blizzards, loneliness, the rigors of sub-Arctic winter to complete it, that there may be a new outlet to Europe, entailing a shorter rail haul, and strangely enough, a shorter ocean voyage than from any other port on the continent. It is a land of Eskimos and pioneers now. I believe there may be a time when great hotels will rear themselves at Fort Churchill, the terminus, to accommodate the tourists who have sailed up the eastern coast, along the fringe of Labrador and through Hudson Strait; then on down through a bay that was once the roving ground of that romantic aggregation known as the Gentlemen of Adventure; at last to disembark and proceed home with the every comfort of most-civilized travel. A railroad is never finished.

The Hudson Bay line proves that. For years people discussed whether the road could live, once it were built. There was the problem of whether the grain haulage would be sufficient for revenue. Now the road has been built and it can live if it never hauls a sack of grain. One of the great mineral fields of the world is up there; smelters are rising, water power is being harnessed, millions are pouring into the country.

This reminds me that every promise I made during those hectic days of battle six and a half years ago has come true. The North is dotted with pulp and paper mills, many of which are directly traceable to the work of the Canadian National's development engineers. The minerals have come from the ground in such a flood that Canada can now look to the time when she may be the greatest gold producer in all the world, as well as holding practically a monopoly on at least one other metal. Where there was wilderness, there are now towns. There have been bumper crops. The railroad has turned the corner and is steaming ahead. I have, indeed, been fortunate. But, after all, when a man is willing to take bad luck and call it his own, should he spurn the good?

*A Camp Near Lake St. John, Quebec*

# AT SEVENTY-TWO

—(Continued from Page 23)

At seventy-two, the stream still flows placidly on or is disturbed and interrupted in its course. At seventy-two it is the immediate sensation that brings gratification or distress. In youth, satisfaction meant joy, and disappointment meant despair. Slower heartbeats and longer acquaintance with life have measurably moderated both gladness and sorrow, and the softer, duller sensations fit the advancing age. No one can say that on the whole the life stream at seventy-two is any less desirable than it was in youth. With age, as in childhood, it is the immediate occurrence that chiefly creates the interest in living. We all know that at almost any age a toothache is hard to bear, but this consciousness does not seriously affect the enjoyable sensations of living. It is only while the toothache is present that the pain excludes the possibility of joy. All of life is along the same pattern. It is the next month's rent, the need of coal, clothing and food that so often makes life a burden to the poor; when the month's rent is paid there is a period when it no longer interferes with the agreeable emotions incident to living.

### When We Lie Down to Sleep

The older person finds contentment and happiness in friends who help him enjoy the evening now at hand. Beguiled by fond friends and interesting discussions that would have been stupid in youth, time passes all too quickly, and then follows the feeling of relief at approaching sleep. At an advanced age one does not eat so much as he once did, and the food is not quite the same, but the gratification of the palate is not destroyed by age.

It is true that as we grow older much of our living comes to be almost automatic. We give an hour in the morning to the reading of a newspaper which at one stage of our life would not have been worth the while. We read it carefully, not omitting the obituary notices, now wont to record familiar names. These we scan with scarce a shudder, for the living organism cannot imagine itself as dead; even if it could really vision Nirvana, it would bring only a feeling of rest and peace.

I am inclined to believe that very few who reach mature years are harassed by any thoughts of future punishment. Life has taught the pilgrim the frailty of human judgment, the prevalence of error, the shortness of human foresight, the intricate and impenetrable web of fate that enmeshes all. It has made him tolerant and kindly and understanding. It has taught him not to judge or to condemn. It does not matter what the religious faith may be, he cannot imagine a God with less understanding and charity than he has himself.

I cannot see that either the pains or satisfactions incident to life are greatly changed with the passing years. The tired youth and the weary old man alike turn gladly to their beds at night and welcome the kindly, soothing embrace of sleep; neither in youth nor age is anything quite so satisfying after a day of activity as the consciousness of softly approaching sleep. I cannot avoid the conclusion that, as on-coming drowsiness at night is, after all, the most gratifying of sensations, so the slowly soothing anæsthesia that precedes the inevitable end should be the most welcome sensation following on an active life.

As a child I liked to run and jump in the open field. I liked it for the sheer joy of the outdoors, the fresh air and the coursing blood born of activity and life. I still love the fresh air and the green grass and trees and the great outdoors. True, I walk instead of run. I no longer jump as I was wont to do. A park bench furnishes every opportunity to see the trees and grass, and feel the fresh, invigorating air that blows from the lake, bringing the same sensation that it did long years ago. As a boy at my tasks, or kept indoors by rain, I felt joy when the sky was clearing and I knew that I could soon be back in the outdoor world.

As an old man I look with pleasure at the melting snow, the budding trees and the manifold promises that the spring still holds out to brighten life. At any and all ages I have enjoyed and still enjoy the companionship of friends. Perhaps there is no other emotion quite so gratifying as that which comes through the association of those with whom we blend. In the company of those we love, even conversation is not needful; there are understanding and regard and sympathy which radiate alike in silence and chatter. As the years pile one upon another, this pleasure does not wane. It seems to develop and take the place of others that have fled forever. When one grows old he is lucky if he can understand and sympathize with the young. Old friends may die and leave you forsaken of their companionship, but the children come on eternally. Assume that I may live eight or ten years longer—which is more than many of the young can possibly survive—that eight or ten years will bring a great many pleasant meetings, a great many communions with congenial friends, with pleasures just as real as those in the years gone by. I probably shall have many agreeable realizations of approaching sleep, many wakings in the morning with reinvigorated energies, many breakfasts and dinners, many meetings and rare hours with those that I love.

I still like travel; at least before I go away I have the feeling that I shall enjoy the change; even if my journey proves disappointing and the new prospect does not fulfill anticipation and I pine for the familiar faces of old-time friends, I still can find pleasure in anticipating my return. Gratification is made up not alone of the sensations that we really feel at the fulfillment of an anticipated joy; a part, and doubtless the largest part, comes from the hopes and expectations of wishes that never meet fruition. For all practical purposes the dream is the reality, and whatever the age, no fulfillment entirely completes the dream.

### Air Castles for Young and Old

The eyes of the mind look out through magnified lenses. Neither the trouble that we fear nor the joy that we expect is as far removed from the commonplace as time and distance and imagination made it seem to be.

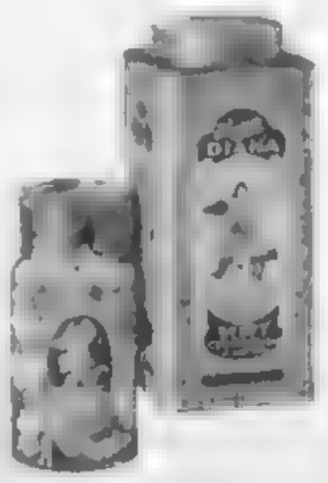
It is the young who marvel over how life can hold any satisfaction to those who, from the nature of things, have almost reached their journey's end. The young can no more view life through the halting emotions of the old than can the aged again realize the pleasures that exhilarate the youth. Neither can the old sympathize with the impatience of youth which comes from the disappointed dreams and desires of the young. Nature is not so unkind as she seems to be. Automatically she brings the individual structure into harmony with failing emotions and changing environment. Nature does not temper the wind to the shorn lamb, but she tempers the shorn lamb to the wind.

Age does not even destroy all dreams and ambitions. Whatever the time or station of life, and whatever the physical structure that seems to be one's home, still from the beginning to the end we really live in air castles built from hopes and fears, from visions and from dreams. The castles of youth are high and wide, the gates are guarded by giants and ogres. There are battlements to scale and drawbridges to cross, and mortal combats that must be waged ere the victory is won. The castles of age are covered with ivy and lichen, the gentle breeze comes through the trees across a peaceful lake, and the grateful sun warms us as we sit in an armchair at the window and alternately read and doze the time away. We do not resign ourselves to


DIANA "Stuft" CONFECTIONS

*The original "Stuft" confections—often imitated but never equalled*

Bunte CANDIES



EAGER eyes sparkle a welcome to these *thin . . . crispy . . . sugar shells . . . "Stuft" with luscious . . . fruit jams . . . nuts . . . and marmalades.* These luscious tidbits, best for children, were originated by Bunte Brothers. Every pound contains 160 pieces—21 different varieties. Packed in one pound jars and 2, 3 and 5 pound tins.

If your dealer does not carry the genuine, we will supply you. Send 75c for the one pound glass jar. We will gladly mail it postpaid.

BUNTE BROTHERS

ESTABLISHED 1876

*Makers of the famous Mi Choice chocolates*

1135 Franklin Boulevard [illegible], U.S.A.

NEW YORK DETROIT MILWAUKEE

LOS ANGELES SAN FRANCISCO

He Seized This Opportunity! Will YOU?

AS a Post reader you have doubtless wondered what type of men take advantage of our money-making plan. . . . You are looking at one of them now—Theodore Delleney, of Texas, married man by preference, advertising solicitor by profession—a man keenly alive to every opportunity to increase his income.

That's why he clipped a coupon like the one below. That's why he can and does turn spare hours into extra dollars.

## It's Your Turn to Earn Extra Cash

If you, too, are anxious to earn from $25.00 to $50.00 a month extra in pleasant, spare-time work right in your own community, fill in the coupon. It will bring you full details as to how you can enjoy immediate cash returns as our subscription representative for *The Saturday Evening Post, The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman.*

Whether you have only an hour a day or an evening a week to spare, we can make it worth real money to you. No experience needed.

----------CLIP AND MAIL THIS COUPON FOR OUR OFFER----------

The Curtis Publishing Company

350 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

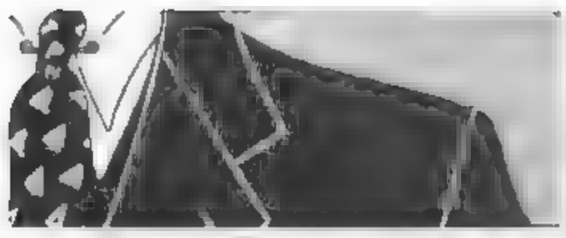
Please tell me, without obligation, how I can turn my spare time into money.

Name ..... Age

(Please Print Name and Address)

Street

City State



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# A dandruff treatment that *works!*

Yes, dandruff can be checked. Your doctor will tell you that *pine tar* and *cleanliness* will keep dandruff out of your scalp. This treatment combines *both* remedies:

Wet your hair. Massage the rich, tonic pine-tar lather of Packer's Tar Soap well into the scalp. Rinse. Again lather, massage and rinse thoroughly—finally with cold water.

In severe cases, do this every other day until scalp clears up. In milder cases, every 4 or 5 days. To prevent recurrence, keep up *regular* weekly Packer shampoos. Don't expect *any* now-and-then care to keep your scalp dandruff-free.

Get Packer's at druggist's. Or send 10¢ for sample cake and book on hair care. PACKER'S, Dept. 29-G, 101 W. 31st St., New York.

Instead of this.

Send 10¢ for sample of

# PACKER'S Tar Soap

# PAIN ended

## in 3 minutes this new way

ONE drop of this amazing liquid and you can wear tight shoes, dance, walk in comfort. Then soon the corn or callus shrivels up and loosens.

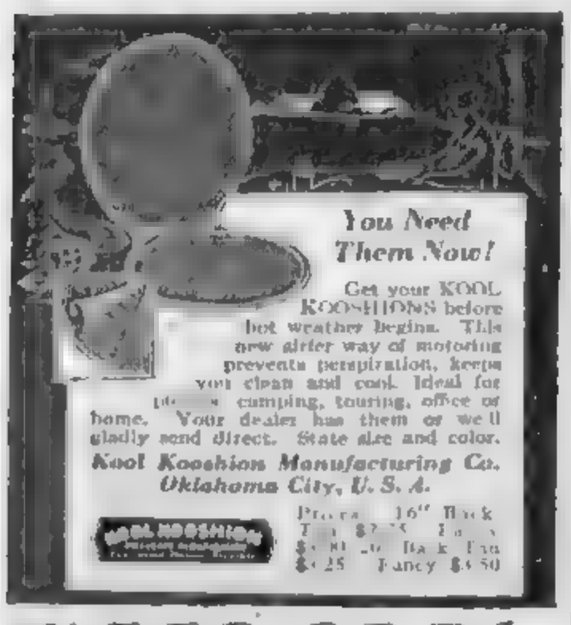
You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. No more dangerous paring.

Professional dancers by the score use this remarkable method. Acts instantly, like a local anesthetic. Doctors approve it. Removes the whole corn, besides stopping pain at once.

Ask your druggist for "Gets-It." *Satisfaction guaranteed.* Works alike on any corn or callus—old or new, hard or soft.

**"GETS-IT"** *World's Fastest Way*

SIT ON A BREEZE


You Need Them Now!
Get your KOOL KOOSHIONS before hot weather begins. This new airier way of motoring prevents perspiration, keeps you clean and cool. Ideal for golfing, camping, touring, office or home. Your dealer has them or we'll gladly send direct. State size and color.
Kool Kooshion Manufacturing Co.
Oklahoma City, U. S. A.
Prices 16" Black Tan $2.75 Fancy $3.00
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New S. S. "Transylvania", 66 days, Madeira, Canary Islands, Morocco, Spain, Greece, Palestine, Egypt, Italy, etc. Hotels, fees, drives, etc., included.

**Frank C. Clark,** Times Bldg., N.Y.


idleness; there is much work still to do. Most of our expected achievements are yet unaccomplished, and many of them scarcely begun. We will commence them tomorrow and finish them within the year. What matters it whether our dreams come true or not? They are essentially true while they have the reality to move our consciousness, and when this period goes by, it does not matter whether the work is finished or whether it ever was begun.

The human mind lends itself to ambitions, and every period of life has its fitting desire. The man who has been interested in the show as it passed by, who has tried to keep in touch with the world, has accumulated opinions, beliefs, ideas, or at least habits of thought. All of us are, for some mysterious reason, anxious to have others see the world as the world seems to us. I am satisfied that all men are propagandists. The possession of an idea or opinion somehow generates the emotion to urge it on someone else and make him see the truth as we see the truth. We are like a hen which announces loudly to the universe that she has laid an egg. It is most likely important only to the individual hen, but the nature of the emotion creates the zest for the utterance. All of us are eager that others shall see and feel what we see and feel. This emotion furnishes not only an active interest in life but a sense of duty; no doubt it is a mistaken sense, but it helps us keep our interest in the passing show.

As a propagandist, I see no chance to grow weary of life. I am interested in too many questions that concern the existence and activity of the human race. Not only am I interested in these questions but, for some reason or other, I almost always find myself disagreeing with the crowd. From experience I know how few men ever care to investigate any subject and how few honest opinions are of any value. I also know the strong tendency that most people have to go with the crowd. Social ambitions, ease of mind, business interests and most of the motives that move men induce them to do what others do, believe as others believe, and think the thoughts that others think, if any. Only a few men have ever studied any subject carefully, and in all fields of activity we are obliged to rely upon the experts for dependable information. This fact is one reason why most people align themselves with the majority. It is always the easiest and safest way. The majority have the wealth and power and standing which attract the masses of men to the different opinions, creeds and causes which move men.

### *A Standard Bearer of Lost Causes*

I have long stood with the minority on almost every question that divides men. I also know that the truth is many-sided and relative and shifting, and yet it seldom occurs to me that any of my opinions can be wrong. I know by the law of chances that all of them cannot be right, but yet, when any particular view is challenged, I feel sure that my view on that matter is beyond dispute. As a propagandist I realize the work that I shall always find to do. No matter how long I live, I shall still be seeking to convert a blind and credulous people to abandon their idols and join the thin ranks of the minority and help bear its soiled and tattered banner to ultimate victory. Still, I know that I shall fail. I know that, if perchance the majority could be ranged on my side, it would be as intolerant and senseless as majorities have always been.

Of course, age has its discomforts. It brings its manifold aches and miseries to body and mind. It brings loneliness as friends and acquaintances drop out of the field and leave one to march alone. In my weaker moments the power and bigotry of the crowd make me shrink and tremble and grow afraid. They even make me doubt myself. Often and often as I fight to defeat for a hopeless cause, I look at the triumphant majority that, with glee and infinite assurance, marches by, and ask myself why I cannot be with them. After all, would it not be better to hunt with the cruel, barking hounds than to run with the timid, frightened hare? The only reason why I do not join the pack is because my human structure is not adjusted to the easier way of life. To me, the easiest way is the hardest way.

If one has taken his place with the minority, if he has defied the crowd, if he has determined to go alone, he must fearlessly content himself with his way of life. He cannot shrink or ask for quarter. He cannot pity himself. He must take life as it comes, without regret or complaint.

### *Annoyances in the Mail Bag*

Each age has its special burdens. Often these burdens come from little things scarcely worth noticing. In old age, as in youth, slight affairs are sometimes as trying as serious ones. One of my greatest crosses is my daily mail. It brings its inevitable grist of annoyance and disillusion. It ought to be impossible for an active man who has lived a full life to find new annoyances at seventy-two, but each day brings these at whatever age, and the postman does his share on every round. The old are naturally grateful for kind letters from friends and well-wishers who express appreciation, approval or gratification over things one has done or tried to do; but even these letters should not be long, for at seventy-two no one can possibly complete all the tasks that he has set out to do. So, without the encouragement of friends life would be hard and bleak.

But there are letters with requests for money which one cannot give; for employment that is still harder to furnish or find; letters from the poor and unfortunate in sordid homes and in hospitals, asylums and prisons; letters from the families of victims waiting and checking off the days before a loved one shall be led out and put to death by the state. In the eyes of a mother, wife or friend, the victim is not the person that the public hates. Seldom is there any chance to help.

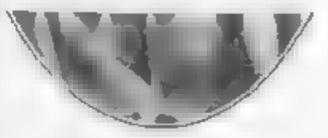
Then there are the letters from those who wish to save my soul. These are generally written by kindly, human men and women who want to do me good. Usually they are written with the utmost care and with the well-meant desire to save me from the wrath of an angry God. Of course, they should save their time, and mine. If I believed in such a God I would go insane.

Not all letters are kindly. Every crank can write. One can read their letters without opening the envelopes.

There are others who write abusive letters for the joy they get in the thought that these cruel messages will give me pain. Of course, they fall short of their mission, for

*(Continued on Page 114)*

# *She Earned $58.00 and Such Prizes*



A FEW months ago, Mary Carolyn Hurst, the fun-loving schoolgirl above, dreamed of earning her own money, *sometime.*

Then one day she read in *The Saturday Evening Post* about how other schoolgirls were earning plenty of money and prizes. She sat down then and there and wrote for details.

Now—though using only her spare-time hours—

**She has earned $58.00 for clothes and spending money through our pleasant subscription plan.**

Her friends all admire her blue-and-gold Club pin. And just read over this list of gorgeous prizes she has won:

**A Camera** to record Good Times.
**A Smart Desk Set** for her Room.
**A Sports Watch** for Hikes.
**A White Gold Watch** for "Best."
**A Green "Polo" Blouse** for Sports.
**Glowing Pearls** for "Dress-up" times.

Doesn't the thought of your own money and those prizes make *you* anxious to start earning?

## Start Today!

You *can* earn as easily as Mary Carolyn did. Just fill in the handy coupon below and the details will be rushed to you. How surprised you'll be . . . How thrilled! Not a cent of expense to you and no obligations.

**The Curtis Publishing Company**
**352 Independence Square**
**Philadelphia, Pennsylvania**

I want to earn Money and Prizes, too. Please tell me how.

*Name*..... *Age*..
Please Print Name and Address.

*Street*

*City* *State*

# SPEED

## . . . 186,284 MILES A SECOND . . .

# THE SPEED OF LIGHT

Men's imagination staggers at such speed as this. Our fastest trains seem snails; our airplanes, sloths; our motor cars — motionless in comparison. ¶ But, even at this terrific speed, sunlight requires over eight minutes to traverse that great void between earth and sun. ¶ Take a crack express train. Have it continue on an unswerving track around the world—going 60 miles an hour. It would need 18 days—18 days of undiminished speed to complete its trip of 25,000 miles, the earth's circumference. ¶ Even an airplane flying 200 miles an hour would require over 5 days. ¶ Major Segrave—no man has ever travelled faster on wheels than he—with his Golden Arrow would take over four! ¶ But Light, at its inconceivable speed, smiles at our paltry efforts. For light can encircle the world in less than one-seventh of a second! ¶ The train, the airplane, the automobile could barely start the race, before Light came in—the winner! ¶ The speed of light and the speed of radio (electro-magnetic) waves are identical. That is why the radio listener in California hears the roar of the crowd instantly, when some mighty slugger knocks a "homer" in the Yankee Stadium, 3000 miles away. ¶ The radio tube, worthy to rank with the great inventions of all time, makes modern radio reception possible. That little globe of glass and metal is not staggered by speed as is the mind of man. There, within the tube itself, electrons are travelling from the filament at a speed almost that of light. ¶ How aptly named, then, the Speed Tube. The improved tube that brings to every radio listener what he most desires of radio—finer reception, clearer tone, greater power, instantaneous and uninterrupted service



## WHEN YOU PURCHASE A RADIO, ASK FOR SPEED TUBES!

Tubes make a great difference. Obtain the highest efficiency from your radio. Be sure YOU use **Speed.** Replace with **Speed.** Renew with **Speed.** Dealers have the **Speed** Tubes you require.

SPEED

CABLE RADIO TUBE CORPORATION

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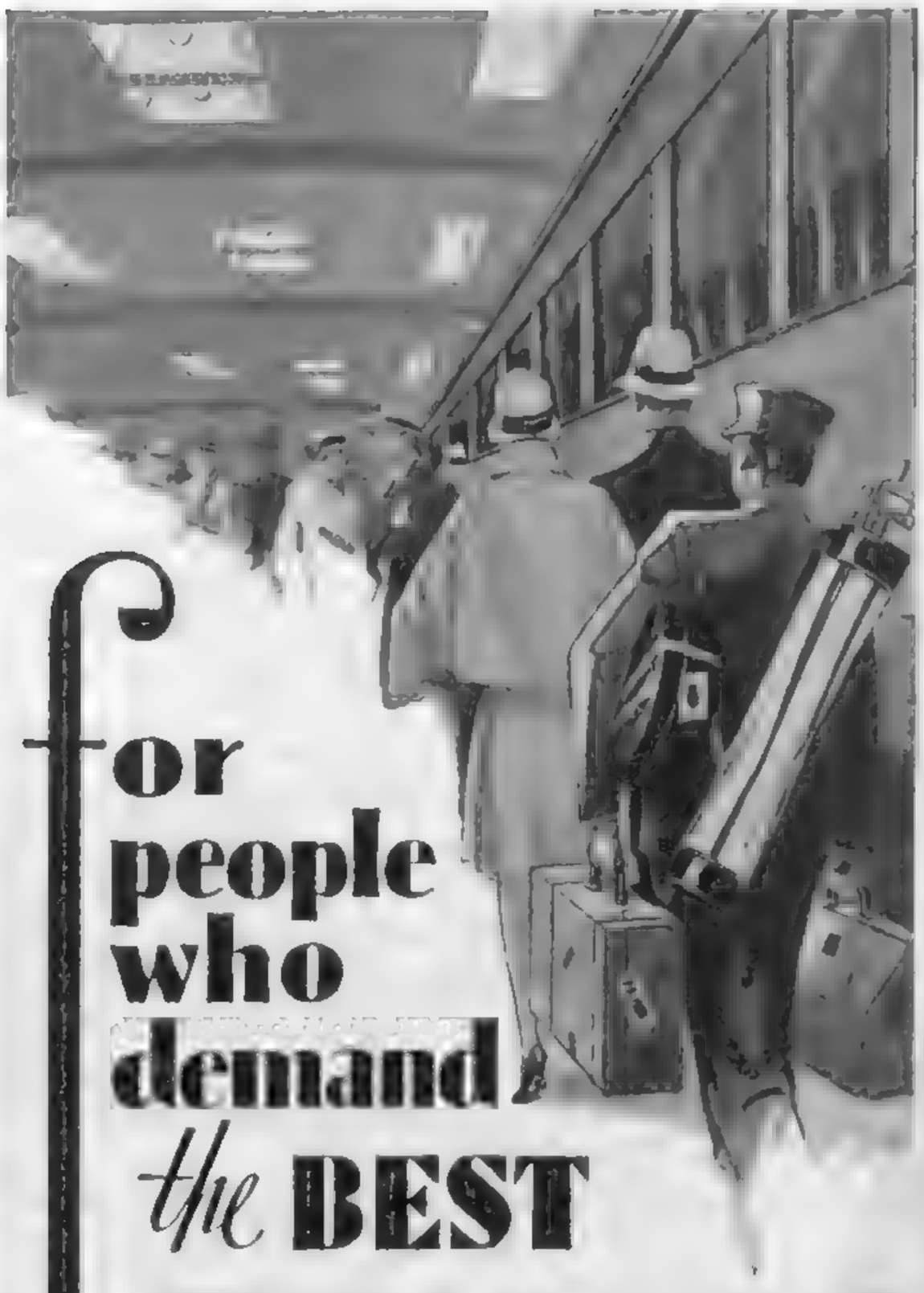
MAKERS OF RADIO TUBES SINCE 1924



for people who demand the BEST

The "North Coast Limited"

—a solid Pullman-Observation train to the Pacific Northwest —no coaches or tourist cars— no extra fare.

**Now five hours faster.** Leaves Chicago Union Station 9 p. m. daily. Arrives Portland, Tacoma, Seattle 10 a. m. (63 hours), saving a business day. Follows the trail of Lewis and Clark—one of the famous scenic highways of the world. 1406 miles of scenic rivers, 28 ranges of mountains.

*Free booklets on Western vacations will be sent you if you mail the coupon*

to E. E. Nelson, Passenger Traffic Manager, 113 Northern Pacific Building, St. Paul, Minn.

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WESTERN VACATIONS

Round Trip Railroad Fare from Chicago

☐ $90.30 Pacific Northwest, Seattle, Tacoma, Puget Sound, Portland, Columbia River

☐ $59.35 Colorado, Yellowstone Park, Montana Rockies

☐ $59.35 Yellowstone Park, Minnesota Lakes, Montana Rockies

☐ $108.30 California, Pacific Northwest, Rainier Park, Mt. Baker Forest

☐ $121.34 Yellowstone Park, Colorado, Grand Canyon, California, Pacific Northwest

☐ $94.22 Canadian Rockies, Yellowstone Park, Pacific Northwest

Burlington Escorted Tours — All expense from ... up

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|---|---|
| Yellowstone Park | $150.05 |
| Pacific Northwest | 234.78 |
| Alaska | 317.93 |
| Colorado-Yellowstone | 205.61 |
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Northern Pacific Railway

"First of the Northern Transcontinentals"


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DEDUCT your own big commissions. Added bonus paid real workers. Working equipment supplied. No investment required. Experience unnecessary. Find out today about selling some of your spare time. You win if you like our plan. If you don't, you lose only a postage stamp! Take the chance. It's worth it.

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Mail me your offer to subscription representatives. I'll look it over.

Name ..... Age .....

Street .....

City ..... State .....

# GONE *are the* GOOD OLD DAYS

## *(Thank Heaven!)*

THE man or woman beset by the complications of 1929 is likely to cherish the dream of a time somewhat hazily known as the good old days, when living was simpler, less hurried, and far more endurable.

Try to imagine a few of the things that you use today that are the same in all respects as they were in your grandfather's day, and decide how many of them you *would* be quite content to live with.

Some things are the same—chairs, knives, forks, plates—yes, yes, go on . . . but not matches, not razors, not underwear (thank heaven, *not* underwear), not lamps, not toothbrushes. Maybe hairbrushes, maybe shaving brushes—but a rag, a broom, and a turkey wing are no more like a vacuum cleaner than the family album is like a movie show.

We don't write with the same kind of pens. Typewriting is new. Our very food is different.

We can get up on wintry mornings to a house whose temperature has been regulated by a clock on the wall. Dinners are cooked on a stove that turns itself off when the roast is brown. The dishes are washed with a form of soap at which your grandmother would have rebelled, in a machine she could not understand, driven by a kind of power the existence of which she would have flatly denied.

The sheer amount of drudgery that has been lifted out of living in the last fifty years justifies the phrase "Thank Heaven!" that we have used after our title "Gone are the good old days."

Most of these changes were made known to the world by printing. Most of them were introduced to you by printing. All of today's conveniences are manufactured and sold in such quantities as to be priced within the range of your pocketbook—because good commercial printing made them generally desired.

What is the next toilsome relic of the good old days that will yield to a modern comfort and convenience? It is hard to say *now*. But this much *is* certain—a printer, the printing press, and good printing paper will be concerned in bringing it to your attention.

TO MERCHANTS, MANUFACTURERS, AND BUYERS OF PRINTING

*If you would like to obtain books on the practical use of printed pieces, issued free of charge by S. D. Warren Company, write to your printer, asking him to put you on the Warren Mailing List. Or write S. D. Warren Company, 101 Milk Street, Boston, Massachusetts.*

Warren's STANDARD Printing Papers

*When a printer suggests a Warren's Standard Printing Paper, he suggests it because he knows it has all the qualities that insure good printing, folding and binding—that it is tested for these qualities before it leaves the mill. Many printers are using the Warren trademark (above) in connection with their own imprint to identify productions on Warren's Standard Printing Papers.*

WARREN'S STANDARD PRINTING PAPERS {better paper ~ better printing}

# To Fathers and Mothers of Air-Minded Youths

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*(Continued from Page 110)*

they are never read. Life is harsh enough without seeking hurts.

Books, too, arrive in the mails; most of them sent with the kindliest intentions, and sometimes the request that I may say a word about them that will help their sale, which often I would like to grant, but when can I possibly find time to read them all? All my life I have loved books and have been an industrious reader, and have never been able to peruse more than a small fraction of all the books that I want and still expect to read. Many unpublished manuscripts also clutter my mail. Some of them are well done, I hope; some are from strangers, some from friends; some ask me to read their books and criticize them—by which they mean praise them—and often I am asked to write a preface. What can they be thinking of? Do they not know that I am seventy-two years old?

And yet, age has its advantages too. I lie in bed in the morning as late as I wish or, rather, as long as there is any possible chance of falling into another nap. Why should I dread life, when I never miss a chance to sleep, and am only annoyed because I waken too soon?

After an active existence, it is really a relief to find the regular daily burdens lifted from the tired shoulders. Take it all in all, the Indian summer is very grateful and soothing to a body that really longs for rest. The little child is amused by what his elders believe are senseless toys. These fill the small horizon that his few years have given him to see and understand. In old age, once more the little things stir the feelings that have been so worn by time and sensations that the slightest inducement makes the nerves vibrate like a leaf in the November wind.

No one can reach the age of seventy-two without thinking of the great change which must overtake him in so short a time. As with all others who ever lived, this consciousness has often been active in my life. I am sure that the prospect of death disturbed me more profoundly when I was young than it does today. This was always borne upon me with the passing of someone near to me, and the consciousness that my father or my mother or someone else that I loved might soon meet the same inevitable fate.

I am aware that passing years blunt the sensibilities and prepare the victim for the unavoidable tragedy that is incident to life. It seems to give me only small concern. The living cannot imagine themselves as dead. The belief in an inevitable end can affect only the mind, and this is not vital in the processes of life. Thanks to my father and mother, I never believed in an angry God who would torture me or anyone in an eternal hell. I do not believe in wrath or vengeance. I have more and more come to the firm conviction that each life is simply a short individual expression, and that it soon sinks back into the great reservoir of force, where memory and individual consciousness are at an end. I am not troubled by hopes, and still less by fears. I have taken life as it came, doing the best I could with its manifold phases, and feel sure that I shall meet final dissolution without fear or serious regret.


THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

*(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)*


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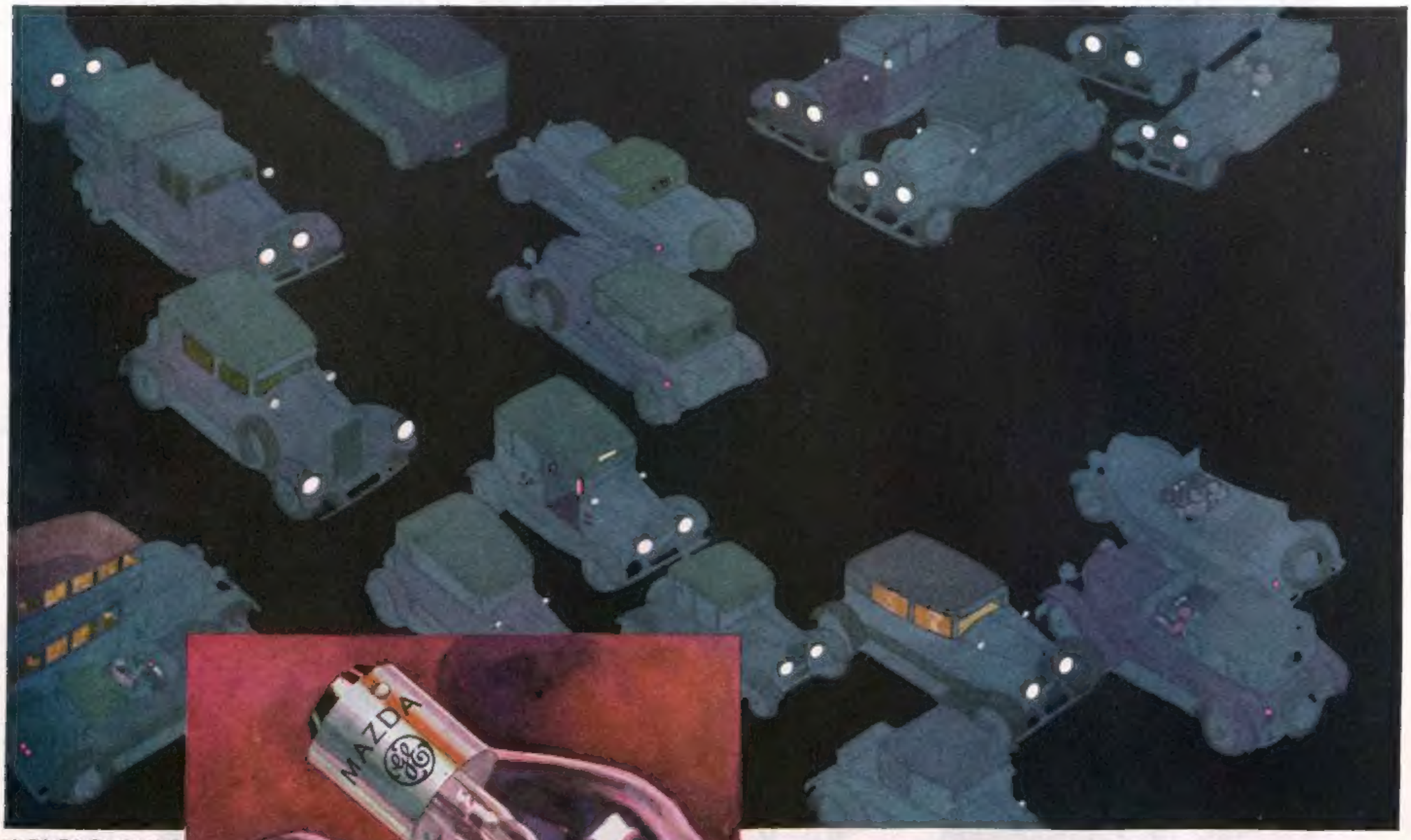

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